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SCENERY AND A SCENE.

"Truth is no Doctoresse; she takes no degrees at Paris or Oxford, amongst great clerks, disputants, subtle Aristotles, men *nodosi ingenii*, able to take Lully by the chin; but oftentimes, to such an one as myself, an *Idiota* or common person, no great things, melancholizing in woods where waters are, quiet places by rivers, fountains; whereas the silly man, expecting no such matter, thinketh only how best to delectate and refresh his mynde continually with nature, her pleasaunt scenes, woods, waterfalls; on a sudden the Goddess herself, Truth, has appeared with a shining light and a sparkling countenance, so as ye may not be able lightly to resist her."—BURTON.

——————"Ever thus
Drop from us treasures one by one;
They who have been from youth with us,
Whose every look, whose every tone,
Is linked to us, like leaves to flowers—
They who have shared our pleasant hours—
Whose voices, so familiar grown,
They almost seem to us our own—
The echoes of each breath of ours—
They who have ever been our pride,
Yet in their hours of triumph dearest—
They whom we must have known and tried,
And loved the most when tried the nearest—
They pass from us, like stars that wane,
The brighest still before,
Or gold links broken from a chain
That can be join'd no more." WILLIS.

JOB SMITH and myself were on the return from Niagara. It was in the slumberous and leafy midst of June. Lake Erie had lain with a silver glaze upon its bosom for days;—the ragged trees upon its green shore dropping their branches into the stirless water, as if it were some rigid imitation—the lake glass, and the leaves emerald;—the sky was of an April blue, as if a night-rain had washed out its milkiness, till you could see through its clarified depths to the gates of heaven; and yet breathless and sunny as was the face of the earth, there was a nerve and a vitality in the air that exacted of every pulse its full compass, and searched every pore for its capacity of the joy of existence.

No one can conceive, who has not had his imagination stretched at the foot of Niagara, or in the Titanic solitudes of the west, the vastness of the unbroken phases of nature;—where every tree looks a king, and every flower a marvel of glorious form and colour—where the rocks are rent every one as by the "tenth" thunderbolt—and lake, mountain or river, ravine or waterfall, cave or eagle's nest, whatever it may be that feeds the eye or the fancy, is as the elements have shaped and left it—where the sculpture, and the painting, and the poetry, and the wonderful alchymy of nature go on under the naked eye of the Almighty, and by His own visible and uninterrupted hand, and where the music of

nature, from the anthem of the torrent and storm, broken only by the scream of the vulture, to the trill of the rivulet with its accompaniment of singing birds and winds, is for ever ringing its changes as if for the stars to hear—in such scenes, I say, and in such scenes only, is the imagination overtasked or stretched to the capacity of a seraph's; and while common minds sink beneath them to the mere inanition of their animal senses, the loftier spirit takes their colour and stature, and outgrows the common and pitiful standards of the world. Cooper and Leatherstocking thus became what they are—the one a high priest of imagination and poetry, and the other a simple-hearted but mere creature of instinct; and Cooper is no more a living man, liable to the common laws of human nature, than Leatherstocking a true and life-like transcript of the more common effects of those overpowering solitudes on the character.

We got on board the canal-boat at noon, and Job and myself seated on the well-cushioned seats, with the blinds half turned to give us the prospect and exclude the sun, sat disputing in our usual amicable way. He was the only man I ever knew with whom I could argue without losing my temper; and the reason was, that I always had the last word, and thought myself victorious.

"We are about to return into the bosom of society, my dear Job," said I, looking with unctuous good nature on the well-shaped boot I had put on for the first time in a month that morning. (It is an unsentimental fact that hob-nailed shoes are indispensable on the most poetical spots of earth).

"Yes," said Job; "but how superior is the society we leave behind! Niagara and Erie! What in your crowded city is comparable to these?"

"Nothing, for size!—but for society—you will think me a Pagan, dear chum,—but, on my honour, straight from Niagara as I come, I feel a most dissatisfied yearning for the society of Miss Popkins!"

"Oh, Phil!"

"On my honour!"

"You, who were in such raptures at the Falls!"

"And real ones—but I wanted a woman at my elbow to listen to them. Do you know, Job, I have made up my mind on a great principle since we have been on our travels. Have you observed that I was pensive?"

"Not particularly—but what is your principle?"

"That a man is a much more interesting object than a mountain."

"A man! did you say?"

"Yes—but I meant a woman!"

"I don't think so."

"I do!—and I judge by myself. When did I ever see wonder of nature—tree, sunset, waterfall, rapid, lake or river,—that I would not rather have been talking to a woman the while? Do you remember the three days we were tramping through the forest without seeing the sun, as if we had been in the endless aisle of a cathedral? Do you remember the long morning when we lay on the moss at the foot of Niagara, and it was a divine luxury only to breathe? Do you remember the lunar rainbows at midnight on Goat Island? Do you remember the ten thousand glorious moments we have enjoyed between weather and scenery since the bursting of these summer-leaves? Do you?"

"Certainly, my dear boy!"

"Well, then, much as I love nature and you, there has not been an hour since we packed our knapsacks, that, if I could have distilled a charming girl out of a mixture of you and any mountain, river, or rock that I have seen, I would not have flung you, without remorse, into any witch's cauldron that was large enough, and would boil at my bidding."

"Monster!"

"And I believe I should have the same feelings in Italy or Greece, or wherever people go into raptures with things you can neither eat nor make love to."

"Would not even the Venus fill your fancy for a day?"

"An hour, perhaps, it might; for I should be studying, in its cold Parian proportions, the warm structure of some living Musidora—but I should soon tire of it, and long for my lunch or my love; and I give you my honour I would not lose the three meals of a single day to see Santa Croce and St. Peter's."

"Both?"

"Both."

Job either thought I was quizzing (which I was not) or disdained to argue against such a want of sentimental principle, and, pulling up the blind, he fixed his eyes on the slowly gliding panorama of rock and forest, and I mounted for a promenade upon the deck.

Mephistophes could hardly have found a more striking amusement for Faust than the passage of three hundred miles in the canal from lake Erie to the Hudson. As I walked up and down the deck of the packet-boat, I thought to myself, that if it were not for thoughts of things that come more home to one's "business and bosom" (particularly "bosom"), I could be content to retake my birth at Schenectady, and return to Buffalo for amusement. The Erie canal-boat is a long and very pretty drawing-room afloat. It has a library, sofas, a tolerable cook, curtains or Venetian blinds, a civil captain, and no smell of steam or perceptible motion. It is drawn generally by three horses at a fair trot, and gets you through about a hundred miles a day as softly as if you were witch'd over the ground by Puck and Mustard-seed. The company (say fifty people) is such as pleases heaven; though I must say (with my eye all along the shore, collecting the various dear friends I have made and left on that long canal) there are few highways on which you will meet so many lovely and loving fellow-passengers. On this occasion my star was bankrupt—Job Smith being my only civilized companion, and I was left to the unsatisfactory society of my own thoughts and the scenery.

Discontented as I may seem to have been, I remember, through eight or ten years of stirring and thickly-sown manhood, every moment of that lonely evening. I remember the progression of the sunset, from the lengthening shadows and the first gold upon the clouds, to the deepening twilight and the new-sprung star hung over the wilderness. And I remember what I am going to describe—a twilight anthem in the forest—as you remember an air of Rossini's, or a transition in the half-fiendish, half-heavenly creations of Meyerbeer. I thought time dragged heavily then, but I wish I had as light a heart and could feel as vividly now!

The Erie canal is cut through a hundred or two miles through the heart of the primeval wilderness of America, and the boat was gliding on silently and swiftly, and never sailed a lost cloud through the abysses of space on a course more apparently new and untrodden. The luxuriant soil had sent up a rank-grass that covered the horse-path like velvet; the Erie water was clear as a brook in the winding canal; the old shafts of the gigantic forest spurred into the sky by thousands, and the yet unscared eagle swung off from the dead branch of the pine, and skimmed the tree-tops for another perch, as if he had grown to believe that gliding spectre a harmless phenomenon of nature. The horses drew steadily and unheard at the end of the long line; the steersman stood motionless at the tiller, and I lay on a heap of baggage in the prow, attentive to the slightest breathing of nature, but thinking, with an ache at my heart, of Edith Linsey, to whose feet (did I mention it?) I was hastening with a lover's proper impatience. I might as well have taken another turn in my "fool's paradise."

The gold of the sunset had glided up the dark pine tops and disappeared, like a ring taken slowly from an Ethiop's finger; the whip-poor-will had chanted the first stave of his lament; the bat was abroad, and the screech-owl, like all bad singers, commenced without waiting to be importuned, though we were listening for the nightingale. The air, as I said before, had been all day breathless; but as the first chill of evening displaced the warm atmosphere of the departed sun, a slight breeze crisped the mirrored bosom of the canal, and then commenced the night anthem of the forest, audible, I would fain believe, in its soothing changes, by the dead tribes whose bones whiten amid the perishing leaves. First, whisperingly yet articulately, the suspended and wavering foliage of the birch was touched by the many-fingered wind, and, like a faint prelude, the silver-lined leaves rustled in the low branches, and, with a moment's pause, when you could hear the moving of the vulture's claws upon the bark, as he turned to get his breast to the wind, the increasing breeze swept into the pine-tops, and drew forth from their fringe-like and myriad tassels a low monotone like the refrain of a far-off dirge; and still as it murmured (seeming to you sometimes like the confused and heart-broken responses of the penitents on a cathedral floor), the blast strengthened and filled, and the rigid leaves of the oak, and the swaying fans and chalices of the magnolia, and the rich cups of the tulip trees stirred and answered with their different voices like many-toned harps; and when the wind was fully abroad, and every moving thing on the breast of the earth was roused from its daylight repose, the irregular and capricious blast, like a player on an organ of a thousand stops, lulled and strengthened by turns, and from the hiss in the rank grass, low as the whisper of fairies, to the thunder of the impinging and groaning branches of the larch and the fir, the anthem went ceaselessly through its changes, and the harmony, (though the owl broke in with his scream, and though the over-blown monarch of the wood came crashing to the earth,) was still perfect and without a jar. It is strange that there is no sound of nature out of tune. The roar of the waterfall comes into this anthem of the forest like an accompaniment of bassoons, and the occasional bark of the wolf, or the scream of a night-bird, or even the deep-throated croak of the frog, is no more discordant than the out-burst of an octave flute above the even melody of an orchestra; and it is surprising how the large rain-drops, pattering

on the leaves, and the small voice of the nightingale (singing, like nothing but himself, sweetest in the darkness) seems an intensitive and a low burthen to the general anthem of the earth—as it were a single voice among instruments.

I had what Wordsworth calls a "couchant ear" in my youth, and my story will wait, dear reader, while I tell you of another harmony that I learned to love in the wilderness.

There will come sometimes in the spring—say in May, or whenever the snow-drops and sulphur butterflies are tempted out by the first timorous sunshine—there will come, I say, in that yearning and youth-renewing season, a warm shower at noon. Our tent shall be pitched on the skirts of a forest of young pines, and the evergreen foliage, if foliage it may be called, shall be a daily refreshment to our eye while watching, with the west wind upon our cheeks, the unclothed branches of the elm. The rain descends softly and warm; but with the sunset the clouds break away, and it grows suddenly cold enough to freeze. The next morning you shall come out with me to a hill-side looking upon the south, and lie down with your ear to the earth. The pine tassels hold in every four of their fine fingers a drop of rain frozen like a pearl in a long ear-ring, sustained in their loose grasp by the rigidity of the cold. The sun grows warm at ten, and the slight green fingers begin to relax and yield, and by eleven they are all dropping their icy pearls upon the dead leaves with a murmur through the forest like the swarming of the bees of Hybla. There is not much variety in its music, but it is a pleasant monotone for thought, and if you have a restless fever in your bosom (as I had, when I learned to love it, for the travel which has corrupted the heart and the ear that it soothed and satisfied then) you may lie down with a crooked root under your head in the skirts of the forest, and thank Heaven for an anodyne to care. And it is better than the voice of your friend, or the song of your ladye-love, for it exacts no gratitude, and will not desert you ere the echo dies upon the wind.

Oh, how many of these harmonies there are!—how many that we hear, and how many that are "too constant to be heard!" I could go back to my youth, now, with this thread of recollection, and unsepulture a hoard of simple and long-buried joys that would bring the blush upon my cheek to think how my senses are dulled since such things could give me pleasure! Is there no "well of Kanathos" for renewing the youth of the soul?—no St. Hilary's cradle?—no elixir to cast the slough of heart-sickening and heart-tarnishing custom? Find me an alchymy for *that*, with your alembic and crucible, and you may resolve to dross again your philosopher's stone!

II.

Every body who makes the passage of the Erie canal, stops at the half-way town of Utica to visit a wonder of nature fourteen miles to the west of it, called Trenton Falls. It would be becoming in me, before mentioning the Falls, however, to sing the praises of Utica and its twenty thousand inhabitants—having received much hospitality from the worthy burghers, and philandered up and down their well-flagged *trottoir* very much to my private satisfaction. I should scorn any man's judgment who should attempt to convince me that the Erie water, which comes down the canal a hundred and fifty miles and passes through the market place of that pleasant town, has not communicated to the hearts of its citizens the expansion and depth of the parent lake from which it is

drawn. I have a theory on that subject with which I intend to surprise the world whenever politics and Mr. Bulwer draw less engrossingly on its attention. Will any one tell me that the dark eyes I knew there, and whose like for softness and meaning I have inquired for in vain through Italy, and the voice that accompanied their gaze—(that Pasta, in her divinest out-gush of melody and soul, alone recalls to me)—that these, and the noble heart, and high mind, and even the genius, that were other gifts of the same marvel among women—that these were born of common parentage, and nursed by the air of a demi-metropolis? We were but the kindest of friends, that bright creature and myself, and I may say, without charging myself with the blindness of love, that I believe in my heart she was the foster-child of the water-spirits on whose wandering streamlet she lived—that the thousand odours that swept down from the wilderness upon Lake Erie, and the unseen but wild and innumerable influences of nature, or whatever you call that which makes the Indian a believer in the Great Spirit—that these came down with those clear waters, ministering to the mind and watching over the budding beauty of this noble and most high-hearted woman! If you do not believe it, I should like you to tell me how else such a creature was "raised," as they phrase it in Virginia. I shall hold to my theory till you furnish me with a more reasonable one.

We heard at the hotel that there were several large parties at Trenton Falls, and with an abridgement of our toilets in our pockets, Job and I gallopped out of Utica about four o'clock of as bright a summer's afternoon as was ever promised in the almanac. We drew rein a mile or two out of town, and dawdled along the wild road more leisurely, Job's Green Mountain proportions fitting to the saddle something in the manner and relative fitness of a skeleton on a poodle. By the same token he rode safely, the looseness of his bones accommodating itself with singular facility to the irregularities in the pace of the surprised animal beneath him.

I dislike to pass over the minutest detail of a period of my life that will be rather interesting in my biography, (it is my intention to be famous enough to merit that distinction, and I would recommend to my friends to be noting my "little peculiarities"), and with this posthumous benevolence in my heart, I simply record, that our conversation on the road turned upon Edith Linsey—at this time the lady of my constant love—for whose sake and at whose bidding I was just concluding, (with success I presumed,) a probation of three years of absence, silence, hard study, and rigid morals, and upon whose parting promise (God forgive her!) I had built my uttermost gleaning and sand of earthly hope and desire. I tell you in the tail of this mocking paragraph, dear reader, that the bend of the rainbow spans not the earth more perfectly than did the love of that woman my hopes of future bliss; and that ephemeral arc does not sooner melt into the clouds—but I am anticipating my story.

Job's extraordinary appearance, as he extricated himself from his horse, usually attracted the entire attention of the by-standers at a strange inn, and under cover of this, I usually contrived to get into the house and commit him by ordering the dinner as soon as it could be got ready. Else, if it was in the neighbourhood of scenery, he was off till heaven knew when, and as I had that delicacy for his feelings never to dine without him, you can imagine the necessity of my greedy manœuvre.

We dined upon the trout of the glorious stream we had come to see; and as our host's eldest daughter waited upon us, (recorded in Job's journal, in my possession since his death, as "the most comely and gracious virgin" he had seen in his travels), we felt bound to adapt our conversation to the purity of her mind, and discussed only the philosophical point, whether the beauty of the stream could be tasted in the flavour of the fish—Job for it, I against it. The argument was only interrupted by the entrance of an apple pudding, so hot that our tongues were fully occupied in removing it from place to place as the mouth felt its heat inconvenient, and then, being in a country of liberty and equality, and the damsel in waiting, as Job smilingly remarked, as much a lady as the President's wife, he requested permission to propose her health in a cool tumbler of cider, and we adjourned to the moonlight.

III.

Ten or fifteen years ago, the existence of Trenton Falls was not known. It was discovered, like Pæstum, by a wandering artist, when there was a town of ten thousand inhabitants, a canal, a theatre, a liberty pole, and forty churches within fourteen miles of it. It may be mentioned to the credit of the Americans, that in the "hardness" of character of which travellers complain, there is the soft trait of a passion for scenery, and before the fact of its discovery had got well into the "Cahawba Democrat" and "Go-the-whole-hog-Courier," there was a splendid wooden hotel on the edge of the precipice, with a French cook, soda-water and olives, and a law was passed by the Kentucky Travellers' Club, requiring a hanging-bird's-nest from the trees "frowning down the awful abysm," (so expressed in the regulation), as a qualification for membership. Thenceforward to the present time it has been a place of fashionable resort during the summer solstice, and the pine woods, in which the hotel stands, being impervious to the sun, it is prescribed by oculists for gentlemen and ladies with weak eyes. If the luxury of corn-cutters had penetrated to the United States, it might be prescribed for tender feet as well—the soft floor of pine-tassels spread under the grassless woods, being considered an improvement upon Turkey carpets and greensward.

Trenton Falls is rather a misnomer. I scarcely know what you would call it, but the wonder of nature which bears the name is a tremendous torrent, whose bed, for several miles, is sunk fathoms deep into the earth—a roaring and dashing stream, so far below the surface of the forest in which it is lost, that you would think, as you come suddenly upon the edge of its long precipice, that it was a river in some inner world, (coiled within ours, as we in the outer circle of the firmament), and laid open by some titanic throe that had cracked clear asunder the crust of this "shallow earth." The idea is rather assisted if you happen to see below you, on its abysmal shore, a party of adventurous travellers; for, at that vast depth, and in contrast with the gigantic trees and rocks, the same number of well-shaped pismires, dressed in the last fashions, and philandering upon your parlour floor, would be about of their apparent size and distinctness.

They showed me at Eleusis the well by which Proserpine ascends to the regions of day on her annual visit to the plains of Thessaly—but with the *genius loci* at my elbow in the shape of a Greek girl as lovely as Phryné, my memory reverted to the bared axle of the earth in the bed of this American river, and I was persuaded (looking the while at the

feroniére of gold sequins on the Phidian forehead of my Katinka) that supposing Hades in the centre of the earth, you are nearer to it by some fathoms at Trenton. I confess I have had, since my first descent into those depths, an uncomfortable doubt of the solidity of the globe—how the deuce it can hold together with such a crack in its bottom!

It was a night to play Endymion, or do any Tom-foolery that could be laid to the charge of the moon, for a more omnipresent and radiant atmosphere of moonlight never sprinkled the wilderness with silver. It was a night in which to wish it might never be day again,—a night to be enamoured of the stars, and bid God bless them like human creatures on their bright journey,—a night to love in, to dissolve in,—to do every thing but what night is made for,—sleep! Oh Heaven! when I think how precious is life in such moments,—how the aroma,—the celestial bloom and flower of the soul,—the yearning and fast-perishing enthusiasm of youth waste themselves in the solitude of such nights on the senseless and unanswering air,—when I wander alone, unloving and unloved, beneath influences that could inspire me with the elevation of a seraph, were I at the ear of a human creature that could summon forth and measure my limitless capacity of devotion,—when I think this, and feel this, and so waste my existence in vain yearnings, I could extinguish the divine spark within me like a lamp on an unvisited shrine, and thank Heaven for an assimilation to the animals I walk among! And that is the substance of a speech I made to Job as a sequitur of a well-meant remark of his own, that "it was a pity Edith Linsey was not there." He took the clause about the "animals" to himself, and I made an apology for the same a year after, when he took occasion to mention it on his death-bed! We sometimes give our friends, quite innocently, such terrible knocks in our rhapsodies!

Most people talk of the *sublimity* of Trenton, but I have haunted it by the week together for its mere loveliness. The river, in the heart of that fearful chasm, is the most varied and beautiful assemblage of the thousand forms and shapes of running water that I know in the world. The soil and the deep-striking roots of the forest terminate far above you, looking like a black rim on the enclosing precipices; the bed of the river and its sky-sustaining walls are of solid rock, and, with the tremendous descent of the stream,—forming for miles one continuous succession of falls and rapids,—the channel is worn into curves and cavities which throw the clear waters into forms of inconceivable brilliancy and variety. It is a sort of half twilight below, with here and there a long beam of sunshine reaching down to kiss the lip of an eddy or form a rainbow over a fall, and the reverberating and changing echoes,—

"Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters,"

maintain a constant and most soothing music, varying at every step with the varying phase of the current. Cascades of from twenty to thirty feet, over which the river flies with a single and hurrying leap, (not a drop missing from the glassy and bending sheet,) occur frequently as you ascend; and it is from these that the place takes its name. But the Falls, though beautiful, are only peculiar from the dazzling and unequalled rapidity with which the waters come to the leap. If it were not for the leaf which drops wavering down into the abysm from trees apparently painted on the sky, and which is caught away by the flashing current as if the lightning had suddenly crossed it,

you would think the plane of the stedfast Heavens a flying element as soon. The spot in that long gulf of beauty that I best remember is a smooth descent of some hundred yards, where the river in full and undivided volume skims over a plane as polished as a table of scagliola, looking, in its invisible speed, like one mirror of gleaming but motionless crystal. Just above, there is a sudden turn in the glen which sends the water like a catapult against the opposite angle of the rock, and, in the action of years, it has worn out a cavern of unknown depth, into which the whole mass of the river plunges with the abandonment of a flying fiend into Hell, and, re-appearing like the angel that has pursued him, glides swiftly but with divine serenity on its way. (I am indebted for that last figure to Job, who travelled with a Milton in his pocket, and had a natural redolence of "Paradise Lost" in his conversation.)

Much as I detest water in small quantities (to drink) I have a hydromania in the way of lakes, rivers, and waterfalls. It is, by much, the *belle* in the family of the Elements. *Earth* is never tolerable unless disguised in green. *Air* is so thin as only to be visible when she borrows drapery of Water; and *Fire* is so staringly bright as to be unpleasant to the eyesight; but WATER! soft, pure, graceful Water! there is no shape into which you can throw her that she does not seem lovelier than before. She can borrow nothing of her sisters. Earth has no jewels in her lap so brilliant as her own spray-pearls and emeralds;—Fire has no rubies like what she steals from the sunset;—Air has no robes like the grace of her fine-woven and ever-changing drapery of silver. A health (in wine!) to WATER!

Who is there that did not love some stream in his youth? Who is there in whose vision of the past there does not sparkle up, from every picture of childhood, a spring or a rivulet woven through the darkened and torn woof of first affections like a thread of unchanged silver? How do you interpret the instinctive yearning with which you search for the river-side or the fountain in every scene of nature,—the clinging unaware to the river's course when a truant in the fields in June,—the dull void you find in every landscape of which it is not the ornament and the centre? For myself I hold with the Greek:—"Water is the first principle of all things: we were made from it and we shall be resolved into it*."

IV.

The awkward thing in all story-telling is transition. Invention you do not need if you have experience; for fact is stranger than fiction. A beginning in these days of startling abruptness is as simple as open your mouth; and when you have once begun you can end whenever you like, and leave the sequel to the reader's imagination: but the hinges of a story,—the turning gracefully *back* from a digression (it is easy to turn *into* one),—is the *pas qui coute*. My education on that point was neglected.

It was, as I said before, a moonlight night, and Job and myself having, like Sir Fabian, "no mind to sleep," followed the fashion and the rest of the company at the inn, and strolled down to see the Falls by moonlight. I had been there before, and I took Job straight to the spot in the bed of the river which I have described above as my favourite,

* The Ionic philosophy, supported by Thales.

and, after watching it for a few minutes, we turned back to a dark cleft in the rock which afforded a rude seat, and sat musing in silence.

Several parties had strolled past without seeing us in our recess, when two female figures, with their arms around each other's waists, sauntered slowly around the jutting rock below, and approached us, eagerly engaged in conversation. They came on to the very edge of the shadow which enveloped us, and turned to look back at the scene. As the head nearest me was raised to the light, I started half to my feet: it was Edith! In the same instant her voice of music broke on my ear, and an irresistible impulse to listen unobserved drew me down again upon my seat, and Job, with a similar instinct, laid his hand on my arm.

"It was his favourite spot!" said Edith. (We had been at Trenton together years before.) "I stood here with him, and I wish he stood here now that I might tell him what my hand hesitates to write."

"Poor Philip!" said her companion, whom by the voice I recognised as the youngest of the Flemings, "I cannot conceive how you can resolve so coldly to break his heart."

I felt a dagger entering my bosom, but still I listened. Edith went on.

"Why, I will tell you, my dear little innocent. I loved Philip Slingsby when I thought I was going to die. It was then a fitting attachment, for I never thought to need of the goods of this world more than a sick chamber and a nurse; and Phil. was kind-hearted and devoted to me, and I lived at home. But, with returned health, a thousand ambitious desires have sprung up in my heart, and I find myself admired by whom I will, and every day growing more selfish and less poetical. Philip is poor, and love in a cottage, though very well for you if you like it, would never do for me. I should like him very well for a friend, for he is gentlemanlike and devoted, but, with my ideas, I should only make him miserable, and so—I think I had better put him out of misery at once—don't you think?"

A half-smothered groan of anguish escaped my lips; but it was lost in the roar of the waters, and Edith's voice, as she walked on, lessened and became inaudible to my ear. As her figure was lost in the shadow of the rocks beyond, I threw myself on the bosom of my friend, and wept in the unutterable agony of a crushed heart. I know not how that night was spent, but I awoke at noon of the next day, in my bed, with Job's hand clasped tenderly in my own.

V.

I kept my tryst. I was to meet Edith Linsey at Saratoga in July,—the last month of the probation by which I had won a right to her love. I had not spoken to her, or written, or seen her (save, unknown to her, in the moment I have described) in the three long years to which my constancy was devoted. I had gained the usual meed of industry in my profession, and was admitted to its practice. I was on the threshold of manhood; and she had promised, before Heaven, here to give me heart and hand.

I had parted from her at twelve on that night three years, and, as the clock struck, I stood again by her side in the crowded ball-room of Saratoga.

"Good God! Mr. Slingsby!" she exclaimed as I put out my hand.

"Am I so changed that you do not know me, Miss Linsey?" I asked, as she still looked with a wondering gaze into my face, pressing my hand, however, with real warmth, and evidently under the control, for the moment, of the feelings with which we had parted.

"Changed, indeed! Why, you have studied yourself to a skeleton! My dear Philip, you are ill!"

I was,—but it was only for a moment. I asked her hand for a waltz, and never before or since came wit and laughter so freely to my lip. I was collected, but, at the same time, I was the gayest of the gay; and when everybody had congratulated me, in her hearing, on the school to which I had put my wits in my long apprenticeship to the law, I retired to the gallery looking down upon the garden, and cooled my brow and rallied my sinking heart.

The candles were burning low, and the ball was nearly over, when I entered the room again, and requested Edith to take a turn with me on the colonnade. She at once assented, and I could feel by her arm in mine, and see by the fixed expression on her lip, that she did so with the intention of revealing to me what she little thought I could so well anticipate.

"My probation is over," I said, breaking the silence which she seemed willing to prolong, and which had lasted till we had twice measured the long colonnade.

"It was three years ago to-night, I think, since we parted." She spoke in an absent and careless tone, as if trying to work out another more prominent thought in her mind.

"Do you find me changed?" I asked.

"Yes—oh, yes! very!"

"But I am more changed than I seem, dear Edith!"

She turned to me as if to ask me to explain myself.

"Will you listen to me while I tell you how?"

"What can you mean? Certainly."

"Then listen, for I fear I can scarce bring myself to repeat what I am going to say. When I first learned to love you, and when I promised to love you for life, you were thought to be dying, and I was a boy. I did not count on the future, for I despaired of your living to share it with me, and, if I had done so, I was still a child and knew nothing of the world. I have since grown more ambitious, and, I may as well say at once, more selfish and less poetical. You will easily divine my drift. You are poor, and I find myself, as you have seen to-night, in a position which will enable me to marry more to my advantage; and, with these views, I am sure I should only make you miserable by fulfilling my contract with you, and you will agree with me that I consult our mutual happiness by this course—don't you think?"

At this instant I gave a signal to Job, who approached and made some sensible remarks about the weather; and, after another turn or two, I released Miss Linsey's arm, and, cautioning her against the night air, left her to finish her promenade and swallow her own projected speech and mine, and went to bed.

And so ended my first love! SLINGSBY.

WORDSWORTH'S NEW POEMS.

A LATE celebrated critic used to say that the three greatest egotists he knew of, that is, the three writers who felt their own being most powerfully and exclusively, were Rousseau, Wordsworth, and Benvenuto Cellini. He would defy the world, in Swift's fashion, to furnish out a fourth.

There is unquestionably great truth in this; but the men must be taken with a very wide distinction. The genius of all of them we certainly most sincerely believe to have been the result of their temperament—an intensification of themselves. The interest they create is that of their own feelings; the sentiment with which they inform their writings is born of a thousand personal recollections; every object standing out upon the page, stands out there with the very being of the writer wound, as it were, around it. But there is a wide distinction notwithstanding. It would scarcely be pertinent here, with our present purpose, to examine its details with reference to the three writers. The singular character of the memoirs of the Italian we shall, indeed, take some other opportunity of examining; but we may say a few words, not inaptly, on the different development of egotism in Rousseau and in Wordsworth.

The egotism of Rousseau is of that exaggerated nature which the night cannot calm nor the day cheer. The incidents of his life, having fixed themselves upon his heart with the inveteracy of passion, prey there continually. Nature is moulded to their will, and to their purposes every aspect of nature is exaggerated to contribute. This is not Wordsworth's way. His personal feelings, intense as they are, are moulded to the sweet will of Nature, are calmed by her sway, are cheered by her influence: it is in her eye that he analyses his feelings and contemplates his powers—it is through her mirror he reflects his favourite thoughts, and from the height of her sublimity rebukes the frailties of worldly aspiring, and inculcates the knowledge which leads to love. His egotism has other than personal objects. His life has not been a life of incident, but of contemplation—his thoughts, therefore, have no retrospective passion to sway them to the mood of what it likes or loathes. When Rousseau is arrested by the periwinkle in his path, and cries out with startling fondness, *Ah! Voila de la pervenche!* we are carried back to a dream of love, of passion, and of hope quite gone, and have visions of youth and Madame de Warens. When Wordsworth recognises the sparkling eye of the daisy, it is only some contemplative feeling at that instant passing through his own mind, which makes the daisy to him for the moment the most beautiful of flowers, and enriches him with thoughts that lie too deep for tears. The object with both, the reader will remark, derives not its interest from itself, but from the power of association—from that which connects it with a thousand personal feelings, which makes it for the time a link in the chain of the personal thought, a fibre of the heart, of the observer. The periwinkle is not admired for its own sake, nor is the daisy. Neither Rousseau nor Wordsworth present their flower as a thing to be immediately admired; both of them have the antipathy to immediate effect; and the repugnance to place that before the reader which tells for itself without

the intervention of the poet. But how wide, nevertheless, the distinction is between them, we have endeavoured to show.

We have said nothing in these remarks on the egotism of Wordsworth which detracts from his wonderful genius. We love, for our own parts, to view the aspects of nature through such feelings as those of this great poet, which belong, as we believe, to the highest and noblest attributes of humanity. Wherever there is a display of natural beauty, sublimity, or grandeur, we feel that there Wordsworth has a right to be. We would have him with us—at once a fellow-worshipper and a superior being, whose more intimate communion with the glories before which we are prostrate—realizing the immortal comparison of Moses and Elias in the Transfiguration—" only adds to the simplicity of his zeal and the humility of his devotion." Would we wish to pass

" Bare trees and mountains bare,
And grass in the green fields,"

alone? We would have Wordsworth with us. With the commonest as the loftiest things, his companionship is grateful and appropriate. Without that, the cuckoo's cry might salute our ear in vain, and in vain the linnet's nest arrest our eye! Without him, a grey cloak seen in the distance on the lonely moor would have no meaning, nor the lichens on the rock a life, nor a withered thorn be pressed down, as now, with thoughts of sublimity and pathos! The egotism of Wordsworth is noble and elevating to nature, " linking to her fair works the human soul," and considering everything, both in nature and in humanity, a portion alone of the vast chain which comprehends the universe. When the struggles of the one are over, still he carries into death the memory of their living associations with the other, and

" Nature's pleasant robe of green,
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
Their monuments and their memory!"

Egotism here is nothing more than an intense activity given to one faculty for the nobler development of others. Let us always remember, too, the subjects to which Wordsworth has generally devoted himself. They are such as would have been passed, perhaps, unnoticed but for him—but for the light of sentiment and thought he furnishes to their view from the recesses of his own mind. It is out of the very simplicity and apparent insignificance of a natural object that his noblest illustrations have been drawn, and his noblest lessons taught. Are we not in this the clear gainers? Undoubtedly we are. Nothing is lost in the want of the ordinary accidents and accessaries of grandeur. Reality is exalted far above them. The simplest of thoughts becomes sublime. In that we recognize the glory of the Epic. In that a whole world may lie shadowed—

" Exchange the shepherd's frock of native grey
For robes with regal purple tinged; convert
The crook into a sceptre; give the pomp
Of circumstance, and here the tragic Muse
Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.
Amid the groves, beneath the shadowy hills
The generations are prepared; the pangs,
The internal pangs are ready; the dread strife
Of poor humanity's afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny!"

In one point of view, notwithstanding, we are ready to admit that Wordsworth's egotism stands in the way of truth, and intercepts its genuineness of colour. We think, for instance, that Crabbe's pictures of homely life are infinitely more true. If Wordsworth draws you a beggar, it is a beggar of his own—if a sailor, if a schoolmaster, he does it in the like fashion. He particularizes, but only to draw some general conclusion.

> "From their gross matter he abstracts their forms,
> And draws a kind of quintessence from things."

He presents separate lineaments to you, as representations, not so properly of distinct individual character, as of the medium through which, for the moment, he desires to convey to you the current of his thought. And than that thought, perhaps, nothing can be deeper, nothing more original, nothing more true, nothing grander or more beautiful;—but it takes the place of the character on which it is induced, and we find ourselves familiar, after reading the poem, not with the proper qualities and peculiar natures of the persons it refers to, but with some new section of Mr. Wordsworth's philosophy, educed from a subtle inquisition into the relative natures of the vagrant, or the beggar, or the schoolmaster, or whomever we had been led to hope acquaintance with. We are quite aware that we must deny to Wordsworth that noble title of a philosopher as well as poet, which he so richly merits—before we hesitate to concede that in all this there is deep instruction. We do not question that; but we say that it proves a want in the poetry of Wordsworth, as poetry. We wish at times to go into the company of the rustic, the unfortunate, or the poor, as a companion. We wish to have nothing to do with philosophy or morality. We wish only to see the life to which we have been unaccustomed, without the restraint which would be forced upon it by its consciousness of our presence. This we cannot find in the poetry of Wordsworth. We recollect reading with surprise some time ago, in an excellent paper upon this great poet, that immediately before the first publication of the "Lyrical Ballads," Coleridge waited on an eminent bookselling house to ask whether, in the opinion of the partners, a series of poems "in the manner of Teniers' paintings" was likely to attract popular notice and favour. We wonder what the gentlemen said; but we wonder far more what could have induced Coleridge to commit such a blunder. Teniers is literal, if ever the literal existed. Teniers never attempts to carry you beyond his scene. Wordsworth's only motive for introducing it to you is, on the contrary, to carry you beyond it. It is very true that familiar characters and incidents are handled by both, but there the likeness ends. One set of them eat, and drink, and laugh, and play, and enjoy themselves—the other illustrate the philosophy of general human nature.

Since writing this, we have turned with some misgivings to passages of "Peter Bell." They are very masterly indeed, and may, in one or two respects, detract from what we have written; but not materially. And this poem, it will be recollected, stands in some points quite alone among Wordsworth's writings. The first portrait of Peter Bell himself is masterly and powerful in the highest degree. As a description, it is unquestionably finer and more true-thoughted than anything in Crabbe; and it is only just, therefore, after what we have said, to refer the reader to it. Still it is not a picture which Teniers could have painted.

There is nothing perhaps so fine as that sketch in the way of description in the volume which now lies on our table; but it is full of beauties of its own—of perfect originality—of heartfelt sentiment—of infinitely sweet and touching thoughts—and of grave, yet cheerful wisdom.

Wordsworth is constant to his creed. With his old proud humility, he calls himself, in one of his new sonnets, addressed to the laurels of Rydal Mount—

> "A poet of your own,
> One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown
> To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade
> All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
> Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship self-sown."

He is not yet disposed to recognise anything loftier than human hope, or anything deeper than the human heart; and still would he keep both in gentle and divine harmony, by associating them with the ever-constant and beautiful face of nature.

The subjects in the volume are very various, and not one of them (for we will not go out of our way to remark on a few political allusions which with better taste might have been spared) offensive. There is not a single idiot boy, or a mad mother, or an ague visitation, or a Goody Blake, or a Harry Gill, or anything that might be more fitting in the hands of the bellman. He avoids, in fact, the extreme point of his excellent and noble theory—a point to which we firmly believe he would never have clung at all except in sheer opposition to the ignorance, the pertness, and the assumptions of criticism. We have a vast number of sonnets in the volume, all of them written with that wonderful ease, variety of pause and cadence, gracefulness and freedom, in which, with reference to that character of composition, Wordsworth is clearly beyond all rivalry. His command over the sonnet is only a very little short of the miraculous. Under his influence, its "humble plot of ground" becomes a rich and endless garden of beauty. Into the fourteen lines which hem it in, he crams as much thought and feeling, sustaining them in the most high-raised and prophetic tone, as would serve to set up a dozen ordinary poems. This is again on his old principle. He chooses to have his *materiel* a foil to his invention, and to owe nothing but to himself. The paraphernalia of poetry, its old classical assumptions, he disregards, if he does not despise. He concentrates his power upon the humble sonnet, and forces it to his will. He has made it the vehicle of conveying grander aspirings than we have had since Milton, and of more incomparable reasonings in verse than we have had since the days of Dryden. Old acquaintances, too, in a new form, will greet the admirers of the poet in his new volume. Yarrow is revisited—the daisy welcomes us again as an old companion—on a lonely and deserted rock the glow-worms hang their lamps, and one coy primrose blooms—

> "A lasting link in Nature's chain,
> From highest heaven let down!"

—still, as of old, are we made the delighted students of nature, and in the midst of her sublimest grandeurs are taught to bend down to her simplest voices, and to attune them all to the "still sad music of humanity." He has his reward. Readers for ages are destined to listen,

as we are listening now, to this poet, who has " made us heirs " of such pure delight for *ever!* Here is

" The linnet's warble sinking towards a close;"

and the heedless thrush, as shrill as ever, caring not; and the nightingale haunts us with her voice; and the owl is here

" Discovered in a roofless tower,
Rising from what may once have been a lady's bower;
Or spied where he sits moping in his mew
At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;"

our old friend the cuckoo visits again, bringing back, as of old, to the poet visions of early time; the wren's nest (another old acquaintance) strikes him here with new wonder and delight when he finds that its little builder, " mistrusting her evasive skill," had consulted with a primrose—

" The primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus, for purposes benign,
A simple flower deceives."

—Nor must we forget to welcome that pensive warbler, robin, or fail, with the poet, to mark

" His heaving breast,
Whose tiny sinking and faint swell
Betray the elf that loves to dwell
In robin's bosom, as a chosen cell."

In one word, we have in this new volume, from the pen of our greatest poet, all the original and most delightful characteristics of his genius.

We should mention, also, that there are one or two pieces in the volume which some will think a dereliction from his first principles; just as, in former volumes, Laodamia and others startled the readers of the " Lyrical Ballads," who found themselves, with the freshness of green fields and English homesteads upon them, suddenly gazing with rapt awe and admiration on the appearance of a fragment from the grandest sculptures of antiquity. The " Egyptian Maid," or the " Romance of the Water Lily," for instance, is an exquisite piece of old Fancy, conceived and executed in a brilliant way, and enriched equally with deep feeling and splendid description.

We congratulate all lovers of true poetry on the appearance of this book. We respectfully congratulate the poet. We admired him with a fervent admiration, at a time when his admirers were more few than now. Now he has won his way to the highest seat, and sits there sole and undisturbed. Ignorance or malice cannot assail him further. The glad success has followed the high endeavour. Still " strenuous for the bright reward," —it is in his possession at last. The long deathless shout of Fame is in his living ears! No—not the shout of Fame. Say, rather, the deep, distant, and murmuring sound which the stream of high and glorious thoughts, carried down to future ages, makes as it flows! May the music of that sound never desert him till he goes to the realization of the wish of his early and honourable ambition, already not unfulfilled!

" Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight in deathless lays.
Oh, might my name be number'd among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days!"

GILBERT GURNEY.

Chapter VII.

Turn we from this melancholy passage in my life—suffice it to say, that I have never passed through Teddington since the event with which the last portion of my memoranda concluded. Perhaps I need not add, that I equally avoided Miss Crab, who, (for the reader's satisfaction I perhaps might mention it,) in about a year after my mother's death, married one of the neighbouring apothecaries, who, she wrote me word to say, made her a very kind and comfortable husband. He had two daughters by a former wife—a blonde and a brunette; Kitty, a tigress—Jenny, a lamb; the one a black dose—the other a mild emulsion. How they made it out with their acidulated mother-in-law, I never troubled my head to inquire; with the death of my exemplary parent my care and consideration about the Crabs and their connexions departed.

I wrote of course to my brother Cuthbert, at Calcutta, giving him information of the event that had occurred, and I took counsel of my worthy friend, the Justice of Peace. But taking counsel and taking physic are different things—his worship prescribed what I could not swallow, and therefore, although I took his advice earwise, I did not act upon it. He suggested my immediate departure for India, in order to avail myself of the advantages which the great success of my nearest relative would secure me, and offered to introduce me to a Captain Pillau, or some such person, whose twelve hundred ton ship was a floating London Tavern, with cows in the launch, salad in the windows, fresh rolls three times a week, and champagne on Thursdays and Sundays—but what were these to me? I was in full possession of four hundred and eighty-seven pounds, nineteen shillings, and eleven pence per annum, besides the interest of four thousand pounds three per cent. consols. Why should I send myself out in a huge packing-case, to look for a fortune which I should not be able to realize until my powers of enjoying it were gone? Pale nankeens, with bilious-looking silk stockings, cotton shirts, and calico waistcoats, were to my eyes objects quite familiar in the north-western regions of the metropolis. Why should I waste my youth and manhood in Qui-hi-ing one half the day, and salaaming the other, with the glass at ninety-five in the shade, until I, at fifty, should look as if I were on the shady side of ninety-five?—No. With *my* pretensions and accomplishments—for, like Daly, I did a little of everything—nothing so well as he—but still—I thought I *might* make my way, and even achieve the great object of my ambition, Emma Haines, whose twenty thousand pounds would come in, remarkably well.

Emma was the point in which all my hopes and wishes centered, so soon as I had recovered from the shock, which, especially under its peculiar circumstances, my mother's death had occasioned. The heart, robbed of what it has been cordially and warmly attached to, naturally yearns for some new object to claim and engross its affections. I certainly was devotedly fond of Emma;—she was so graceful—so ladylike—so gentle—so mild—there was a meekness in her eye while the mind was reposing, which lighted into brightness and brilliancy the moment her feelings were excited, or her genius roused;—she played—she sang—she drew—she talked—in short, she was a most bewitching

person; and there was a swan-like swimmingness about her air and gait—a sort of sylphy something that riveted the attention and charmed the heart. I *do* believe at first she encouraged my advances out of pure good nature. She was older than I was; or rather, perhaps, I should say, about my own age; but as a girl of seventeen is a woman, when a man of seventeen is a boy, she saw how much I loved her, before I was myself conscious of it.

Her mother had certainly—incautious, I believe, through kindness—encouraged my acquaintance; and I used to be constantly at their house: —*my* mother knew nothing of them; but my young theatrical friend in Lincoln's Inn had carried me there, and so I went on, like a silly moth, buzzing about the vestal flame, until at last my wings were thoroughly scorched; and then, as I told Daly on that horrible night, I avowed my feelings and was rejected; not by Emma herself, but by her mother, who, having written me a letter which would have driven a stoic mad, set off for South Wales, where, as the reader already knows, my lovely girl was immured, as I fancied, against her will, at the period of my mother's decease.

I have already expressed my feelings with respect to Daly, whose acquaintance I had so strangely made; and certainly for some time my sensitive regrets as to the employment of *that* evening, which I have felt it my duty to record at length, operated as a preventive to our future association; however, as the months wore on, I naturally, and perhaps justly, argued, that although the things we did, and the course we took that evening, were, seriously and morally speaking, indefensible; still, whatever might be the blame due to my companion for introducing me to such scenes, the melancholy fact of my mother's sudden attack and death could not be adduced in aggravation of his faults—like myself, he was, of course, ignorant of the crisis of her fate; and, therefore, although powerfully connected in my imagination in the outset, as those sad circumstances were, I began to dismiss from my mind the combination which had made me so incalculably miserable at first, and in proportion as this needless horror was dissipated I began to exonerate my friend, and even seek his society; for having—and I was conscious of *that*—confided to him the history of my Emma, I was most anxious, now that I felt more than ever the necessity of having something to love and esteem, to consult him upon the plan best to be adopted to carry my wishes into execution.

I was quite delighted with his frankness, his friendship, and his zeal; he told me what I believed, because I wished it true, that it was impossible to doubt, after what I had described to him, that Emma was devoted to me—that my expectation that she would write to me was extravagant, that girls were extremely averse from corresponding; first, because they properly considered such clandestine communications indelicate and undutiful; and secondly, because very young men are apt to be vain of female confidence, and perhaps in some unguarded moment might be induced to boast, or even to show the letters of their kind-hearted mistresses. Daly was right. Emma was quite well enough aware of the ways of the world not to trust a giddy, thoughtless fellow such as I then was with letters; but, nevertheless, she might be prevailed upon to grant me an interview, if I went to Tenby, and by some means—not literary—solicited it.

"Action, my dear friend," said Daly, "action is the thing; you may

sigh and swear away four sides of foolscap—most appropriate paper—and what then?—you have done nothing but record sentiments which the circumstances of a few years may entirely alter, and pledge yourself to a constancy which events may try, and even overthrow. No;—put yourself into the mail-coach—start for Tenby—hide yourself up—find out her house—walk under her window, and whistle some favourite air; if she loves, she will instantly recognize it—she will be delighted to find you so active and zealous; and, ten to one, if her respectable parent can be by any means disposed of, the very next evening will find you strolling by moonlight—if there should be a moon—or in the dark, if there should not—either along the beach or on the cliff, breathing out all those delicious protestations upon which lovers live, 'as larks on leeks.'"

"Out!" said I, indignantly—"do you suppose that it would be possible for Emma to 'come out,' as you call it, 'to take a walk?'—Why, she is watched and guarded as if she were 'one chrysolite;' her mother would as soon die as hear of her 'taking a walk' by moonlight."

"Never mind," said Daly, "faint heart you know, &c.—where there's a will there's a way; and if you choose to follow my advice, 'I'll back the caster in.'"

"The deuce take that phrase," said I; "no—no; Miss Haines is not to be so proceeded with; and yet I admit I think a visit to Tenby would be advisable, because I might plead with her mother."

"Plead!—no," said Daly—"practice before preaching any day. All I can say is, if you are in need of an ally—if you want an assistant—a Leporello in short, I am your man. My whole delight is doing good. I have no object but to serve my friends; and, if you think that I can be of the least use in securing you Miss Emma Haines and her twenty thousand pounds, you have only to say, 'Daly do'—and Daly will."

It was impossible for me not to feel grateful for this kindly burst of feeling, and the offer which my companion made; and I confess it affected me more powerfully, because during the time at which my grief completely unmanned me, and absorbed all my faculties, he was, whenever he could obtain admittance to me, the most sympathizing of human beings. He regretted, in such an amiable manner, the absurdity of his self-introduction to the cottage, and spoke of my mother's manners and conversation in such terms of admiration and esteem, that I felt convinced, whatever might be his eccentricities, his heart was in the right place; and having established this opinion in my mind, I resolved to trust him with the management of my Tenby scheme, for the success of which he himself appeared most unaffectedly anxious.

The conversations of my enthusiastic friend had very considerably elevated my hopes. He extracted from me every particular of Emma's person and character; the one, after my report, he pronounced angelic, and the other perfect; but I must say, in the midst of his warmth and energy, and in the full flow of exalted sentiments, he *did* come out, as the people say, with something that astonished me.

"Are you sure now, Gurney," said he, "that she *has* this money? because we hear of fortunes, and of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and so much a year, and such and such estates, and West Indian property, and Irish property, and all the rest of it, which at last turn out to be nothing—sometimes worse than nothing."

"I declare, Daly," replied I, "that I know nothing more of her fortune than common report affords; and moreover, that I consider it quite unimportant, whether it amount to the specified sum or not."

"Have you never ascertained?" asked he.

"No," I replied; "how should I? could I ask Emma such a question, or her mother?——"

"No, my dear friend, certainly not," said Daly; "but if you will take the trouble to walk with me, to-morrow morning, to St. Paul's Church-yard—turn to your right, through the court, across Carter-lane, thence through court number two, into Knight Rider-street—you will see opposite to you the Prerogative Office; there, my dear friend, for the trifling and inconsiderable charge of one shilling we will read the last will and testament of the late respectable father of your amiable Emma, and discover whether 'all is gold that glitters.'"

"Is that to be done?" said I.

"To be sure," said Daly; "it is the just prerogative of an Englishman to know what his neighbour does with his property if he have any; and as I have already told you, that in love where there's a will there's a way, so you will that see in law where there's a will there's a way to find it out—therefore, to-morrow we start—*le premier pas*—to the Prerogative Office, and although it may cost something, it is but a shilling, and anything like confirmation about other people's affairs is 'dirt cheap at the money.'"

I really was not sufficiently well-informed as to the privileges of the people, at that moment, to know that Daly was right in his statement; and even when he told me the simplicity of the process by which all his doubts as to Emma's fortune could be set at rest, I felt a disinclination to adopt it; for really and truly, I had often before wished that she had had nothing, inasmuch as I fancied that if it were not for the difference in our circumstances, I might not be personally objectionable to her mother.

When the morning came, and I called upon Daly, according to appointment, to proceed to the Prerogative Office of which he had talked, I felt as if I was about to do something underhanded and ungentlemanlike. Why should I pry into the private affairs of a family? why gratify my curiosity at the expense of the independence of feeling in which I used to glory? For all these questions Daly found ready answers; and, as usual, the ice of my prudery was thawed by the warmth of his manner, and the energy of his protestations; and accordingly off we went—searched the office—paid our shilling—got our little slip of paper—showed it—had down the volume which contained the desired document—spread him upon a desk, and began to read the contents.

I admit myself to have been nearly as ignorant of the purport of the last will and testament of Joseph William Haines, Esq., after I had perused it, as I was before I had seen it. Not so, Daly. He was a bit of a lawyer, and he explained and expounded the whole mystery of the affair, and informed me that the "upshot" of the matter was most satisfactory—inasmuch as it appeared that twenty thousand pounds were irrevocably and unconditionally Emma's—but if her mother married again, the sum was to be doubled; and the mother's jointure, which was two thousand five hundred pounds a-year, was to be reduced one-half, and, in addition to the rest, to revert to her daughter at her

death. The estates themselves, upon which the jointure was a charge, were also to become Emma's after the death of her parent, if she married with her consent, during her life time; if not, they were to be otherwise disposed of, with a variety of contingencies and consequences Hebraically obscure to my comprehension.

"I see the thing in a moment," said Daly. "Come along—the affair is settled—we shall make ourselves extremely comfortable——"

"We!" said I. "How do you mean?"

"Thus," said Daly;—"the mother has two thousand five hundred a year, untouchable by fate, so long as she lives a widow—the daughter's twenty thousand is equally secure. But you perceive, that if the mother marries, the daughter's fortune is to be doubled, and the widow's jointure to be diminished by half. Mark me—I have a strong disposition for settling—twelve hundred and fifty pounds a year will do for me. I'll marry the mother, which will produce a splendid increase of fortune to the daughter, with whom you shall afterwards have the felicity of eloping if you think proper—or if not, receive her hand with the full and entire sanction of her respectable father-in-law, your most obedient and very humble servant."

"Visions! visions!" said I. "Mrs. Haines will never marry again."

"Is *that* the doubt?" said Daly; "if that be all, let not that embarrass you."

"But would you?" said I, staring with amazement——

"Would I!" exclaimed he; "trust me for that—a well-jointured widow against the world for settling with. It's a fine sight, Gurney—quite refreshing, as the cocknies say, to see the comfortable ease and independence of a dowager—the lozenged pannels of the luxurious carriage—the fat black nags with their long tails and kicking-straps, the curly-wigged coachman with his three-cornered hat on his head, and a bouncing bouquet stuck in his button-hole."

"But," said I, "Mrs. Haines is not likely to——"

"Leave me alone for that," interrupted my voluble friend. "If you think the scheme a good one, I am your man."

"And would you," said I—"as I was just going to ask—would you marry a woman so much older than yourself?"

"Age is now like air, my dear fellow," said Daly; "felt by all, but seen by none. I'll marry her—take her down to Dullmusty Hall, or whatever the name of her place may be—twaddle about with her for a month, in a broad-brimmed straw hat, with a spud in my hand—do the domestic for the first four weeks—then put dowwy out to grass at one of her own farms—allow her three hundred a year out of her own jointure, and expend the *residuum* in the purchase of cross-bows, pop-guns, magic-lanterns, fire-balloons, and sky-rockets."

"A profitable outlay for yourself," said I, "and a pleasing prospect for Mrs. Haines."

"Rely upon it, the scheme is practicable," said Daly; "however, we may confer upon it and consider;—this evening you are engaged at Lady Wolverhampton's, where, I flatter myself, you will be pleased. She gives a *fête* after a new fashion—live fish in the drawing-room, and a cow on the staircase—fact—fact, my dear Gurney; and if I don't contrive to make some fun, my name is not Daly."

"Remember the Dods," said I, "recollect—I will not consent to be made a party to any more practical jokes."

"But," said Daly, "Lady Wolverhampton's parties are nothing but practical jokes themselves. Her *fête* of to-night is a masquerade—at least to as many people as like to assume characters—so that a vast many respectable persons who don't choose to go to her house without concealment, will be there *incog.*, much to their hearts' delight. I mean to make my appearance, in the early part of the evening, as a Jew boy, selling macaroon cakes—come in with my basket full of tempting delicacies, which the eager company will snatch away in order to devour, like so many dragons—mum!—there's fun in *that*, depend on't."

"The fun of paying for the cakes, and seeing other people eat them," said I.

"True—" replied Daly; "but the results—the afterwards, as I say—macaroon cakes, ordinarily manufactured, would afford no sport. *My* man, under proper medical superintendence, sprinkles in with his sugar, certain powders of a peculiar quality, which, however salutary, taken now and then, are not usually administered in a ball-room. You'll see a scattering!—poor devils!—the gormandizers will be nicely served—the endemic of a Margate-hoy will be but a trifle to the indisposition of her Ladyship's visiters—first one ill, then another, eh—'si *sick* omnes.'"

"My dear Daly," said I, in a dissuasive tone——

"*Soyez tranquille, mon cher Gilbert*," interrupted Daly; "there's nothing like fun—what else made the effect in Berners-street? I am the man—*I* did it; sent a Lord Mayor in state, to release impressed seamen—philosophers and sages to look at children with two heads a-piece—piano-fortes by dozens, and coal waggons by scores—two thousand five hundred raspberry tarts from half-a-hundred pastry-cooks—a squad of surgeons—a battalion of physicians, and a legion of apothecaries—lovers to see sweethearts; ladies to find lovers—upholsterers to furnish houses, and architects to build them—gigs, dog-carts, and glass-coaches, enough to convey half the freeholders of Middlesex to Brentford—nay, I dispatched even Royalty itself on an errand to a respectable widow lady, whose concourse of visiters, by my special invitation, choked up the great avenues of London, and found employment for half the police of the metropolis."

"Is it possible that you——"

"I," said Daly, triumphantly;—"copy the joke, and it ceases to *be* one;—any fool can imitate an example once set—but for originality of thought and design, I *do* think that was perfect. However, to-night shall transcend even that effort, and to-morrow we start for Tenby."

"Let me ask you," said I, "now—if you can be serious—have you really any intentions as to Mrs. Haines? because——"

"Serious, to be sure," said Daly; "I never joke but when I am in earnest—like a Frenchman, who is never grave but when he is dancing. I think my arrangement capital, and so will you. We will go to Tenby together; or, if you prefer it, I will start alone, and appear to know no more of *you*, than one of the cads of the thimble-rig knows of the pea-holder. I will make my play, and, the moment I am in possession, make signals for you to join—eh? We'll settle all in the course of the forenoon; but for the present, let us return to the habitable part of town,

and make our masquerading preparations for the *soirée* at Wolverhampton House."

There was something about Daly that I cannot describe: but he had only to suggest, and I implicitly obeyed. I had never ventured to inquire as to his means or fortune; and although the unbroken and unmitigated silence he had observed as to *our* winnings on the odious night at the gaming-house, raised a suspicion in my mind that he was not rolling in riches, as they say, I thought that his abstinence from any allusion to that adventure arose very probably from a delicate disinclination to awaken in my mind the recollections inseparable from the occurrences of that evening. As we walked along the Strand, Daly did, however, what he had never yet done—invite me to dine with him at his lodgings. "Let us," said he, "dine late, and we can go together to the Wolverhampton affair—you must put up with what you can get—I live small, according to my means; but after I have married my duck in weeds, the amiable mother of your angelic Emma, I will give you—emblematic of our affection and constancy—turtle, whenever you dutifully come and see us."

I, of course, could not object to dine with my friend; and accordingly settled the engagement for seven, and we parted after a somewhat protracted walk "to meet again."

I confess, the readiness with which he fell into my views, and the quickness with which he seized the abstruse points of the testamentary document of the late respected head of the Haines's, mixed with the sudden resolution which he appeared to have formed of marrying the dowager, gave me an idea that, although there was something like method in it, madness was the particular reigning malady under which poor Daly laboured; yet there was so much plausibility in his manner, and so much real friendship in his professions, that I could not doubt his earnestness and good will towards me.

At or about seven, therefore, I proceeded to his lodgings, where I found covers for three laid in his sole sitting room, into which his bedroom opened; in which latter apartment he was occupied, when I reached the scene of action, dressing. Having heard my arrival, he begged pardon, from the next room, for being so late at his toilette; and told me to amuse myself with the evening newspaper until he should have completed it. I implicitly obeyed the injunctions of my yet invisible friend, who shortly after joined me, finished for the evening, with the exception of his neckcloth, the tying on of which he reserved for the last moment, lest the indulgence of home feelings might in any way disturb the symmetrical arrangement of his favourite folds. Well do I remember the nervous anxiety with which men, in those days, studied the art of tying the cravat; and I recollect a friend of mine who had provided himself with no less than four to experimentalize upon, who spoiled them all in the putting on, and was actually obliged to wait at an inn on the Portsmouth road, in the neighbourhood of the house to which he was going, when dressed, while his servant travelled to town in a post-chaise and four, and returned with a fresh supply.

"I expect a man to meet you," said Daly, "who will go with us to Lady Wolverhampton's—where you know I have the *entrée*. I am her pet-plaything—a sort of Jonkanoo general for her dignity balls—and you will see me in my element there. As Dr. Cauliflower the putty-headed physician says, I ought always to have my jacket ready to tumble

in—thank my stars, Gurney, I can tumble without one—I admit I lead my Dow Wolf a deuce of a life, but she loves me. I catch lions for her—which is a prodigious merit in her eyes."

"Catch lions!" said I, staring like a fool.

"Exactly," replied Daly. "One of them feeds here to-day—a Count Stickinmeyer, a very distinguished person in his way."

"And what way is that?" said I.

"Why, faith, I hardly know," said Daly; "he has had one empress and two queens desperately in love with him—has killed divers and sundry of his friends in duels, and by such traits—endearing to the female heart—has worked his name into a glorious notoriety. In these warlike times, a foreigner, not an *emigré*, is a great catch, and he is here on some diplomatic business; *ergo*, the Dow Wolf *would* have him. I have seen a good deal of him during his stay here; and so I am to be leader of the bear. He has one peculiarity—he cannot speak six words of English—but he talks it as fluently as either of us; you'll see how, in a moment after he arrives;—upon the principle of living from hand to mouth, he makes his words as he wants them; the consequence is, a jargon of the most extraordinary character, which he firmly believes to be English; and which, more extraordinary still, answers every purpose of the most refined study of our embarrassing language."

Scarcely had Daly finished his description of his friend, when he arrived; and having introduced him to me, Daly proceeded to order dinner forthwith.

"Well, my dear Count," said Daly, "what news? any more conquests?"

The moment I had time to contemplate the Count's features, I recognized, with no very pleasurable feelings, one of the faces which, some months before, had flitted before my half-seeing, double-seeing eyes at the gaming-house. This did not prejudice me much in his favour, I admit.

"No news," said the Count; "none—de unnooseability of de week is quite observationable—dat is, by de stoppupishness of de communications from de controversialness of de continental postability."

Daly looked at me after this curious specimen of our native language, aiding the expressiveness of his countenance by a wink—I acknowledged the attention by a slight nod, apprehensive lest the Count should observe his bye play, and add him to the number of victims, who, according to his account, had suffered by his sword, like so many larks on a spit; however, the Count's vanity of the proficiency he had made in our language, secured him, as I afterwards found, from any chance of discovery.

"You have been some time in England?" said I, inquiringly.

"Ah, ah," said the Count, "so you guess from de perfectibility of my tong; I declare, I haf qvite lost my own tong in de acquisitionness of Angleish, and my countrymen to whom I give rencounterance in de assemblations, stare to find what a impetuousness of perfectation I have to spike a foreign tong, so as to be always miscomprehended for natif."

"I declare," said Daly, "I should have fancied, if not an Englishman, that you had spent the greatest part of your life amongst us."

"You are too flattersome, Dally," replied the Count; "some people haf an aptiverousness to de possession of tongs—far excellecizing; others whose condensability of faculty is diversified into a ramificationness of stoddy to generalize, what you call de universality of accomplicesment."

"Clearly," said Daly.

"Yes," said the Count, "a sort of pollyglottability which is foreign to de desiration of dose who have some diversationizing of mind regardful to objects quite antipodistical to de oders."

I confess I was very much relieved from the difficulty I had of preserving my gravity by the appearance of Daly's servant with the dinner, which, in the first instance, consisted of two dishes, one larger than the other, which were put down—Daly seating himself on one side of the table, and placing us at either end of it. The covers removed, we found before us a remarkably delicate-looking roasted leg of lamb in the larger dish, and some exquisitely verdant spinach in the other.

"What! no fish, Redmond?" said Daly to his servant.

"No, Sir," said the man.

"Well," said Daly, "no matter. I told you, Gurney, you must take what you could get; and as for Stickenmeyer, he is used to my way of living, so I make no apology."

"Apology!" said the Count; "de simplitude of prandationess is most favourized by me, both in pint of pallatatibility and of salubriment. De stomach of de beings of humanity is not conformable to de digestation of de objects to which admissiveness is exercised at great dinings."

The Count's principle was quite in accordance with my own, and we certainly made sad havoc with our "innocent lamb:" the wine circulated freely; and we were all in good spirits. The dishes were removed, and a second dish, attended, as before, by a smaller one, made its appearance. Redmond, with his usual dexterity, raised the covers, when my astonished eyes beheld a boiled leg of lamb in one dish, and a fresh supply of spinach in the other.

Daly's amazement, however, did not seem to be at all excited; for he inquired if we would take some boiled lamb, with as much composure as if he had expected the dish, which it seemed quite clear to me he had not. The sight, however, reminded me of a circumstance which occurred to me once in the west of England, at a house where I paid an unexpected visit, and where—as one always is, in the west of England—I was most kindly and hospitably received. The family was a large one, and I the only stranger. I arrived within a few minutes of dinner, was ushered to my room, hurried my dressing, and was speedily seated at table.

The soup was served. It was a remarkably nice sort of broth, made of veal, with rice and vegetables: I applauded it much. At the bottom of the table was a roast loin of veal; at the top, half a calf's head. There were four *entrées*, yet uncovered. "What will you eat, Gurney," said the master of the house, "some of *my* dish or Maria's?" I doubted. "Hand round the *entrées*," said the lady. Two were forthwith put in motion; one dish contained veal patties, and the other veal collops. I declined both; for I hated veal. Next came the other two—one a calf's brains, and the other a calf's tongue. I declined those, and took some of the joint, determining to wait for the second course.

I saw, however, dish after dish vanish, and I yet remained unsatisfied, when my fair hostess, with one of her sweetest smiles, said, "We have no second course for you, Mr. Gurney: the fact is, we killed a calf the

day before yesterday, and we are such prudent managers, that we make a point of eating it up while it is good, and nice, and fresh, before we begin upon anything else."

Having had this experience, and having heard before dinner that Daly wished particularly to see "the butcher," I concluded that my eccentric host in London, like my more economical one in the country, had purchased a lamb "for fun," and was now employing us to eat it up, while it was "good, and nice, and fresh."

Daly seemed to enjoy the boiled leg quite as much as he had relished the roast one; and when he had satisfied his appetite he desired Redmond to take it away, "and if there were any second course to bring it." "Come," thought I, "unlike my precedent of the veal, we *are* to have a second course to-day, and all will be well."

In a few minutes Redmond made his appearance with another couple of dishes: one, as usual, large—the other small. They, like their predecessors, were put down, and the covers removed, when, to my utter astonishment, I beheld a third leg of lamb and spinach, the only variation consisting in the fact that the last lamb was roasted, like the first. I could not help exclaiming on the appearance of this, because it put an end to my speculation of Daly's purchase; seeing that no lamb—except, indeed, occasionally as a freak of nature—has three legs; but Daly did not seem either surprised or discomposed at the exhibition, and the Count—which astonished me most—seemed equally at his ease with Daly.

"Perhaps you don't like lamb," said mine host: "shall I send you some?"

"If you please," said I,—resolved, if it were done in fun—for it is impossible to ascertain when a practical joker is serious—to keep up my good temper; and as it seemed a conceded point, on the part of both my companions, that nothing more was to be served, I washed down the third division of innocence with some remarkably good Champagne.

To this last edition of lamb, succeeded three gooseberry tarts—all nearly of equal size—the dishes alone differing in shape and fashion; and when these were discussed, three detachments of cheese, and three plates of radishes; there was something quaint and odd in the evident affection for the trine number, which Daly exhibited. However, as we were three at table, I imagined he had prepared his dinner on the principle of every man his own dish—something like the proud Wêlsh boy at school, who, hearing that an English Duke employed six men cooks, during the period that he kept open house, or rather open castle in the north, sneered at the alleged magnificence. "*My* father does better than that," said Griffith ap Jones, "at our very last party before I left Cmydrdlmnynddryd, we had twenty-four men cooks all employed in dressing the supper;"—and this would have gone down easily, and Griffith ap Jones would have established his paternal magnificence for ever, had not a "Daly of his day" discovered the real state of the case, and announced to his school-fellows, that although the Welshman had spoken truly, the company at the supper to which he alluded, consisted of twenty-four of his near relations, and that *every man toasted his own cheese!*

I noticed the continued imperturbability of mine host's countenance, and an occasional look passing between him and the Count, convinced

me that the circumstance was not accidental; but while Redmond, the servant, was still in the room, I did not like to make any inquiry into the particulars.

"Dis Claret," said the Count, "is butiful,—dere is a refreshiness in de coolth of him, which is gracious to the mouse: Laffitte, I considere."

"The wine," said Daly, "is good enough in its way. But, Gurney, what did you think of the dinner? Did it puzzle you?"

"Why," said I, "it *did* puzzle me a little. I suppose you like lamb?"

"Not I," said Daly; "but the Count knows the truth, so shall you. I have lost a good deal of money lately with very little to lose from, and although my large creditors are full of faith, the lesser ones are suspicious of my resources, I therefore deal with many folks, each in a small way; however, the tavern-keeper from whom I always get my little dinners at home, suggested that, as I was a good deal in arrear, he should be obliged to confine his confidence in me to the extent of one dish per diem, when I wanted it. Now one dish not being sufficient for three persons, I immediately entered into a similar treaty with two other tavern-keepers in the neighbourhood, who are equally willing to trust me to a similar amount; they were all three put in requisition to-day, and as legs of lamb, roast or boiled, are just now in season, each of the fellows sent me the popular dish, thinking, I suppose, that as I was to have but one, I ought to have as well as a fashionable, a somewhat substantial one."

A new light burst in upon me; and although it was impossible not to join in the laugh in which mine host and his friend were indulging, the fact which had been elicited accounted to me for the readiness with which Daly had enlisted in my service in the Tenby expedition, and his willingness to undertake the widow at half price, whose reduced jointure would afford him a very snug retirement. During the time we remained drinking our wine, several circumstances occurred to induce me moreover to believe that the Count's diplomatic character at our court was, at best, but an equivocal one; and others, in connexion with this, led me, in some degree, to regret that I had permitted Daly's agreeable manners to give him the ascendency over me which I felt conscious he possessed, and to extract from me the secret of my attachment to Emma. I anticipated the mischief which his introduction into her family might eventually produce, when it should be known that it was at my suggestion he presented himself there; and moreover, I felt that it would be extremely unfair in me to aid and abet an alliance between him and the widow, for entering into which he could have none but interested views, and which would probably entail upon the elder lady a *roué* husband, and upon the younger one a giddy father-in-law: but what was to be done?—the plan had been mentioned, we had discussed it during the early part of the day. The horses, I knew, were ordered, or at least, the place in the coach was taken; and if I hesitated or interposed at this period, so shortly before the opening of the campaign, and so soon after the disclosure of the real state of mine host's finances, I should in all probability have been handed over to the tender mercies of the noble Count, who, before noon the next day, would have exhibited, at my personal expense, "the perfectibility of his completiveness in the art of pistolization."

It was with no little uneasiness, I admit, that I heard Daly give di-

rections to Redmond to have all his luggage ready for an early start in the morning; yet how could I check the impulse of a genuine and generous friendship? his want of wealth arose from no fault of his, or even if it did, it might result from the faults of liberality, and a carelessness of worldly affairs, and therefore I said nothing, although I would have given the world to delay his departure for a day or two.

It was growing late, when Daly suggested the necessity of preparing for action; the Count was to appear in a splendid military uniform, upon which glittered several decorations, and in which he was to attire himself after Daly had finished his neckcloth, which, in the latter part of the evening, was to adorn his proper person. I was accommodated with a fancy domino, and thus we were to proceed to Wolverhampton House, where, as I understood, Daly had been before dinner, aiding and assisting the Countess in various proceedings for the evening's display. I concluded, after I received this intelligence, that he had abandoned his design of physicking her Ladyship's friends with his macaroon cakes; and when he sallied forth from the adjoining apartment, in a sort of foreign dress, extremely well disguised, I imagined him prepared to enchant the misses as a minstrel, and win their willing ears with melodies such as he was fully capable of warbling; an idea which was strengthened when Redmond gave him, carefully enveloped in green baize, what I fondly imagined to be a guitar. The Count, who looked very magnificently, wore no mask, but trusted to his natural personal appearance to make his way, and, although somewhat upon too large a scale for a lady-killer, I fancied him a likely enough man to delight the dowagers. It was considerably past twelve before we were fairly under way; we were each armed with a ticket of admission, which, Daly informed me, her Ladyship very much preferred to any other mode of invitation, upon such an occasion as that of to-night—the great merit of a masquerade being the mystery, which would of course be utterly destroyed, if the guests were compelled to show themselves, in order to obtain the *entrée;* Redmond, I observed, put into the coach two or three bundles, which, I presumed, contained changes of dress for his volatile versatile master; and thus buttoned up, away we drove to the temple of gaiety, of beauty, and fashion.

When we approached the mansion, a string of carriages checked our advance—noise and confusion were heard on every side—the lashing of coachmen's whips—the loud bawling of constables and Bow-street officers—the laughs of the congregated groups, as some grotesque character stepped across the *trottoir* into the house—the distant clang of cymbals, and the beat of drums, which came wafted on the air from her Ladyship's hall—all combined to whet the appetite for action, and it seemed an hour before we found our worthy No. 225 opposite the entrance to the mad scene of brilliancy and fun. Out I stepped—I created no visible sensation amongst the throng—the Baron's red morocco boots and gold-seamed pantaloons, his much-embroidered jacket, and his dangling crosses, seemed to excite a reverential awe; but when Daly stepped out with his beard and bundle, which, much to my horror, developed itself, not as I expected, in the shape of a guitar, but in the more dreaded form of a basket full of "macaroon cakes," the surrounding crowd cried out "Moses, give us a cake," "I say, Mosey," and indeed diverted themselves so much at his expense, that I almost wondered he did not favour them with a taste of his stock.

If the confusion outside the house were great, inconceivably greater was that within; little did I then suspect the immediate cause of it. Daly had told me, I thought as a joke, that our noble hostess proposed having a cow deposited in a sort of arbour at the top of the first flight of stairs, in which one of the sweetest girls that ever lived was to be discovered in the costume of a milk-maid, supposed to be employed in her rustic vocation, while the company were to be perpetually refreshed with syllabubs, imaginatively concocted from the produce of her toil.

When we reached the hall, we might as well have had no tickets; we found all the servants and several of the male visiters engaged in one general action—screams above were responded to by shouts below, in the midst of which I observed two butchers, in their ordinary costume, assiduously employed in the divided task of coaxing and kicking a huge bullock down the flight of stairs, at the top of which was the dairy-maid's bower—the more they roared, the more they coaxed, and the more they kicked, the less would the bullock stir, and it was not until the greatest skill, judgment, and magnanimity had been displayed, that the vast monster was got out of the street-door; when, as if angry at being expelled a scene where everything else was in character, and therefore out of it he made a sudden dash amongst the horses and carriages, to the infinite peril of panes, pannels, poles, perches, and platforms.

"Isn't that good fun?" said Daly to me: "now come along—this is the time for the macaroons—'the labour we delight in physics pain;'—see—watch—and mark the sequel."

I followed my friend up the staircase, the Count having already fallen into conversation with a very beautiful but immense lady, to whom I was afterwards introduced, and had much occasion to admire and pity; we proceeded to the drawing-room, where a circle was formed round Lady Wolverhampton, who was expatiating in no measured terms upon the infamous conduct of the man who had promised to send her a nice elegant lady-like cow to stand Hermione-like in the glass-case by the side of the lovely milk-maid, but who, instead, had with great labour and difficulty squeezed a huge over-fed bullock into the place. The moment I heard the dear Countess telling her story, a thought flashed across me—the butcher, to see whom Daly had been so anxious before dinner, was no doubt the traitorous cause of the mishap under the malign influence of the practical joker.

The scene was beautiful and gay—the variety of masks—the diversity of costume—the boisterous mirth of the Moll Flaggons, and Irish haymakers, flirting with delicate die-away nuns, and aristocratic flower-girls—fat monks, dancing with Swiss peasants—knights in armour, lounging on sofas with Indian queens—Doctor Ollapod, in close conversation with Alexander the Great—and Caleb Quotem seriously arguing a point of etiquette with Henry the Fourth of France. It was all exceedingly fascinating and intoxicating, and the bull having been disposed of, harmony was restored—disturbed only by a shrill cry of "Macaroons—cakes—cakes—macaroons—who'll buy?—who'll buy?" I saw the fiend of fun approach. In an instant, as he had anticipated, an attack was made upon his basket, and everybody who wore a mask, in which eating was practicable, began consuming the fruits of their impetuosity. I dreaded the consequences, not only to the sufferers, but to Daly himself, who, if discovered, would of course be subject to all the serious penalties which such a trick must naturally entail upon him.

Scarcely, however, had the distribution taken place, (long before the sickening effects could show themselves,) when I felt a sudden twitch at my elbow; I looked round, and saw a Spanish grandee close at my side. I was startled. I had never visited a masquerade before.

"Who are *you?*" said I.

"All the cakes are gone," whispered the mask; "so is the basket and cloak—I'm here:" it was of course Daly.

"Come with me," said he; "I will introduce you to Lady Wolverhampton;—it is quite prudent to do so. She will see *my* dress and yours, and then she can't suspect either of us of being the macaroon cake-seller; take care and ingratiate yourself—make yourself amiable—she's as hospitable as an Arab, and not very unlike one—hem!"

I followed him, and found myself in a moment at the side of the Countess.

"Countess," said he.

"Who are you?" said her Ladyship.

"Mufti," whispered Daly.

"What, so smart, Daly!" said she: (Mufti being the mystic word by which he made himself known)—"a grandee?"

"Yes," said Daly. "This is my friend Gurney, of whom I have spoken—agreeable creature—sings like a syren—talks like a magpie—quite delightful."

"And I am delighted to make his acquaintance," said her Ladyship.

I bowed.

"Unmask for a moment," said Daly; "let the Countess see the 'human face divine,' else when her Ladyship invites you to meet me at dinner here next Tuesday week, at seven o'clock, she may perhaps be disappointed."

"Don't mind him, Mr. Gurney," said her Ladyship; "I shall be very glad to see you whenever you will do me the kindness to call. But, Daly, now tell me, had you no hand in the business of the bullock?"

"Bullock!" said Daly. "I! my dear Lady."

Hereabouts the room began to thin—the dancers seemed particularly anxious to get fresh air—several persons were seen evidently much disordered, and the whole corps appeared in confusion.

"What's the matter now?" said Lady Wolverhampton.

"I don't know, my dear Countess," said a very respectable old body, with a gold tissue turban on her head; "but Kate and Fanny are both taken unaccountably ill, and so is Lieutenant Griggs of the Life Guards, who was dancing with one of them; and as for poor Lady Elizabeth Grogan, I believe she is dying."

A new confusion here arose—the macaroons were evidently disagreeing with the company; however, only a small portion had been poisoned, and to my delight I found, that although a good many of both sexes were considerably damaged by their own anxiety to eat the things, there was still a magnificent crowd to carry on the affairs of the evening. In the midst of the *embarras*, which to the hostess was of course inexplicable, the arrival of a Prince of the blood, who came unmasked, gave a new zest to the scene, and the delight which the Countess experienced at his Royal Highness's appearance, rendered her wholly insensible to the indisposition of her numerous guests, who were labouring under the effects of her pet's performances.

Almost immediately after the Countess had secured the conversation

of his Royal Highness, who seated himself on an ottoman in a small circular room, and while he was graciously complimenting her upon the beauty of the scene, the candles by which it was lighted began almost simultaneously to perform of themselves an operation called "guttering down," and then go out with a sort of unsatisfactory splash of wax—a result produced, as I afterwards discovered, by an ingenious device of Daly's. The consequence was, a nearly total eclipse, attended by an extremely unpleasant smell. Poor Lady Wolverhampton, who confided in Daly, called him to her, and mourning this new calamity, begged him to order fresh lights, which, with an air of subservient activity, he immediately did; but as he went, he whispered me to suggest to her Ladyship the expediency of burning some sort of perfume in the circular room. The idea was instantly adopted by her Ladyship, who, directing me to a beautiful fillagree box which lay on one of the tables, requested me to put three or four of the pastilles which it contained into a burner on the chimney-piece. I obeyed her Ladyship's orders, and the instant I set light to them they exploded, and continued flashing and snapping and blazing till they were burned out, being neither more nor less than four "devils" or "wild fires," such as we were in the habit of making at school, and which, looking precisely like pastilles, some mischievous elf had deposited in the box instead of the real article. The result was, a considerable alarm, an abominable smell, and a smoke so thick that his Royal Highness was seized with a desperate fit of coughing, and all the windows were thrown open to dissipate the obscurity.

The moment the devils took fire, I was convinced that Daly was also the author of this affair—that he had made the exchange, and set me upon making the proposition, in order to bring his scheme into play. However, the rooms were cleaned and refrigerated—fresh candles were brought, things resumed their wonted gaiety, and Daly made his re-appearance.

I ought, perhaps, here to observe, that along the principal drawing-room, a canal, some three feet deep, had been constructed, with an embankment of moss, and coral, and shells, in which the much talked-of fish were destined to disport themselves, but by the time we got there their swimming had ceased—Daly had dosed them with Coculus Indicus just before he left the house in the afternoon, and when we arrived at night they were all floating on their backs, dead drunk from the effects of the deleterious drug.

It was now nearly two; and I—strange to say—felt very much disposed for supper. I asked my Mentor whether such a meal was probable.

"Supper!" said Daly; "to be sure—it is the point of the epigram; the sugar after the physic—all regular sit down; hot soups—snug flirtations and fun! none of your stand up absurdities,—tables against the wall, covered with cold negus, and warm ice; where men, women, and children take perpendicular refreshment, like so many horses with their noses in the manger—no!—trust to me. Besides, we shall unmask at supper. I'll introduce you to something very charming, only do me the favour not to forget Emma, and *the* twenty thousand pounds—eh?"

One of the bands here struck up, "the Roast Beef of Old England," as a signal that the much desired banquet was ready; and accordingly every eye sparkled, every heart beat, every body rushed forward, regardless of order, decorum, or decency in the grand attack upon the Countess's refection. The Countess, however, having made proper arrangements, and knowing the eagerness of the best bred people upon this particular subject, had desired her house-steward to complete all the pre-

parations for the supper destined for his Royal Highness and his select party in the circular tent-room, immediately under the one in which he had been sitting, and where covers were laid for twenty; and as soon as all was ready, to bring her the key of the door, so that when she led the Prince to the tent, she might open the little paradise to his view, and be sure that nobody else could make an attack upon the *sanctum*. According to order, everything was arranged, the tent lighted, and the key brought, the soups alone being to be served after the *élite* had taken their places.

The rush and squeeze began—and just in the whirlpool of beauty, and grace, and elegance, I saw a lady, whose laughing eyes, and sweet expression of countenance delighted me, while she and another, somewhat younger than herself, were tossed to and fro in the eddying crowd—they had unmasked, and their dresses were exceedingly becoming to their pretty and animated countenances, and I asked Daly who the elder one of the two was?

"Just the woman for you to know!" said he. "She is perfectly delightful, gives the most agreeable parties in London;—amiable, clever, agreeable, with an hundred thousand pounds of her own:—make her acquaintance by all means!" saying which, we squeezed towards them. "Mrs. Fletcher Green," said he, "permit me to present my friend Mr. Gurney, who is anxious to become your cavalier in this dreadful onset."

"A thousand thanks," said Mrs. Fletcher Green.

"I will take care of Lady John," added he; and in one instant a wave of humanity separated us, and I found myself obliged, in self-preservation, and for the preservation of Mrs. Fletcher Green, to take an opposite course, by which we secured our places at a table, whence we could not even see my new friend's late companion, or Daly. It did not seem to signify much—Mrs. Fletcher Green appeared perfectly happy where she was—so was I—and we began a conversation of the most agreeable character, which grew livelier as the champagne circulated, and we commenced on that night an acquaintance, the termination of which I most assuredly did not contemplate at the time.

Another dreadful mishap had occurred since we quitted the drawing-rooms, of which intelligence was brought us by common report; by which it really seemed as if Lady Wolverhampton had been that night marked out for the sport of fortune. Her Ladyship, as it had been arranged, conducted the Prince to the tent room—his Royal Highness giving her his arm, and leading the noble guests who had been favoured with a command to join the royal party. Arrived at the door of the pavilion, her Ladyship applied the key, the lock willingly obeyed the appeal, the *battants* flew open, and disclosed the splendid supper service of the late Earl, making the circular table groan with its weight, and dazzling the eye with its magnificence; but what were the Countess's feelings, when she beheld nothing in the golden dishes and vases but the remnants of a devoured feast—fragments of dissected fowls—ends of well-notched tongues—creams half demolished—jellies in trembling lumps—glasses scarce emptied, and bottles emptied quite—crusts of bread, with heads and tails of prawns scattered about upon the snowy cloth, and plates well used, piled upon each other in the middle of the once festive board!

The confusion of the Countess was beyond description—the laughter of the Prince beyond belief—to him it was a capital joke—to her Ladyship, a serious evil: how it had occurred nobody could guess, for the door had been locked the moment everything was ready, and the key

taken to her Ladyship. Consternation reigned, and his Royal Highness had to re-ascend the stairs, and wait until the whole affair was re-arranged. Of course I was as ignorant as my neighbours of the cause of this calamity, and should have remained so until now, had not Daly told me, in our way home, that having gone out into the garden in order to get rid of his Jew's dress and basket, where he deposited them, he found a band of Pandean Minstrels, puffing their hearts out into their pipes, to which nobody listened, and being resolved, if possible, to destroy the royal monopoly in the tent-room, to which he had not been invited, and which, although locked towards the lobby, opened on to the lawn, he directed the weary performers to go in at the window, which he set wide for the purpose, and get their supper; advising them by no means to call for anything that was not there already—to eat and drink what they could, to make as much haste as possible, and when they had done to lock the window on the outside, and throw the key into the two yards square pond, which in rainy weather served as a wet dock to her Ladyship's pet swan. All of which instructions, it appeared, the said Pandeans followed to the very letter; and thus, to his infinite delight, caused that confusion in which his heart so wonderfully rejoiced.

It was nearly five when I handed Mrs. Fletcher Green into her plain dark brown chariot. I ventured to express some solicitude about her companion at the supper-room door, till she assured me that she was quite safe; "because," said she, "she has a husband here to take care of her. I am quite independent—a thousand thanks—I hope we shall be better acquainted."

Away she drove—I turned into the house to look for Daly—but I confess Mrs. Fletcher Green had made an impression upon me—there was such a charming mixture of worldliness and nature about her—I mean such a perfect knowledge of every body in society, and of every thing that was going on, mixed with a genuine kind-heartedness—a love of fun—and an artless hearty good nature; all of which, combined with talent of a high order, and accomplishments which even my short intercourse with her had convinced me were of the first class, rendered her engaging—interesting—captivating!

When I went up stairs to look for my friend, the sun had superseded the lamps and candles—the decorations of the preceding night had lost their freshness; even the flowers were drooping—the lovely girls looked haggard, and the elderly ladies horrid—the rouge burnt blue on their cheeks, and there was not a curl in the whole community. Masks and character-dresses lay heaped in corners, disregarded; and people, in their own proper persons, were languidly praising the humours and delights of the party, listening, listlessly, for the announcement of the carriages which were to take them away;—the vapour of tea and coffee which were served, were the only refreshments of the *flêtri* scene, if I except the morning air, which some of the most venturous of the girls dared to admit through the open windows, *malgré* the warnings of their more prudent mothers.

I soon found Daly, and we retired together—my head aching—my heart not easy—tired—worn out—and as much fatigued as if I had travelled a journey of two hundred miles. All the consolation I derived from my own sensations was, the hope that my friend would be equally knocked up with myself, and would therefore delay his departure for Tenby, for at least another day.

FRANCIA, THE DICTATOR.*

The vessel in which I had been made prisoner was called the Inglesita. Being now liberated, she proceeded from the Baxada, on her original voyage to Assumption, the capital of Paraguay. In the letter-bag of general correspondence, which had been put on board at Buenos Ayres, and which contained a great mass of letters from the merchants and other persons there connected with Paraguay, there was one also from Don Nicolas Herrera, then secretary of the Buenos Ayres government, to Dr. Francia. This same Mr. Herrera had been the envoy from that place to Paraguay, on the mission which so entirely failed, to solicit, and establish by treaty, a commercial intercourse between the two republics. I had known him very intimately, and seen him very frequently at my house, during his residence at Assumption, about a year before the events of which I am now writing occurred.

So much afraid were the natives, and all in any way connected with Dr. Francia, of the remotest intercourse with the Buenos Ayres envoy, that he was almost quite shut out from society. Dr. Francia was pleased to extend to me, as a foreigner, the privilege of seeing as much of Mr. Herrera as I chose: "for," said the Dictator, "I know you don't meddle with our politics; and it is a pity that so loquacious a gentleman as Mr. Herrera should be obliged to hold his tongue all day, for want of any one to talk to: I wish you much joy of his company: he is a miserable charlatan."

The Dictator did me no more than justice in saying that I did not meddle with his politics. I had too much regard both for life and fortune to do so. However occupied I might be in *thinking* of his measures, and in judging, by the signs, of the coming storm, I abstained most scrupulously from all reference to the sultry state of the political atmosphere, or the gathering darkness that might be seen on the horizon.

To Mr. Herrera, the Dictator by *no means* did justice. With much shrewdness of character, and very gentlemanlike manners, the Buenos Ayres envoy was a man of some literary attainments, and of so happy a perception of the ridiculous, as to render him a very agreeable companion, in a country affording such ample scope for the exercise of the latter talent.

This gentleman, then, just before I sailed from Buenos Ayres in the Inglesita, requested me to wait on him at the Government-house, he being at the time Secretary of State. He told me that the government had determined to write to Dr. Francia,—knowing him to be in great want of muskets, and offering to supply them, if, in return, he would send them some Paraguay recruits. General Albear was then Director of Buenos Ayres. I was introduced to him: he confirmed Mr. Herrera's statement, and added, that as I was so well acquainted with the state of affairs, both in Paraguay and the provinces of the river Plate, the government, in its letter to the Dictator, would refer him to me for information on all matters connected with the state of the country.

A communication to this effect was accordingly put into the Inglesita's letter-bag; and it was, as a matter of course, seized, and with all the other letters and papers on board, at the time of the vessel's capture, sent to General Artigas.

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* Continued from Vol. xliii., p. 492.

Of this extraordinary man—almost as great a wonder in one way, as Dr. Francia in another—I propose to give some account in a future paper. Suffice it, in the mean time, to say, that at the period of which I now write (1814-15), Artigas, at open war with Buenos Ayres, had withdrawn from the federal union with that place, most of the interior provinces and towns on the *west* side of the river Plate, and all those on the *east* side, or Banda Oriental. Under the title of "Most Excellent Protector" of those provinces, his word became a law, and his measures, all directed against Buenos Ayres, threatened her very existence as an independent state.

Artigas was not at war with Paraguay; but he was using every underhand and seductive means in his power—sometimes resorting even to open predatory incursions into that province—to undermine the influence of the Dictator. Things were so equally poised between them—Francia being strong in his river-girt, isolated territory, and Artigas powerful by his influence over the adjacent provinces, as well as by his means of rapid locomotion with his cavalry—that each had abstained from any formal declaration of war against the other. But both were intent upon making it, the moment that either should find himself with such accession of power as should give him the decided superiority.

Meanwhile, from their respective fastnesses, they stood watching and looking at each other like two implacable beasts of prey, resolved upon the onset, yet pausing to measure, by their keen, ferocious glance, the precise moment at which it might be most advantageously made.

In this position of affairs, having sent off the Inglesita from the Baxada to Assumption, I returned on horseback to Buenos Ayres, thence visited the camp of General Artigas, and finally proceeded on my journey, by land, to Paraguay.

Scarcely had I set foot on that territory when I was met by a courier, which my brother had dispatched, with a letter to the following effect:—

"Assumption, 1814-15.

"My dear John,—Your vessel, the Inglesita, has arrived. The Dictator, however, not only refuses to permit her discharge, but has commanded me to send her back, within eight days from this time. He has ordered me, also, to quit the province, and allows me only three weeks to wind up your affairs; so that your scattered property here, and all the money owing to you, may be considered as entirely lost.

"Nor is this all. The Dictator requires me to tell you, that as you value your life, you are never again to set foot in Paraguay; and I am too well persuaded of his deadly intentions, not on the instant to dispatch our courier, Velasquez, to you with the fatal news. I beseech, I intreat of you, on no account to come here. I shall myself do all I possibly can, in the short space allotted to me, to bring your affairs to a close.

"I will then join you wherever you may direct me to do so: and be so good as to let me know your plans, that I may co-operate towards their execution as far as lies in my power. The reasons alleged by Francia for these harsh measures against you (and you know his measures to be not more harsh than his resolutions irrevocable) are two:—

"First, he says, that Captain Percy ought to have insisted, with Artigas, upon restitution of the *muskets*, as well as of your other property; and he asked me, in a tone of bitterness and indignation which I have seldom observed, even in him, if I thought it reasonable that he should permit a commerce in English rags to Paraguay, while yet the Commander of the British forces was so pusillanimous as not to protect a trade in arms? He says he will allow no such thing; and is determined they shall know,

in Great Britain, that there is at least *one* man in the world—he, too, a Dictator—that as little courts their alliance as he values their protection.

"The second source of Francia's displeasure, he urges as originating entirely with yourself: and hence his terrible bitterness against you personally.

"It seems that among the letters taken by Artigas on board of the Inglesita, there was one addressed by the Buenos Ayres government to Dr. Francia, requesting him to send them recruits, in return for which they would supply him with arms. Most unfortunately, reference is made to you in this letter, as authorized by the Director Albear, to communicate with the Dictator on this and other subjects. He hence infers—and insists upon it—that you have been intriguing against him with the Buenos Ayres government: and how vain—how much worse than vain—how perilous, were all remonstrance with him to the contrary, you too well know.

"What makes the matter altogether hopeless is this: that Artigas has published, with many exaggerations, the letter in question, and is now busy distributing it among Francia's people, and the soldiers on the frontiers of Misiones. On the strength of this document, Artigas tells the Paraguayans that their Dictator, in league with Buenos Ayres and heretical foreigners, is bargaining to send thousands of them out of the country, and to sell them, like so many flocks of sheep, for arms; and that with these, when he gets them, he will shoot or enslave his misguided countrymen.

"Under these accumulated circumstances, heightened and aggravated by the fierce, impatient jealousy of the Dictator, you will see how hazardous, not to say how reckless and rash an attempt it were on your part, to come here. I send, therefore, express, to prevent your doing so. My hope is, that the courier may meet you at Corientes, before you enter this now dangerous and forbidden land. But if he should not—if you should, ere this letter reaches you, be already in Paraguay—for God's sake return instantly: save yourself, and relieve the anxiety of your affectionate brother,

"WILLIAM ———."

I was already within the province of Paraguay when I received this letter. At the time the courier met me I was at full gallop for Assumption, attended by a single servant and a postillion. The road lay through a forest, dark and almost impervious; and as I reined in my horse—read the ominous epistle—looked upon the deep solitude and seclusion of the spot—the panting horses—the nearly exhausted riders—and the anxious and alarmed countenance of the courier—a fit of momentary sickness came over me, and my head felt for an instant giddy. It was *but* for an instant. I recovered immediately, and determined at once, in spite of my brother's letter—in spite of the affectionate remonstrance of the old and faithful courier—to ride on to Assumption, and face the Dictator in his own palace. I was so completely conscious of my own innocence of the accusations laid to my charge, and I was so indignant at Francia's conduct, after all I had suffered on his account, in the capture of my vessel, loss of my property, and imprisonment of my person at the Baxada, that I became as bold as a lion, and felt far more strongly the impossibility of his *daring* to shoot me, than I even remotely feared the chance of his doing so.

I contrived to reach Assumption at night, and rode as quietly through the town as possible, till I came to my own house. I shall not stop to describe the chill of horror and alarm which came over my brother when he saw me. He intreated, he implored, I would instantly leave the place; but he did so in vain. He soon saw, in my cool but determined resolution to meet Francia on the following day, a mind so made up as

to be absolutely impervious at once to his remonstrances and his supplications. We passed a great part of the night in conversation over our bottle of wine. I heard of the thousand cruel and arbitrary acts of which the Dictator had been guilty, since I had last been in Paraguay. My brother recounted them in animated succession, and in the affectionate though now very feeble hope that they might deter me from the risk I was about to run, of becoming one of Francia's victims. My mind, however, was thoroughly, irrevocably, made up to meet him.

Next morning, accordingly, my brother and myself went to the Dictator's palace. On our names being sent in, we were admitted, under an escort of two of his body-guard and a serjeant, to his presence.

He seemed wrapped up in an air and attitude of more than ordinary sternness and severity. I stood before him immoveable, and without uttering a word.

"How dare you, Sir," said he, "appear before me," when I gave your brother orders to prohibit your coming into the province, at the peril of your life?" Hereupon the following dialogue, transcribed almost verbatim, ensued between the Dictator and myself.

"Sir," said I, in reply to his question, "I *dare* to appear before you, because, so far from having done anything reasonably to offend you, I have risked my life to serve you; and I *dare* to appear before you, because, instead of expecting any such despotic and ungrateful appeal, I expected to receive both consolation and reward for what I have suffered."

Francia. "The letter, Sir—the letter! *why* did you countenance the Government of Buenos Ayres in writing such a letter? what made you *presume* to authorize them to write such things to me?"

"I neither did countenance, Sir, nor authorize the Government's writing *any* thing to you. If your Excellency will please to recollect that I am a private and very humble individual, you will perceive the incongruity of such a charge. What would *you* think, after you had made up your mind upon a subject, written to the Government of Buenos Ayres upon it, and told them that the bearer of your letter could give them any information they required upon the state of the country you ruled, if that Government, upon finding the contents of your dispatch unsavoury, should *take up* the bearer of it, and threaten to shoot him, because he had 'countenanced' and 'authorized' Dr. Francia to write such a letter? Sir, you *dare* not shoot me upon such a pretext; and *one* of the reasons for my appearing before you to-day, is to show you that I hold such a threat to be a mere piece of dictatorial bravado. Much as you affect to despise the English, you know very well—were it only by Captain Percy's interference for my person and property at the Baxada—that they will not allow even *Dr. Francia* to shoot a British subject, without a fearful foreboding, on his part, of the consequences. I do, Sir, *defy* you to take my life."

Francia. "You impertinent scoundrel, do you thus dare to speak to me, who am perpetual and supreme Dictator of this republic?"

"I do, Sir," replied I, "not only thus dare to speak to you, but I tell you that, as regards your country, you are a most despotic tyrant, and, as regards me, a most treacherous and ungrateful friend."

Francia. "Leave my presence, Sir; and if, twenty-four hours hence, I find you in Assumption, yourself shall certainly be hung up in the square, and you may not, possibly, have even a *brother* left to weep your untimely fate."

This was such an *argumentum ad hominem*, and it was followed up by so rude a grasp of the guards, as they dragged me forth from the dictatorial presence, that I was constrained per force to acquiesce. My poor brother, during the short interview which I had with the Dictator, had stood behind me, and in most affectionate solicitude, had endeavoured, but in vain, to moderate "the rancour of my tongue;" this had become "a fire,"—it could not "be tamed,"—it was for the moment "an unruly evil," and was eager to set on fire, not so much "the course of nature," as the course of Francia's most unnatural sway.

Forth, then, from the presence of the Dictator was I dragged. I was escorted to my own house by a couple of his guards; and while *I* rejoiced in having declared my sentiments, my *brother* rejoiced in my having escaped from death. How the Dictator was moved to a deviation from his usual practice of following up his first determination by a literal adherence to the terms of it, I cannot say; but certain it is, that *my* original sentence of death, should I put foot in Paraguay, was now commuted to a sentence of banishment, with twenty-four hours' notice to prepare for it. I delegated all preparation in the matter to my brother; and in the meantime I sallied forth to scan the feelings of my former "dear friends," and "most obedient servants," as toward a "proscribed" and "banished man."

Every inhabitant of the place—the males, with whom I had been most intimate—the females, with whom I had been most gallant—shunned me as a thing blighted and contaminated by the Dictator's displeasure. Every door was shut against my admission; every eye was turned away from the glance which in mine attempted to meet it. Hospitality, which before had greeted me with open arms, turned deadly pale at my appearance; and friendship, which had of old held out to me the right hand of cordial fellowship, shrunk back now from even the civility of external salutation. A damp, cold, fearful chill, benumbed the affections, and froze up all the genial currents of those hearts in which I had a little while ago ruled and revelled. I felt like Cain, and was ready to say to my God, "Behold thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that every one that findeth me shall slay me.—My punishment is greater than I can bear."

One cot—one lowly cot, and its inhabitants, alone did I find unchanged. It stood upon the face of a hill, embosomed in the most lovely and exuberant array of tropical profusion. Here the lofty cedar, and there the splendid palm, were waving their foliage to the evening breeze; the sugar-cane plantations were bending to the wind, and the Indian corn, tufted with its luxuriant flower, inferior only to that of the horse-chesnut, was nodding in verdant majesty, and promising unlimited abundance to the expectant cultivator of the favoured soil. Birds of every variety of plumage, and still more beautiful and mellifluous variety of song, were charming the eye, and filling the air with their notes. The turtle wooed his mate in melancholy mood; the green and yellow parrot flew cackling and chuckling to his fragrant sombre roost, the orange grove; the little "pica-flor," or humming-bird, of a thousand different hues and sizes, was taking his last flirting sip of a jessamine or a pink. At one corner of the garden of this cot you might see him, in form not larger than a bee; and in another might you behold reflected from him by the rays of the evening sun, his rich and variegated tinges of

purple, blue, and gold. Poised on his fluttering pinions, he inhaled his fragrant nectar,—and in his little sportive dalliance, and buoyant joy, did he pass from flower to flower, depriving them only by his hasty sip, of that which not impoverished them, and made him rich indeed.

This cot or cottage—call it which you will—peeped from its elevated recess upon the wide-spread glassy surface of the river Paraguay. Winding and meandering, this magnificent and silver stream, a mile in breadth, was flowing between its banks and among its woods, so rich, so verdant, and so dark as to make the liquid contrast with them of the river, almost like milennial splendour.

Gazing I stood, enraptured with the scene. Francia was forgotten: Carmensita was in my arms: I went not home that night to see my brother. I passed it with Carmen at the cottage. At early dawn I tore myself from her, and from her lowly but lovely cot. Alas! I never crossed the well-known threshold more.

Once, again, I stalked forth—"the banished man,"—the brand of proscription frightening every one from my path;—I reached my own house: here my kind brother and the servants were busied in preparations for my voyage. I *must* leave Assumption at noon: the only alternative, if I remained *now*, was death inevitable.—I *did* leave it, accordingly. I left it in the Inglesita; and as I glided down the stream, I got one parting glimpse of Carmen's cottage; and by straining my eyes, I got a last look of Carmen's self.—Pale and solitary, there she stood. One long, pure, and beautifully white robe was all her attire:—simplicity asks, and the climate permits, in Paraguay, no more. It was tied round her slender waist by a little purple band, showing a most exquisite bust, and a most finished form beneath. Her long black tresses were floating to the breeze, not even caught up by a comb. She waved her small and lovely hand to me and my departing bark; and, as I returned the sad signal of adieu, she rushed into her cot, and vanished from my eyes for ever.

It is not my intention, in this paper, to pursue my personal memoirs farther than as they are connected with Dr. Francia, or tend to illustrate his policy and develope his character.

It is with this same view that the following further occurrences and facts are adduced. Some of them happened before, some after I left Paraguay; but all of them may be relied on as having occurred, either under my own personal observation, or as having come to my knowledge from subsequent communication with persons entitled to all credit, whether from their knowledge of facts, or their veracity in the relation of them.

General Velasco, to whom I have alluded in a previous paper, as governor of Paraguay, when the revolution, by which the Spanish power was overthrown there, occurred, was a man of the most amiable and interesting character. Descended from a very old family in Spain, he had been long governor of Paraguay, under the Viceroys of Buenos Ayres. His person tall, his air military and erect, he had, nevertheless, in his countenance that which spoke humanity, kindness, and affability to be the leading features of his character. His venerable form, and his grey locks, and the remembrance of his unassuming, humane, and even-handed administration of justice, had conciliated for him at once the respect and the affection of all who knew him. When he was deposed, accordingly, from the government, and superseded by the Junta composed of Generals Yegros, Cavallero, and Dr. Francia, his very enemies

respected him so far as to leave him unmolested, and at liberty to live where he would, and move about as he pleased.

I was introduced to him soon after my first arrival in Paraguay. He was then about sixty-eight years of age. His mode of life was simple, frugal, and altogether unostentatious.

But yet there was something of the *je ne sai quoi* of the old Governor about him. Every part of his own attire was scrupulously clean; everything in his humble dwelling had an air of neatness and arrangement, which showed rather diminished means than superseded habits of elegance and taste. The plate off which he dined was beautifully bright; the small table at which he ate, and which never admitted of more than one guest, was covered with a napkin snowy white; pure and cool water, in a sparkling caraffe, showed that to be his principal beverage; for the wine stood on a small side-table, to be helped only when called for. An old and favourite butler, the only servant in attendance, stood at a distance more respectful, and waited with an attention more reverential, than it was possible he could have done during General Velasco's governorship. All this I saw when occasionally I dined with him, preparatorily to our going to shoot partridges in the evening. He was a keen sportsman, and an excellent shot. With his Spanish barrel, all inlaid with silver, and a clumsy, but very capital lock, he took his sure and graceful aim, and seldom missed his bird. Often did we together, in the cool of the evening, go forth on horseback to our two hours' exercise and sport, in the most lovely country upon which Nature ever lavished her beauties. With our favourite dogs, and our two servants—one to hold our horses, and another to alleviate our very gentle fatigue by handing us a glass of what was there a great rarity, English porter,—did General Velasco and I pass many an afternoon together, and return to his or my house, with our twelve brace of birds, to sit afterwards in the open court, and smoke a cigar under the clear moon, and the delightful and refreshing fragrance of the evening breeze. One other amusement, only, the simple and patriarchial General had. He was very fond of humming-birds, and had a dozen cages stocked with them, and hung all round his usual sitting-room. There he bred them, there he fed them; and as you walked in upon him of a forenoon, you might see him, in his morning gown, surrounded by a number of the little flutterers,—one sipping syrup from one small quill, another from another. They flew about his ears, hovered round his mouth, or pitched upon his shoulder, with all the endearment of perfect confidence and love. When tired, he shook his hands in the gentlest possible way in the midst of them, and instantly the rich and gaudy little tribe dispersed, each to its respective cage. Scarcely had it been there, however, for a moment, when it poised itself on its wings within its pretty tenement, and looked towards its kind feeder, as if alike impatient and desirous to know when it might return to him.

General Velasco was supported by the cheerful and voluntary donations of his countrymen, the old Spaniards, residing in Assumption. They ministered to his every want in a way so delicate, and so honourable to themselves, that it deserves to be recorded.

The butler had been a servant in the general's family in Spain, and left it, to accompany the member of it whom he most respected and loved, when he embarked for South America. This butler had the *entire* superintendence of all General Velasco's domestic affairs, when he was

governor. When he *ceased* to be governor, the general insisted upon his butler's providing for himself, by getting another situation. The butler remonstrated thus—"Ah! Sir, is it possible, that after having been a favoured servant of your own and your family's during twenty years of your prosperity, you should now turn me off in the bleak day of your adversity? *What* have I done to merit this?"

As Ruth to Naomi, so Benito (that was the butler's name) "*clave*" to his master. Most *honourable* butler; he *would* not go free. He said—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

Benito *did* go with his master; it was to Benito's care and kindness that all the nice arrangements about his master were to be traced. Benito first spent his own little fortune to effect this, telling his master that his friends, the old Spaniards, sent him the money, without sending their names. Benito, when his own money was done, got, *literally* in this anonymous way, *from* the Spaniards, what more was required for his master's use. Benito was his master's servant—he was also his ministering angel.

"They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided;" for when the cruel and relentless jealousy of the tyrant Francia at length laid its iron gripe upon poor General Velasco, tore him, at the age of seventy-six, from his home to a prison, and there suffered him to die of starvation, neglect, and filth—Benito, stretched out at his master's feet, survived him but one day.

The bishop of Paraguay was a man almost equally respected and equally unfortunate with General Velasco. I was introduced at the palace to his lordship, and had the honour of kissing his hand, on which sparkled a rich diamond ring. Dr. Francia told him that it was not customary for Protestants to kneel to their prelates; and that as Paraguay was now a country that tolerated all religions, I must be excused from this ceremony. The bishop very graciously acquiesced, spoke to me a good deal, and considering I could not, as a heretic, occupy a very high place in his opinion, I had much reason not only to be satisfied with the distinguished honour of kissing his lordship's hand, but to be very thankful for not having to go down on my knees. This latter ceremony was nothing more than every individual, at one time, in Paraguay, went through as he passed the bishop in the street.

He was a venerable, meek, and mild-looking man, and had belonged to the order of Franciscan friars. Francia so beset him with threats and intimidations, and not content with completely undermining his ecclesiastical power, so taunted and insulted, fretted and frightened him, that he drove him to complete mental alienation. He lingered a few years in this melancholy state, and then died in the depths and misery of poverty, wretchedness, and destitution. Not a friend was found to close his eyes; neither could there be obtained for him a separate grave. Dragged on a hurdle to the public place of burial, he was there committed, in a large hole, to his mother earth, in common with the naked wretches who had died in prison, or been executed by order of the Dictator.

The celebrated botanist Monsieur Bonpland—that Bonpland who

travelled with Humboldt during the course of his scientific researches in Mexico,—was detained many years a prisoner in Paraguay by Francia. In one of his long, stern, unrelenting moods, the Dictator resisted every effort, supplication, and influence used to obtain the liberation of Bonpland. This enterprising naturalist, having been led up the river Paraná, on botanical research, found, in a part of the Misiones territory, some fine forests of the yerba, or Paraguay tea tree. The exportation of this commodity having, under the system of Francia's non-intercourse policy, been prohibited from Paraguay, Bonpland, with the Indians residing near the spot, formed an establishment for the purpose of collecting and preparing it.

This of course excited Francia's jealousy. He equipped a small military force, sent it against the establishment of the peaceful but enterprising botanist, completely overthrew it, and carried Bonpland himself a prisoner into Paraguay. The wife and daughter of this gentleman were at the time in Buenos Ayres. His wife, after exhausting, and exhausting in vain, every effort *there*, to obtain her husband's liberation, proceeded at length to Europe, to try what could be done through the mediation of the French court, for the unhappy prisoner. The following letter, transmitted to me from Lima, by my brother, who saw Madame Bonpland there, on her return from Europe, gives a short account of the indefatigable zeal and energy of this amiable and accomplished woman. She is an honour to her sex: she is a most especial honour to the married part of it:—she is a noble, a delightful specimen of the enterprize to which, with conjugal love as the basis of it, that sex may be stimulated.

"*Lima, 27th June*, 1827.

"My Dear John—Madame Bonpland arrived here a few days ago, and I have just had a long conversation with her. She is bound on the perilous enterprize of joining her husband in Paraguay; and it is impossible not to feel the highest interest in her behalf. A year ago Madame Bonpland left Rio de Janeiro with her daughter for France, and there applied to the King for a requisition of the person of Bonpland, as a French subject, from Francia. The French minister proposed addressing him as 'Dr. Francia,' simply, and Madame Bonpland was three months engaged in the arduous enterprise of getting the French cabinet to style him—'His Excellency the Dictator of Paraguay.' It was at last conceded to her, on the *solemn* promise, that the dispatch should either be delivered by her own hands, or returned to the King: so great was his Majesty's fear that the style of the address might be construed into an acknowledgment of the Doctor's government. Madame Bonpland next got a letter from Mr. Canning, begging Bonpland's person of the Dictator; and she then returned to Rio de Janeiro.

"Here she was disappointed in her hope of getting to Paraguay by the route of Matagroso. She had previously established a correspondence with General Sucre, who had offered her his assistance in getting to Paraguay, if necessary, by the interior of Peru, and so to the Brazil frontiers, on the river Paraguay, whence she could descend it, and reach Assumption.

"She sailed from Rio de Janeiro for Valparaiso, and arrived there lately. She there got letters again, from the Chile government, in favour of her husband, for Francia. She now waits here for General La Mar, (the President of Peru) to get letters to the same effect from him. She will proceed hence back to Arica, and so to La Paz. At this place she expects either to hear from Francia, or to get a military escort from General Sucre, with which to proceed straight across the country to Paraguay.

"The undertaking is as singular and arduous as can well be imagined;

and you cannot conceive a more interesting woman *for* the undertaking than Madame Bonpland. She is of the age and figure and elegance of Lady P———y. Her face is not so handsome, but full of soul and intelligence; and she is not only accomplished and fascinating in her manners, but has a really intelligent and well-cultivated mind.

"She left her daughter at Paris, and has no companion for her proposed undertaking. Our old school-fellow, Captain Tait, of H.M.S. Volage, has agreed to give her a passage to Arica.

"I am only afraid, alas! that the savage nature, and phlegmatic, cold-blooded feelings of Francia, are totally incapable of relenting, even at the sight of female heroism in distress, like that of Madame Bonpland.

"Yours, &c.

(Signed) WILLIAM ———."

A single glance at the map, most gracious reader (and if a man, in admiration of Madame Bonpland's devotion—if a woman, as a tribute of respect for what she could undertake,—of sympathy for what she must have suffered, you should *bestow* this glance,) a single glance at the map will show the nature and extent of her voyages and travels, for the one object of procuring her husband's liberation from captivity.

First, she sailed from the river Plate to France; thence to England; and across the Atlantic again, from England to Rio de Janeiro; from hence you will see, that had she been permitted to follow up her original intention of crossing the country to Paraguay, she might have reached Assumption in three weeks, the distance between it and Rio de Janeiro, by the land route, being not more than eight hundred miles. This, however, she could not do, and so sailed from Rio round the cold and boisterous region of Cape Horn, to Valparaiso. At Valparaiso she embarked for Lima, and sailed *back* from Lima to Arica. From hence, crossing the sandy deserts of Peru, herself the only female, escorted through a savage country by rough soldiers, she made her way to the river Paraguay, above Assumption, and then embarking in a canoe, was paddled by Indians down the stream, till she came to Francia's capital. Before she could reach this place, she must have sailed and travelled from the time of her first leaving Buenos Ayres, 21,500 miles.

She *did* then reach Paraguay—had an interview with the Dictator—prostrate at his feet, she laid her credentials before him;—she entreated, wept, implored—"Oh, Sir, restore to me my husband!" Vain were her tears, and useless were her supplications. As well might they have been addressed to the flinty rock, or the howling wind. Francia's heart was harder than the adamant—more chilling than the blast. Not only did he refuse to liberate Bonpland, but even to permit his wife to *see* him. Back she measured her desolate and solitary steps to Chile; and there in widowed sadness—her husband still alive—she set herself to earn a scanty subsistence by the establishment of a school.

Bonpland was liberated, and allowed to leave Paraguay, some years after the date of the preceding letter from Lima, in consequence of a remonstrance addressed by the French consul to Francia, from Buenos Ayres, which had, I believe, the effect of *intimidating* the Dictator.* Of the subsequent fortune or fate of Bonpland and his wife, I have had no information.

* It was intimated to him that there were then French ships of war in the river Plate, and that they would no longer permit the unjust violation either of the liberty or the property of French subjects.

"OUR EXILE IN ENGLAND:"

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SPANISH REFUGEES.

England has uniformly shown an honourable sympathy with that noble little band of Spaniards—the fallen defenders of a disastrous, but inextinguishable cause—who, a few years ago, sought the shelter of her shores, after every sacrifice and every exertion that heart could prompt, or hand achieve, on behalf of the constitutional liberty of their country. Of these men, some have since died in their not inglorious exile—died with the consolation which the memory of patriotic deeds and motives must ever impart—and some who have lived on, "bating no jot of heart or hope" for better times, are gone back to the land of their homes, to lend fresh aid to the revived impulses of freedom—while a few, yet lingering among us in the persevering exercise of those vocations to which necessity has constrained them, present to our admiration the fine and touching spectacle of the constant mind struggling with adversity. We need no apology for offering to our readers the following brief records of such men as we have here referred to: on the contrary, when we add that their own hands have traced the originals of those records—that their own pens have furnished the memorials of their hopeful toils and their still hopeful sufferings—we feel that we arouse and interest at once those associations that have so often before caused English bosoms to thrill in their behalf. For the opportunity of laying before the public these "short and simple annals of the brave," we are indebted to Mr. Upcott, of whose indefatigable exertions in the collection of autographs they present a curious specimen, and one which of itself goes far towards overturning the objections so often raised against the alleged futility of such a pursuit. They are written in an album—nearly all in the native language of the contributors, from which noble tongue we have transferred them to our own—and *all* in direct continuity with each other, in agreement with that fraternal community of spirit under which their authors had acted. Those which we now offer are not the whole that appear in Mr. Upcott's book: we may perhaps find future room to complete the series.

We would commence with General Mina, that scarred and veteran pattern of intrepid constancy, that "telo animus præstantior omni," who is at this moment actively upholding the cause of political regeneration, in support of which he has earned so many previous laurels; but the short memorandum from his pen happens to be one of mere compliment, and is written in English of a somewhat imperfect construction, which we would neither alter, nor yet incur the risk of exciting any inopportune levity of feeling by exactly transcribing it. Let him therefore pass, with three cheers (of the heart) for so gallant a soldier.

Next come we to the honoured name of General Quiroga. His account of himself is faced by a lithographic portrait, exhibiting lineaments as frank and martial as Desdemona's self could desire. His words, translated, are as follow:—

"Anthony Quiroga, born at Betanzos in Galicia, commenced his martial career in the Marine Guard in 1804; entered the army in 1808, at the age of 16: was wounded and made prisoner in Asturias, in 1809; owed his release to the officer in command of the escort, who then accompanied him from Venavenre to the quarters of the Spanish army; was appointed staff-officer and Colonel in 1812; took part in the actions at Valmaread,

Espinosa, Santiago, and Pusa de Sampayo, (in the latter of which he was wounded), and was at the sieges of Las Plazas de Astorga and Burgos in support of the English army, as well as in various separate conflicts in Galicia, Asturias, and Castile. In 1820 was nominated general in chief of the first national army, in the Isle of Leon, where he maintained himself for ten weeks against the whole disposable naval and military force of King Ferdinand; who afterwards, when he had decided on taking the oaths in favour of the Constitution, appointed him (Quiroga) his aide-de-camp. Was elected a provincial Deputy to the Cortes. Defended the garrison of Corunna in 1823, against General Burke's division. Repaired subsequently to Cadiz, whence he fled to Gibraltar, and came to that soil which is freely open to refugees of all opinions, and of whatever class or religion; where he hopes, in common with the rest of his fellow citizens, to meet with an opportunity, at some future day, of rendering service to his country.

(Signed) " Antonio Quiroga.

" *London, 1st May*, 1828."

Another patriot fearlessly conversant with the " grappling vigour and rough frown of war," is he who shall next describe himself:—

" Ferdinand Gomez de Butron, Spanish general, was born in the town of St. Cyprian de Careño, in the province of Zamora, and entered on his military career in 1787, in the body-guard. Organized and placed himself at the head of the insurrection in the kingdom of Arragon, on the 24th of May, 1808, as second to General Palafox. Formed and disciplined the army which defended Saragossa under its two memorable sieges, during both of which he commanded the outer line of defence. Becoming a prisoner of war at the surrender of the city, he contrived to escape (previously to giving his parole) and presenting himself to the Central Junta at Seville, was appointed by that supreme body to command the cavalry of the army of the left. Was present at the battles of Tamarnes, Alba de Tormes, Arapiles, Albuera, at the taking of Madrid in 1812, &c. On the abolition of the constitutional system in 1814, he retired to his home, where he remained till the year 1820, when the re-establishment of that system led to his appointment as governor and commander-in-chief of the fortress of Ceuta, from whence he was transferred to Barcelona, as supreme political chief, and commandant of that military district. Such are the services which have procured for him, in the latter portion of his days, the award of banishment from his country, exempt, however, from any stings of conscience at having failed in his duty, and contented beneath the shelter of the beneficent Government of England, where he hopes to terminate his life in tranquillity.

(Signed) " Fernando de Butron."

Our readers will not fail to mark the manly simplicity, and the humility far nobler and grander than pride, which breathe in the following record from General Torrijos. It is to be borne in mind that the period when these memorials were penned was the year 1828, when Spanish liberty was in a state of lamentable abeyance; and considerably before the ill-fated undertaking whose consequences involved Torrijos in the violent end so treacherously brought about, and so extensively commiserated:—

" General Joseph Maria de Torrijos was born at Madrid, 20th of March, 1791. His career, his services, his personal qualities, and his private or public life, cannot at the present moment be of interest to any one, any more than his acquaintance can be of service. When the Spaniards, in fulfilment of what they owe to themselves and their country, shall resume their struggle against the miserable faction that oppresses their soil, and the despot that degrades it—if General Torrijos, fighting for liberty, shall

conquer or die in her cause, then, perchance, will his life or his death be of some interest, and then alone will his name deserve record."

The author of the memorandum immediately subjoined was one of those who ended their days here in exile. He died at Bath on the 18th of May, 1830, from the effects of a wound in the chest received during the Peninsular war.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Francisco de Paula Vidal, aged thirty-six years, commenced his military career in 1808, and encountered with the utmost pleasure the two campaigns against the armies of the Emperor Napoleon and King Louis, because they unjustly invaded his native soil. During that period he received several serious wounds.

"From the year 1817 to 1820 he suffered imprisonment for having attempted the release of the distinguished and unfortunate General Don Louis Lacy. Compromised by this circumstance, and by his attachment to the constitutional system, he was forced to abandon the country which gave him being, and to seek an asylum in generous England."

An allusive sketch, representing a bomb and a pile of shells, heads, in the book before us, the account hereunder presented:—

"*London, 28th May*, 1828.

"Ramon de la Pola, brigadier of the national forces, was educated in the College of Artiliery, in which body he afterwards continued to serve. With the rank of Captain, he followed the Marquis de la Romana in his expedition to the north, and aided that nobleman in the rescue of Spain. As Colonel, he placed himself at the head of the insurrection effected on the 29th of February, 1820, in the principality of Asturias (his native province), for the purpose of establishing a representative government. There he continued to exercise the office of commander-in-chief, until the intrigue, treachery, and tyrannical dispositions of several of the European powers formed a combination to destroy the growing liberties of unhappy Spain.

(Signed) "Ramon de la Pola."

"Carlos Espinosa de los Monteros, a Spanish general, proscribed from his country, and a refugee in England. From the time of his youth he has been engaged in the military service; and in 1820, having then the rank of Colonel, he directed and placed himself at the head of the patriotic insurgents in Galicia, with the view of restoring a representative government.

"*London, 23d April*, 1828."

The following two have needed no translation, as they were inscribed in that language which one of the parties (now filling in his own country the honourable post of Secretary to the Cortes) gave such frequent instances, while among us, of his competency to employ to very fair literary purpose:—

"Ramon Gil de la Quadra, deputy for Madrid, the metropolis of Spain, to the Spanish Cortes, in 1822 and 1823. He declaimed against the injustice and ambition of the French government, both in 1808 and 1823, and took refuge in England on the 9th November, 1823.

"He used his understanding to direct men to what is right, and to enable them to know what is wrong.

"*London, April* 1, 1828."

"Oh Spain! my country! let me forget the misery of thy fallen state in the brilliant recollections of thy departed glory! I will borrow the pleasing colours of fiction to embellish the *real* pictures of thy fallen greatness!

(Signed) "Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio,
"Author of 'Gomez Arias,' &c.
"Born at Santander.

"*London, April* 3, 1828."

"Philip Bauzà, naval captain, and formerly director of the Hydrographical Office at Madrid, member of the Royal Academy of History, and of the Royal Societies of London and Turin; was born at the city of Palma in Majorca, and entered the sea-service in 1779, taking part in the cruise against the Algerines; was present at the siege of Gibraltar, at the taking of Minorca, and at the bombardment of Algiers by General Barcelo; was a coadjutor in the formation of the 'Maritime Atlas of Spain,' under the direction of the celebrated astronomer Tofiño—all the maps and plans of that collection having been drawn by his hand. He accompanied the ill-fated Malaspina in his five years' voyage round the world. During the War of Independence he held various scientific appointments under the Regency and Government of Cadiz, and was attached to the staff of the English army in the isle of Leon. Finally, becoming chosen as a deputy to the Cortes, for his own province, for the session of 1822 and 1823, he found himself compelled, by the political occurrences of that period, to emigrate, and to seek a refuge in this happy island, where he enjoys with a free conscience, and with the tranquillity that belongs to honourable estimation, the protection of its wise laws.

(Signed) "FELIPE BAUZA.

"*London, 24th April*, 1828."

The pursuits of law and literature, in useful association with high purposes and public spirit, are exemplified interestingly in the "summary of a life" that forms our next abstract.

"*London*, 112, *Upper Seymour-street, Euston-square,*
"*2d May*, 1828.

"Born in the town of Alegria, in the province of Alava, nurtured and educated from childhood in the city of St. Sebastian, (province of Guipuscoa,) I have ever sought to think and act in accordance with those sentiments of honour and of attachment to liberty which characterize the sons of the "Pais Bascongado." During the War of Independence, I was not permitted, either by my individual position, or by my notions of what was expedient for the good of my country, to participate in the glory which others acquired by defending that country with arms in their hands. Both my sentiments and my situation, however, imposed on me the sacred duty, which I invariably fulfilled, of mitigating the evils consequent upon foreign occupation, by checking the extortions of the French authorities, opposing myself with firmness to the projected dismemberment of my country, and its annexation to the French empire, and saving, in my character of lawyer and magistrate, the lives of many of my unfortunate compatriots, who, under the denomination of insurgents and rebels, were arraigned before the military tribunals of the invaders. As a refugee in France, and a hater of that despotism which was re-established since 1814, I followed the profession of literature, and, with the desire of vindicating the literary honour of my country from the attacks of certain foreign critics, gave several courses of lectures on the comparative language and literature of France and Spain, in the Museum at Bordeaux; in which city, also, I published, in 1819, conjointly with my friend, Don Manuel Silvela, a work entitled the "Select Library of Spanish Literature," (*Biblioteca Selecta de Literatura Española*). Returning home in 1820, I advocated the constitutional system, as sole editor of the periodical work entitled the "Guipuscoan Liberal," whilst I fulfilled also the duties of Fiscal Agrarian Advocate (Abogado Fiscal de la Hacienda Publica) in the province of St. Sebastian, besides rendering various other gratuitous services. Having become an emigrant in London since the latter part of 1823, I have again embraced the profession of literature, by teaching the Spanish language, and publishing various works. I have been co-editor of the "Sketches of Spanish Refugees in London," (Visos de Españoles Emigrados en Londres,) of the "London Messenger," (Mensagero de Londres,) and of the "American

Repertory," (Repertorio Americano,) published in this metropolis. I am at the present time a contributor to the French "Revue Encyclopédique," as well as to various English periodicals, weekly, monthly, and quarterly; and have recently published, among other works, the "No me olvides," (Forget-me-not,) and the "Resumen Historico de la Revolucion de Mexico," (Historical Summary of the Mexican Revolution.) Of the forty years of my life, I have spent the last twenty in constant sufferings and toils for the sake of my beloved country. Ruined in fortune, torn from the tenderest objects of my affection, twice constrained to exist for many long years in the position of an alien, I still struggle on full of heart against the assaults of misfortune, and endeavour to prolong to the utmost the course of my life, with the sole desire of dedicating it to my country, even to the latest sigh.

(Signed) "Pablo de Mendibil."

The name of Arguelles is doubtless familiar to most of our readers, as being connected, in no unimportant degree, with the later public transactions of his country. We should have included, in our translation of these curious *Collectanea*, the particulars furnished by that statesman of his assiduous and active career, were they not of a length exceeding that of any of the other sketches we have introduced, and extending beyond what our present limit would allow. We give, however, the self-descriptive account of General de Vigo, the husband of his daughter, as well as a few words from that daughter herself—the interesting and accomplished lady whose musical talents have rendered her so deservedly a favourite in London:—

"Pedro Mendez de Vigo, a Spanish General, native of the city of Oviedo, in the principality of Asturias, and aged 45 years. I entered service in the military profession in 1799, and in 1800 was present in the flying camp of Arco. In the years 1802 to 1805, I went through the entire course of study in the Military Academy of Zamora. In the month of May, 1808, I fled from Madrid, after being present, with considerable risk, at the catastrophe of the 2nd, and repaired to Asturias, where the regiment of Oviedo, of which I was Captain, was posted. In a very few days the revolutionary movement against Napoleon declared itself: I took an active part in it, and was elected by the people as one of the members of the Supreme Junta,—the like honour being also conferred on my father, Don Manuel. On the 28th of the same month, the Junta appointed me Colonel of Infantry, entrusting to me the command of 1500 men; with whom, on the same day, I marched out of Oviedo for Leon and the other provinces of Castile, with the design of supporting the noble insurrection in those parts. This service I was enabled to accomplish with good success; and it left me the proud satisfaction of having been the first military officer of Spain that went forth for armed opposition to the forces of the invader. I passed through all the campaigns intervening between that period and 1814, with the perseverance which my duty prescribed, and always with the body forming the vanguard,—being sometimes in command and sometimes subordinate. Amongst a considerable number of actions in which I bore a part during the six years of that obstinate struggle, I may name the battle of Rioseco, under General Don Gregory de la Cuerta, opposed to General Bessières; the taking of Santander in 1809, from which garrison I subsequently fled, on its re-capture by the French; the affair of Mombucy, with a body of cavalry, in 1810, in which they were three times repulsed by our small force of 300 infantry, inferior to their own number by 700 men; the battle of Logarderos, (23d June, 1811,) in which my regiment contributed to destroy the division of General Balthar, who was himself killed; that of Villamuriel, in the following year, when the British army retired from Burgos into Portugal; the memorable contest of Victoria, under the orders of General Giron, against the foreign

king, Joseph; that of the 1st of March, 1813, under the direction of General Freyre, against Marshal Soult, in which the horse that I was mounting was killed by a cannon ball; that of the passing of the Bidassoa, in the same year; and the taking of the lines of St. John de Luz, where I received special orders to attack with my brigade the enemy's encampment on the heights of Arcain, which I succeeded in effecting, and gained the tribute of personal thanks from Don Manuel Freyre, the commander-in-chief, besides obtaining subsequently the Cross of St. Ferdinand for a service that was considered so important. In the following year (1814) I was engaged in the likewise memorable battle of Toulouse, in which I received serious wounds and contusions,—the former of which *remain open* to this day, though I did not suffer them to excuse me from taking an active part in the war that afterwards occurred in Spain, in behalf of constitutional government. In the year 1822, as a brigadier of the national forces, and colonel of the provincial regiment of Oviedo, I was appointed to march into Arragon, where I was entrusted with one of the divisions of the army, and with the command of the province of Lower Arragon. From thence I proceeded to incorporate my division with the body which Count Abisbal commanded in 1823, and was by that General appointed to the command of the vanguard. Receiving afterwards the post of governor of Corunna, I put the place in as effective a state of defence as was in my power, opposed the proposition of surrender to General Murillo, and resisted the French attack under Count de Bourg. Appointed by the king a field-marshal and chief of the staff to the Fourth Army of Operation, I passed, by a sortie, from Corunna to Vigo, and succeeded in forming a junction with the remains of that force, notwithstanding the opposition of the divisions under Generals Murillo and Roche Jaqueline. With those remaining troops, not exceeding 1000 men, I was made prisoner of war in Old Castile, as the result of an honourable and strictly military capitulation, on the 27th of August. Without regard to this capitulation, in pursuance of which I was under escort into France, I found myself betrayed by the French, in the village of Aleyria Guipuscoa, into the hands of the opposite Spanish party, by whom I was conducted, in the midst of many dangers presented by the intervening places, to Vittoria, where I remained thirty days incarcerated. On these particulars of my fate becoming known to that *most serene* Prince, the Duke d'Angoulême, I was transferred to France, there to endure the condition of a prisoner of war. In that state I remained, under very harsh treatment, for six months, when I obtained permision, as a special act of grace from that very exalted Prince, to pass over to England in the month of March, 1824; and in this isle of refuge I live, like all the companions of my misfortune, in the hope of that happy day when my country may regain her liberty and independence,—and in the enjoyment meanwhile of the satisfaction arising from the consciousness of having been uniformly faithful to my oaths, and, above all, irreconcileable with the internal enemies of my country, for whose extermination I have omitted no endeavour within my power.

(Signed) "PEDRO MENDEZ DE VIGO.

"*London, 19th May*, 1828."

"Paulina Canga Arguelles, Spanish emigrant in London, as the wife of General de Vigo,—was born in the city of Valencia, in the year 1805: at the age of sixteen was admitted an associate into the Athenæum of Madrid, on account of my proficiency in music, which attractive art I have cultivated since 1825 in the capital of the British empire, and have obtained the flattering approval of the most distinguished professors resident there, as well as of the principal journals. I have had the good fortune to introduce to the familiar knowledge of the first audiences in London the national music of Spain, which, for its novelty, taste, and beauty, has afforded delight to the indulgent English.

(Signed) "PABLA CANGA ARGUELLES DE VIGO."

POLITICAL DICTATION.

I NEVER took any great part in the political transactions of the borough of which I have been for many years an inhabitant and an elector; to say truth, I found I had plenty of occupation in my own business, and therefore left it to those who had a greater turn for oratory, and a smaller share of work than myself, to make speeches, and discuss matters of which, as it struck me, they did not know a great deal, and which concerned them infinitely less than they fancied.

I had heard from Graves the carpenter, that the abolition of the duty upon leather would not make the difference of threepence in a pair of shoes—that doing away with the pension-list would not lower our taxes more than at the rate of about sixpence a-head, one with another—and that the taking off of the whole malt-tax, which must drive Ministers to try some other mode of raising the supplies, would not reduce the price of beer a halfpenny in the pot. These things induced me to believe that my neighbours, who busied themselves night after night at the Green Dragon in talking and drinking for the good of the nation, were sadly misspending their time, and needlessly wasting their substance. However I was laughed at, and called a dull silly ass, contented to bear the burden, and chew the thistle, and make no exertion to be what they called free; which, considering I always did exactly what I liked, went where I pleased, returned when I chose, worked when it was agreeable, and was idle when it suited me, I did not exactly understand. However, they prevailed; and, without exactly knowing what they wanted, they carried their point, and the Reform Bill was passed, which, they told me, besides all other advantages, and they were innumerable, gave them the power of questioning the candidates who came before them for their choice, of exacting pledges for their conduct if elected, and of giving them directions how to vote, if they returned them as their representatives.

I had read enough to comprehend—and as I thought justly—that, although a man may be sent to Parliament by any particular constituency, he is not their representative alone, but the representative of all the commons of England, which makes, as I learned, all the difference between a representative and a delegate—a delegate goes from any separate body into a large assembly for the purpose of urging some particular topic, or carrying some particular point; a delegate, therefore, is chosen on account of his knowledge of the facts and circumstances relating to the single matter which he is to argue, and has no more choice of the course he is to take, except in details, (as most likely in *his* judgment to advance the interest of those who send him,) than a retained barrister has as to the defence of his client if accused, or the advocacy of his cause if he be the accuser.

The representative, on the contrary, is a man in whom you so completely confide, that not being able in your own persons all to sit in Parliament, you send him there to act for the best, relying upon his judgment, his knowledge, and experience, to do what is just and right, leaving him most assuredly liable, when he next presents himself to your notice, and to the reward of re-election or the reproach of refusal; but that refusal, as I always considered it, was to be grounded upon a general failure, or a direct opposition to the political views of those who first re-

turned him, or upon some public misconduct which had alienated the esteem and reliance of his former supporters.

The doctrine, however, fell to the ground the moment my neighbours obtained the elective franchise—a blessing of which I had heard them speak in terms of anticipatory delight for many years, and which they valued so highly that when it was conceded to them, more than two-thirds of the most zealous criers-out for the suffrage, neglected, or rather determined not to register themselves, because it was to cost them a shilling each. The "Friends of Freedom," however, the Club to which I most particularly refer, every man of them, paid up, and was registered a voter, and never did I see electors more resolute to stand upon their rights.

The gentleman to whom, unfortunately for his peace and comfort, they had devoted themselves, and who was proposed and seconded by men of their own principles, underwent a sort of political catechism on the hustings, which I wondered he endured; however, I believe, having lost all his property by gambling, and being over head and ears in debt, he was anxious to get a seat at any rate; and therefore, with the fear of imprisonment before his eyes, and a perfect consciousness of having deserved it, in his mind, he agreed to do everything his constituents desired: he declared that he would vote for slave emancipation—for the abolition of the malt-tax, and the window-tax, and the house-tax, and the duties upon wine, and the duties upon tea, and the duties upon hops, and for the reduction of the army and navy, the abolition of bishoprics, the dispersion of deans and chapters—for the repeal of the union with Ireland, for the reception of a Nuncio from the Pope, for the annihilation of the House of Lords, for the trades' unions, the political unions, the entire destruction of the pension-list, and the abolition of tithes and poor-rates—in short, he went the whole length of declaring it as his opinion that there should in future be no debt, no taxes, no lords, no bishops, "no nothing."

It was quite natural that a man having himself nothing to depend upon should come forward on the independent interest. Equally just did it appear that an individual, who, if he had not by the agreeableness of his manners and the goodness of his person, soothed the thinking part of the world into receiving him after all his vices and follies had become notorious, should adopt the character of a patriot, the protector and preserver of our rights and liberties, and the vindicator of the poor against the oppressions of the rich. Notwithstanding that nine of his tradesmen had writs out against him for keeping them out of their money for years, which writs were only warded off by the kindness of the high sheriff, who, with a purity and independence corresponding with that of his hopeful friend the candidate, gave strict orders that nobody should be permitted on the hustings who was not previously known to his officers—he, the said patriotic sheriff, having given peremptory orders to his own officers not to execute any writ against the popular candidate until after the day of nomination; after which day, it is perhaps needless to add, that the said hopeful candidate did not show his good-looking, impudent countenance in the town.

Absent or present a patriot is a patriot, and Mr. Sittingbourn, the friend of the people, was elected; the Green Dragon Club procured plenty of assistance in his behalf, and many were the heads which were broken during the affray. I never saw such a sight: however, the purity and

freedom of election of which I had heard, were now to be exhibited to such as were still sceptical of their merits and advantages; and I must say, what with the returning officer on the hustings, and the popular candidate in the neighbourhood, I never saw a more gratifying illustration of a favourite doctrine. In one instance I saw a free and independent elector thrust his umbrella down the throat of a time-serving parson and a pension-loving Tory, and open it when it was half way down; but it was for the good of the country, and I must say I enjoyed it at the time.

Well, Sir, we elected Mr. Sittingbourn; and the moment the return was signed, out he came, the most perfect dandy I ever saw; a smart hat on one side, jetty black ringlets, sharp-cut features, and good eyes, a coloured silk handkerchief round his neck, and a carnation in his button-hole completed his attractions. To hear him talk, you would have fancied him as rich as Rothschild. He made a speech of a couple of hours, and then was chaired round the town, all the women, married and unmarried, waving their handkerchiefs and blessing his handsome face, just because they had heard of his pranks and thought he must be something very wonderful in some way or another.

Never mind, we had him,—he was our own,—the champion of our rights and the perpetual president of the Green Dragon Club. There he supped the night of his return, laid half the members under the table, and smoked the other half dry before twelve o'clock;—there never was such complaisance and condescension. Toast succeeded toast,—cheer followed cheer,—denunciations of corruption,—declarations of patriotism,—songs, catches, glees, shrieks, and yells concluded the festival;—and, when the morning came, Mr. Sittingbourn took his departure for London—the idol of his constituents and the deliverer of his country.

The Session of Parliament was half spent when we returned this prodigy of patriotism, and in two or three days after he quitted us it was resolved at the Green Dragon Club that it was the undoubted right of the constituents of a man so chosen and so returned to give him directions how to vote, in accordance to his own declaration of readiness to do so upon all occasions. I ventured to mention to Graves the carpenter, and Lock the milkman, two of the least violent of the political party, my preconceived notions of the difference between the character of a delegate and a representative, which I have already noticed. They laughed at me,—ridiculed me,—and I believe called me a fool;—as if he were not bound to do what *we* told him. "What do we send him there for?" This question I answered as well as I could, by saying, to protect the interests of the country generally, and I admit to look after the local and peculiar interests of the place he represents; "but," said I, "you have no right to shackle and fetter Mr. Sittingbourn as to each individual and particular vote that he is to give." "Haven't we?" said they; "we will soon ascertain whether we have or not. The case has been settled,—the question decided;—we'll see."

Finding them so determined, I said no more, but left them to their own inventions; and sure enough, no sooner had Mr. Sittingbourn indulged himself in a speech, which was tolerably well received by the House, than seven or eight of the leaders of the Green Dragon Club started for London in order to interrogate him as to his conduct and sentiments,—not as a deputation,—not in a body,—but each, as

they say tubs should stand, "on his own bottom." A dozen grievances had arisen out of his twenty minutes' oration; and every individual, directly or indirectly affected, set off, without concert or premeditation, in order to bring their free and independent member to account.

The first man who reached his lodgings—house he had none—was an old friend of mine, Mist, a Wesleyan Methodist. He sent in his name, and was immediately admitted to an audience, in which Sittingbourn received him enveloped in a most magnificent shawl *robe de chambre*, the room redolent with the fumes of tobacco, and the breakfast equipage on the table.

"Sir," said Mist, "I ought to apologize for breaking in upon you at what I dare say you consider an early hour of the morning, but I could not help it. I was prompted to it—moved to it, as I may say—by reading your speech of Tuesday night. Why, Sir, you are going to vote for the appropriation of the funds of the Protestant Church for the education of Roman Catholics?"

"Yes," said Sittingbourn; "yes. I think—and what is more important perhaps—those with whom I act think that course advisable, and I——"

"Advisable!" interrupted Mist: "Sir, it is destructive;—it is the beginning of all evil—the very germ of ruin!"

"Dear me, Sir," said Sittingbourn; "I am very sorry to see you so animated. I really—I hope you perceive that the plan strikes only at the Established Church; that the dissenters from that Church ought to concur, as I think, in the arrangement."

"Concur!" said Mist. "If you, Sir, will take the trouble to read the admonitory letter of the exemplary founder of our sect, John Wesley, on the subject of Roman Catholic tyranny and oppression, you will find yourself most wonderfully in error. For myself, Sir, I think it not only fair to you, but essentially due to the respectable class of religionists of whom I have the honour to be one, to state that you must give no such vote as that."

"Sir," said Sittingbourn, "I am pledged to my party."

"I know nothing of party, Sir," said Mist—"I am no party man; but you will be pleased to regulate your conduct by the feelings and instructions of your constituents; and I, for one, protest against the admission of a principle likely to overrun the country with Papists, and bring us to as bad a state as that to which our wretched ancestors were reduced in the days of bloody Mary, or the more recent misrule of Charles the First."

At this moment the servant announced Mr. Cross, another constituent. "Have you any objection," said Sittingbourn, "to Mr. Cross's coming in, Mr. Mist?"

"None in the world, Sir," said Mist. "I praise my Maker I have no animosities."

In comes Mr. Cross, starts rather at seeing Mist, bows to his representative,——

"Well, Mr. Cross," said Sittingbourn, "what are your commands? We are all in the same boat; you may speak before our friend Mr. Mist."

"Well, Sir," said Cross, "I am sure if *you* have no objection *I* can have none; but I have come up upon an unpleasant business, in regard to your speech of Tuesday."

"Ah, there it is," sighed Mist.

"I dare say we two sha'n't agree as to particulars," said Cross; "but for *my* part, Mr. Sittingbourn, if you support that appropriation clause in the Irish Tithe Bill, I have done with you."

"How so?" said Sittingbourn. "Why, Mr. Cross, you are, I believe, a Romanist. *You*, surely, can have none of the fears and apprehensions which my friend, Mr. Mist, entertains as to the overweening influence of your religion in this Protestant country."

"Fear, Sir!" said Cross; "no—there is no great *fear* of *that*, while we have such men in Parliament as yourself. Why, Sir, let me ask you, why should you so readily accede to a proposition for benefiting Catholics in Ireland, and make no exertion to secure us similar advantages in England? We are all on equal ground now, Sir—we are emancipated; that is to say, we have our common rights, and I am just as eligible to sit in Parliament as you, Sir. Why, then, is Ireland to be favoured at our expense? Why are heretic bishoprics to be reduced in Ireland, and not in England? Why is a surplus church revenue there to be applied to the education of children of the holy church, and in England nothing of the sort done? I say, Sir, it is your duty to advocate our cause as well as that of the Irish Catholics; and you must, if you expect any support from me, either vote against that clause, or originate some motion to extend the same advantages to England."

"Time alone is wanting," said Sittingbourn. "Rome was not built in a day, nor can her church be established in an hour: everything must be done by degrees."

"Oh, then," exclaimed Mist, "it is *gradually* to be effected."

"I did not say *that*," said Sittingbourn.

"Didn't you *mean* it, Sir?" exclaimed Cross.

"Why, really"——

"This will *not* do," said Cross; "I must have a specific answer before I go."

"Mr. Clerk, Sir," said the servant, announcing another voter. And in Mr. Clerk walked.

"Sir," said Mr. Clerk, "I was not aware that you had company. Mr. Mist, how d'ye do? Mr. Cross, your servant. I won't detain you five minutes;—can I speak to you alone?"

"I dare say," said Sittingbourn, "you may speak before our friends."

"Well, Sir," said Clerk, "I shall be very short. I hear you have made a speech in favour of a general registration of wills in London. Is that the case, Sir?"

"Why, I certainly did support that measure," said Sittingbourn. "It was represented to me as an advisable thing, and"——

"Advisable, is it!" said Clerk. "What, Sir, to deprive hundreds of honest professional men of their livelihood, to gorge the already bloated London practitioners? Sir, it is nonsense—madness—folly."

"It did not strike me to be so," said Sittingbourn; "I must be the best judge of what I have myself examined and inquired into. There appears to be a vast deal of difficulty and intricacy in the present system, and no small proportion of chicanery and extortion, and I really cannot submit to——"

"Submit, Sir," said Clerk, "what do you mean by submitting? I sent you to Parliament to represent *me*—I tell you that the new Registration Bill is a most shameful bill, and will rob me of four hundred

and eighty pounds per annum; what have you, Sir, to set against that? I insist upon it you do *not* vote for that bill."

"But I have pledged myself in a speech," said Sittingbourn.

"Then, Sir, I wish you would not speak so much," said Clerk, "like the parrot, you might perhaps think the more; or, like our last excellent representative, who never spoke at all, think as much as he did. You must not vote for it, Sir, that's all——"

"Lieutenant Dobbins, Sir," said the servant, announcing a thin meagre man, buttoned up to the chin in a blue surtout—shirt invisible.

"Mr. Dobbins, your servant," said Sittingbourn.

"Yours, Sir," said the Lieutenant. "Ah! some friends and neighbours; perhaps we are here on the same errand."

"These gentlemen," said the Member, "are come to complain of me."

"Then, Sir," said the Lieutenant, "we are all agreed; and as we are all of the same party, and the same club, I have no scruple in speaking out at once, for I am in a hurry; we military men are punctual, and I have another appointment; in fact, Mr. Sittingbourn, I perceive that you voted for the reduction of the army."

"I did, Sir," said Sittingbourn, "and conscientiously too; I think our military force is too considerable for the peaceable times in which we live."

"That's all very fine, Mr. Sittingbourn," said the Lieutenant, "and no man in the kingdom is more anxious for reduction in the public expenditure than myself; but of all the things to touch, the army, Sir, is the last. I have been for many years on half-pay—I have no chance of getting upon full-pay if the least reduction takes place—if things remain as they are, it is possible; but the idea of blighting the prospects of a man who so strenuously supported you——"

"Sir," said Sittingbourn, "I was speaking on a great national question—I spoke in generals——"

"Yes, Sir," said Dobbins, "and forgot the lieutenants; but that won't do."

"All I know is," said Sittingbourn, "that amongst the most vehement advocates for reduction—amongst the most ardent denouncers of extravagant expenditure—you were the foremost, and I——"

"That's all very right, Sir," said Dobbins; "I feel that I am an oppressed man—I have had beardless boys put over my head—the system is a corrupt one and a base one—but reduction, Sir—I——"

"Mr. Cowl, Sir," said the servant, ushering in a portly person, known to be the most opulent maltster in the borough. Without deigning to recognise the other visitors of the Honourable Member, he began at once to disburden himself of *his* peculiar grievance.

"So, Sir," said he, "you voted against the repeal of the malt-tax—that's a pretty go—how came that about?"

"Why, Sir," said Sittingbourn, "as you ask me so plainly, I will answer as candidly. I went determined to oppose the tax and support the repeal; but after hearing Sir Robert Peel's explanation, I confess I could not, in justice and honour, do otherwise than vote for its continuation."

"That's a pretty go," said Cowl; "you are a nice man to send to the House of Commons, with your Peel and your repeal; all I can say is,

that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Sir, and I am worth fifty thousand pounds, and neither ashamed nor afraid to tell you so."

"I cannot see why I should be ashamed of acting conscientiously," said Sittingbourn.

"Didn't you pledge yourself to vote against it?"

"I did," said Sittingbourn; "but I was convinced by argument."

"Argument," said Cowl, "fiddledeedee for argument; I didn't give you my vote, Sir, to be argued out of your promise."

"I saw no injury done to the people by the tax," said Sittingbourn; "I saw——"

"Saw," said Cowl; "I don't care what you saw. Who cares for the people? I have heard you say it would not have made a penny a pot difference in beer to the people, as you call them, but it would have made more than five or six shillings in the bushel to *me;* and who are the people, I should like to know, if it is not the maltsters?"

"I think, Mr. Cowl," said a very respectable old gentleman who had entered the apartment unobserved by the orator, and had heard the greater part of his speech; "I think, Sir, the people—that is to say—the people most to be consulted in a mercantile county, are the large proprietors of canal shares."

"Mr. Lock," said Sittingbourn, "are *you* here too—and to complain?"

"Indeed I am, Sir," said Lock; "here, Sir—here is your name voting in a majority for the Rattledumslap Rail-road; the success of which will just rob me of four thousand six hundred a-year—supersedes the whole line of the Towtwaddle Canal of which I hold at this moment two-thirds of the shares."

"That is nothing to me, Mr. Lock," exclaimed a gruff voice from the ante-room—for the electors crowded in so fast that Sittingbourn's servant had neither power to check, nor time to announce them—"Nothing, Sir—nothing."

"How so, Mr. Jarvis?" said Lock, evidently displeased on being interrupted.

"Why, Sir," said the new complainant, "you are a rich man—I am a poor one—your kinal did us a precious sight of harm of itself, and that ought never to have been suffered; but, as you say, the rail-road, which will take passengers as well as luggage, will be the ruin on me. Yes, Mr. Sittingbourn, if that Rattledumslap Bill is passed, no vote of mine do you ever have again; I 'a horsed that road now nigh upon thirty years—I bore up against the kinal—but for the rail-road——"

"I give you my word," said Sittingbourn, "I was not aware that the rail-road would interfere with your interests; or, to tell you the truth, that it would come near your line. It struck me as a great national work worthy of support."

"National work!" said Lock—"It is mighty agreeable to hear you putting what you call a national work in competition with my Towtwaddle Canal."

"Yes, or the Eclipse, Wonder, and Rocket, all of which call me master," said Jarvis.

"I," said Mist, "take higher grounds of objection to Mr. Sittingbourn."

"And I," said Cross, "higher still—the oppression of a vast body of Englishmen."

"The danger," cried Mist, "of a large connexion of exemplary Christians."

"Christians," said a Scotch gentleman in a very seedy coat, "dinna talk of Christianity—Muster Sittingbourn, Sir, ye hae done it noo as far as I'm concerned. You voted for the ould Speaker instead of the new one, and yet the old one was a Tory and the new one is a Whag."

"I admit it," said Sittingbourn; "but I did so conscientiously, not only because I believed the late Speaker the fittest man for the Chair, but because I had voted for him in the last Parliament, at the express desire of the party who now opposed him."

"That's a' is it," said the Scotch gentleman. "God help your innocence; hooever, I care little for it one way or ither; the present Speaker ocht to hae been supported by you to whom I gi'd my vote, for he is a Scot, and, as my gude wife tells me, a cousin of her ain."

"Sir," said Cowl, opening his ponderous jaws, "I have just six questions to put to you."

"Sir," said Sittingbourn, "I cannot allow any questions to be put here; this is neither the House of Commons nor the hustings; and as I have other things to do besides listening to the separate grievances of a whole constituency, I shall wish you a very good morning, leaving my breakfast-parlour entirely at your service to discuss your own business, which is none of mine; and I only beg leave to tell you, that whatever your opinion of the relative obligations of a representative to his constituents may be, I, for one, conscious of doing my duty to *you* and to my country, to the best of my ability, will neither hold the office of a slave, nor endure the character of a delegate. I wish you all a very good morning, and when next we meet in the Town Hall I shall be happy to hear what you have to say." Then making his bow, the patriotic member left his liberal constituents, who, after finishing the remnant of their representative's breakfast—leaving, I believe, the spoons and tea-pot—retired in the highest degree of anger at the declaration of the "pride and glory" of their borough, and at the exposure which their own complaints had made of the true character of election patriotism, and the real objects of POLITICAL DICTATION.

SONNET.

CALL ye this rest? Is the heart's wound then closed
In that the dagger is at length withdrawn?
Hath the quick soul eternally reposed
Because each sense to partial death is gone?
No! the torn breast of suffering is unhealed;
Or, if we rest on life's unheeded soil,
'Tis but as rests the reaper of the field
Who whets his blunted scythe for added toil:
The edge of grief is dulled, but each worn thought
Lends it new sharpness 'gainst its future use;
Thus is each hour with apprehension fraught,
And thus we linger o'er our time's abuse,
Till, bound and fettered by the iron years,
We see our hopes led captive by our fears!

E. L. MONTAGU.

April 16th, 1835.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

No traveller who has ever been in Vermont can have forgotten the Green Mountains, a long chain of highlands that stretch from north to south through the whole length of the State, and send down from their verdant sides ten thousand perennial streams to water the pleasant land and feed the Upper Connecticut and Lake Champlain. Here and there, along the undulations of the ridges, may be remarked an eminence more abrupt and lofty than the rest, shooting up a sharp peak of gray granite above the woody and rounded summits of his neighbours; but the general aspect of the whole range is that of an immense pile of forest, where every point, and slope, and crag, and precipice is clad in a thick mantle of vegetation. Up and down, among these mountains, the eye may light upon spots, few and far between, that indicate the presence of man; in the southern parts, a snug little village, whose bright white houses and church spire peep out from the bosom of the dark forest, like an oasis in the desert, or a good deed in a naughty world: towards the northern extremity of the State, the traveller may encounter the lonely log-hut of the settler, with a field of Indian corn and a dozen acres of blackened stumps; where half a score of flaxen-headed urchins seem to have fallen from the clouds into the heart of an almost impenetrable wilderness.

The wild animals of this country have been chased, by the progress of the settlements and the enterprize of the hunters, from their old haunts on the banks of the rivers, and among the lowland glades, and have taken refuge in the Green Mountains, where a safe asylum is afforded them in the dark solitudes of the forest. Here, in spots never yet trodden by man, still linger the black bear, the cougar, the wolf, and the deer. From these secure coverts issue shoals of foxes, that carry havoc into the farmer's barn-yard, murder his young lambs, and scamper off with his geese and turkeys. The bears and the cougars are less numerous; but the wolves are so formidable, as to have come under the ban of the legislature, and a bounty has been set upon the heads of all and singular among them; but wolves, it seems, may be so incorrigible as to set light even by a governor's proclamation.

It was but a few years ago that I was spending the fine season in a country ramble, and found myself at a small village on the western side of these mountains. The extreme wildness of the scenery in this quarter had a peculiar charm for me, and I lingered several days about the spot, feasting myself with the contemplation of these pictures of stern savage nature in all its rude and primeval freshness. I loved to gaze on those gigantic heaps of forest, rising pile above pile, immense ramparts of luxuriant green: and to mark the gigantic shadows that played over their sides when the declining sun cast his slant beams along them through the clear evening air. I was fond of strolling among the lone woody glens, those dim, untrodden solitudes, where silence reigned undisturbed, save by the gushing of a fountain, the note of an unseen bird, or the whispering among the leaves, of airy tongues that seemed to syllable strange accents. The novelty and freshness of the sensations thus created in the mind of one who had been for months immured within the straitened precincts of the capital of New England,

looking out of a narrow window upon paving stones and piles of brick, may be easily imagined. I became unwilling to leave this grand scenery; and when a little satiated with the first impressions, thought of amusing myself by hunting.

Though I fancy I should hardly make my title good to a sporting character, as people regard it on this side of the Atlantic, inasmuch as I never risked my neck on horseback after a fox or a hare, yet I could boast I had slain my thousands. The environs of Boston could bear witness; Lynn beach, where I had bagged peeps by basketsfull; Nantasket, where the ducks and plover had fallen in battalions under my fowling-piece; Roxbury and Dedham woods too, that had seen the gray squirrels rain from the tree-tops on the days that I was abroad; in short, I thought myself a match for any game that a man might chance upon of a summer day, and I resolved upon making a hunting excursion up the mountain at the foot of which the village was situated. There were plenty of deer in these parts, and a deer I had never shot. "I will shoot a deer at least," said I, "and if a bear should cross my path, woe be to him;—the skin I will carry home to Boston. As to wolves—the bounty will certainly pay for all the ammunition I shall expend." So, without more ado, I borrowed a gun of my host, and set off up the mountain one fine morning. "Many a man," says Sancho Panza, "goes out for wool and comes home shorn." Whether I belong to this number, it would not be proper to inform the reader at present.

Hunting deer in the American woods is an occupation very unlike the same pursuit in Great Britain. It is by no means a *chase*,—no galloping on horseback over twenty miles of open country. On the contrary, the hunter must wind his way slowly and stealthily through the dark woods without being able to send his glance half a stone's-throw before him, among the gigantic trunks and tangled thickets; or he stations himself in ambush near some opening in the forest, and waits motionless and silent for the deer to pass. Dogs must not be employed, as the noise they make in barking or rustling among the bushes, is sure to startle the animal ere the hunter can approach within gunshot. I left mine, therefore, at the farm-house, and took nothing with me but my gun.

The mountain which I proposed to ascend was an irregular mass of hills heaped upon hills, till the highest summit towered considerably above all the other eminences in the great chain within the sweep of the horizon. The whole mountain was thickly wooded, except the rocky peak at the summit, or the shelving sides of a deep ravine here and there, down which the mountain-showers poured at times torrents of water, with a violence that swept along rocks in their current, and tore away the trees by the roots. There were also a few small open spaces among the woods on the southern slope of the mountain, a little distance up, where the farmers turned their cattle to pasture, and a rude pathway had been cut through the forest, leading to these places. Above, all was a dense wilderness, although a track, hardly discernible, had been pursued by occasional visiters to the summit, which afforded a wide prospect over the surrounding country.

The sun was up, but not in sight, as I set forth; he yet lay hidden on the eastern side of the mountain, which rose before my sight, a mass of darkening shadow, its sharp bold outline distinctly relieved against the

clear bright sky beyond. Not a cloud hung in the heavens, save a few masses of thin vapour which arose from the low grounds in the warm morning air, and were slowly rolling in white fleecy folds up the dark mountain-sides. As the sun attained a higher elevation, these white clouds gathered on the mountain-top, and presently began to glow with the golden brilliancy of the bright orb that hung just below the edge of the mountain. The next moment the sun burst forth, the dark shadows of the forest fled away, the mountain-sides shone out in their freshest green, and the golden crown of clouds at the summit vanished into thin air.

Crossing the fields in the neighbourhood of the village, just as the rising sun threw his rays upon the western slopes, I struck at once into the forest, and made for the pathway which led up to the pastures. It was a rough and narrow track, where the thickets on either hand, and the dense canopy of boughs above, made a dim twilight at noon-day. The path wound to the right and left to avoid the steepness of a direct ascent, and the obstacles presented by the deep gullies or projecting ledges of granite rock. The solitude of this lone wilderness is overpowering; there is no sight nor sound save that of stern rude nature. No human being crosses your path; no human habitation strikes your eye; no voice breaks upon the ear. The squirrel jumps from bough to bough over your head, and looks down upon you in wonder. The owl from his hollow trunk hoots out a strange note of surprize, that the intrusion of man should here molest his ancient solitary reign. The woodcock and the grouse flutter their noisy wings and shuffle a yard or two off at your approach. The fox steals aside and peeps at you from the thick bushes close at hand. The note of a solitary thrush or pine warbler may now and then be heard, breaking with slow and solemn accents the deep silence of the dark recesses, or the murmur of a mountain-stream may break upon the ear at intervals as it dashes its broken current down a steep bed of rocks. The howl of a wolf at times startles you from afar off, or the growling of a bear from some invisible spot, or the scream of a bald eagle over your head.

I will not trouble the reader with my various "chances" of the day, although some of them might be worthy of recital, but proceed to detail the most remarkable of my adventures.

Much of the day still remained, and I turned to prosecute my ascent of the mountain. Re-crossing the ravine, I struck into my former course, and making toward the summit, found the acclivity to grow much steeper and rougher. The forest of tall oaks, beeches, and maples, which covered the skirts and middle region of the mountain, now disappeared, and nothing was to be seen but sharp and projecting crags clad in a thick growth of low birches, pines, and firs. Through this almost impervious mass of vegetation I forced a passage from one rocky point to another, with the precaution used by a mariner coasting from headland to headland, looking backward and forward from the several points to regulate my course. No beasts or birds met my view at this lofty elevation; the trees dwindled to mere shrubs as I ascended; the surface became more and more bare; presently the rocky ground exhibited nothing in the shape of vegetation except tufts of rank grass and patches of moss. After a toilsome journey, I at length reached the summit of the mountain, and seated myself on the top of a block of

bleak gray granite, which, at twenty miles distance, appears a sharp peak, shooting up into the clouds, but on the spot is found to be a smooth and gently rounded eminence, affording an almost level space an acre in extent.

The prospect which burst upon me from this point was magnificent. It was one of the brightest days of the bright season, and the air was of that transparent clearness which shows every distinctness of shape and shadowy variation of colour in the most comprehensive landscape. The huge mountain under me, with its swelling hills, deep valleys, and shaggy piles of forest, over which the oblique sunlight played, gilding some parts into bright green, and casting others into profound shadow—first arrested my view. The little hamlet, with the fields around it, from which I had taken my departure that morning, was distinctly visible at the foot, a patch of shining green on the dark surface of the mountain skirts. Beyond, the country was scored by deep valleys, and checquered with bright spots of cultivation at intervals. The streams wound their meandering courses in lines like threads of silver among the black masses of forest; while far in the west, the bright surface of Lake Champlain was visible, stretching from north to south as far as the eye could reach. On the verge of the horizon, beyond the lake, arose the undulating ridge of the Shawangunk Mountains, arrayed in a soft tint of misty blue.

Deeply impressed with the grandeur of this scene, I sat for some time in contemplation, till the declining sun warned me that it was time to make my way homeward. As I passed down the rocky summit, I was struck with the appearance of a thin white cloud, which at that instant began to gather in the air, just on a level with the upper region of the mountain. While looking upon it, I perceived that it was rapidly expanding its folds, that it was growing denser and of a darker hue, and was floating directly towards me. I hastened downward, but by the time I had reached the woody region, the cloud overtook me, and the whole top of the mountain was enveloped in a thick mist. In two minutes I was completely lost; nothing could be seen ten yards distant, and all I could do was to grope my way among the thickets where the track by which I had ascended was hardly to be distinguished in the clearest weather. I very soon strayed from the track, and got into another direction by following an opening in the woods, which I imagined to be the pathway, but soon found was the bed of a torrent leading down to a precipitous chasm. I endeavoured to retrace my steps, but the fog growing thicker and thicker, I only got the more bewildered, and was soon absolutely at a loss to conjecture whether I was on the eastern or western side of the mountain. I climbed up every projecting crag that came in my way, in hopes to be able to espy some familiar land-mark that might set me aright in my wandering, but in vain; the density of the fog baffled all my attempts to discover to which side of the mountain I had strayed.

My situation was now quite unpromising, and I soon began to indulge in some very dismal apprehensions. Evening was fast approaching, and I was perfectly aware that unless I discovered the path speedily, I must pass the night upon the mountain. I was rather thinly clad, and a night on the mountain-top is by no means sultry; it was sufficiently cool already, and I felt an extraordinary appetite for supper, which the keen

air of this elevated region was calculated rather to augment than to allay. "But," thought I, as I cast a look on the forlorn scene around me, "for aught I can perceive, if I go to supper to-night, it will be, not where I eat, but where I am eaten. Should I fall asleep here, I may expect to wake up and find a bear nibbling at my toes." Still, I resolved to push onward, hoping that the cloud would pass away; but I was disappointed; the mist lay thick upon the mountain. I wandered hither and thither among the woods, and was sure of nothing except that I was proceeding downwards.

It was now dusk, the shades of evening were fast gathering over me, and I saw that all hope of returning must be abandoned. I began to look out, therefore, for some convenient place where I might pass the night. I thought, at first, of ascending a tree in order to be safe from the wild animals; but the cold wind which then began to blow, admonished me to choose a spot more comfortable. Ere long, I discovered a narrow rocky gully, clear of trees, and sufficiently deep to shelter me from the wind; the rocks were covered with a thick green moss which abounds in every part of these mountains; heaps of dead leaves lay collected among them, and here I determined to light a fire and make preparations for passing the night.

By the help of my gun, I succeeded in setting fire to a pile of dry leaves and pine-boughs; and a broad glare of flame soon arose through the misty air that promised to secure me against the intrusion of the wild animals. It was not yet dark; the sun had gone down, the twilight had disappeared; but the moon was above the horizon, somewhat low in the west, and giving sufficient light through the mantle of vapour that shrouded the mountain, to throw a dim and uncertain radiance upon a portion of the scene around me. As the night-breeze freshened, the mist appeared to thin away, and I was struck with the beautiful appearance of the halo which the subtile vapour spread around the lunar orb, a bright circle of rainbow colours hanging in the broad heaven. Gradually this phenomenon melted away; the moon went down, the sky was dark, and the deep gloom of the black forest was relieved only by the red flickering flames of my own blazing pile.

In spite of the fatigues I had undergone through the day, it was a long time before I felt an inclination to sleep. Not that I imagined myself in any great danger; my blazing fire and loaded gun were a sufficient security against the beasts;—but night and solitude, and the wilderness were overpowering. The glare of the flame amidst the pitchy darkness all around, threw strong gleams of red light upon the rocky cliffs and masses of thick wood; sudden puffs of wind would now and then whirl a dense column of smoke along the glen, and as these clouds rolled off one after the other into the sky, strange and fantastic giant shapes seemed to be flitting among the dark shadows of the wilderness. I continued to heap great branches upon the blazing pile: it was growing colder, and I felt a drowsiness coming on, yet was unwilling to trust myself to the arms of sleep amid this drear desolation. I sat listening to the moan of the night-breeze as it swelled through the rustling pines, and ever and anon fancied I could hear the howl of a wolf on the distant gale, but as yet no inhabitant of the forest had ventured to intrude on my solitude.

Growing more and more drowsy, and withal feeling a degree of secu-

rity from having been thus far unmolested, I determined to take a nap. I heaped, therefore, a sufficiency of wood upon the pile to last for several hours, and lying down upon the moss-covered rock at the very bottom of the gully, with my feet to the fire, I composed myself to rest. In spite of the coolness of the air, and the loneliness of my situation, I was soon fast asleep. In such circumstances one is sure to be visited with dreams, and I began dreaming before I was fairly in a slumber. When my eyelids first hung heavy, I was gazing at the flickering shadows cast by the rolling volumes of smoke over the woods; and as my sensations grew more and more indistinct and confused, I fancied ten thousand monstrous black bears, with their gigantic cubs, gamboling over the tree-tops. Presently I dreamed of wandering among the woods where the catamounts were crouching behind every tree, and my gun, of course, as always happens in dreams, hung fire whenever I attempted to use it. Anon I was attempting to clamber up the mountain-top and slipping backward at every step;—then, as I stood upon the summit, a cloud came over the mountain and swept me off; I was carried away through the air as in a balloon, looking down upon the country below, a great chequer-board of woods and pastures, and fields and towns; till all of a sudden the cloud burst, and I fell souse into Lake Champlain!

I awoke at this instant;—my first sensation was that of grappling and struggling violently with something that had seized me: in the twinkling of an eye I found myself whirled violently away, and the next moment I was struck with a rousing shock that almost stunned me. A minute elapsed ere I became quite aware that I was awake. I looked around; nothing was to be seen; all was utter darkness. The impression was strong upon my mind that I had been violently dragged away from the spot where I had lain down to sleep, but I neither heard nor felt any wild beast moving near me. I stared wildly around, trying to penetrate the thick darkness, when as I cast my eye upward I perceived a strange gleam of light over my head; it seemed like an opening in the sky through which a faint red glimmer was now and then flashing. I got upon my feet and attempted to move; but how was I astonished, on stretching forth my arms, to find a perpendicular wall of rock before me! I looked up again at the light, and presently made the discovery that I was at the bottom of a deep chasm in the rocks, and that the light above came through a narrow fissure at the top. This light, red and flickering, could be no other than that of my own fire, and after further examination of the darkness in which I was imprisoned, and a feeling which now began to manifest itself of certain bruises in my body, it became evident that I had fallen in my sleep through the opening above to the bottom of this deep cavern.

This, indeed, was the fact. The hollow in which I had taken up my abode for the night, was formed by two immense masses of rock which, by some convulsion of nature, appeared to have been thrown together, so as to make a deep and narrow chasm with their perpendicular sides resting against each other at the top. The long and narrow crevices above had been overgrown with a species of moss so thick and firm as to bear the weight of a man. Among the Green Mountains spots like these are innumerable, where the passenger may be treading upon a coat of moss spreading from rock to rock that barely sustains him over the depths of a profound abyss. It was in precisely such a

spot that I had kindled my fire and laid me down to rest, never suspecting that my soft mossy bed was but the deceitful covering to the jaws of a deep den. Whether the fire had burned under the moss and caught the dry sticks which had first been accumulated over the fissure, and served as a support to the superincumbent growth, or whether the moss gave way gradually and by my own weight, I never knew. It was enough that it broke through, and down I fell.

I rubbed my eyes again; I felt of my bruised bones and aching joints; I found I had no wounds but many sore parts. The bottom of the cavern was covered with dead leaves, loose earth and rubbish, which had broken my fall. Had it been otherwise my brains would have been dashed out upon the rock, for the distance I had fallen was at least fifteen or twenty feet. I groped about to the right and left, and found I could touch both walls of the cavern at once by extending my arms. In profound darkness I moved along this narrow strait, hoping to find some projection in the rocky wall by which I might climb upward; but the walls were perpendicular and smooth; nothing met my grasp that would enable me to raise myself a step from the bottom. Having groped four or five yards I perceived the walls closed, and I could advance no further. I turned and began to search toward the other extremity of the cavern; the sides were everywhere too steep and smooth to afford me the slightest hope of being able to ascend them. At the further extremity, the space grew narrow again, and I found I had traversed the whole extent of the cavern.

I now stopped, and began to feel strange apprehensions coming over me. The thought of lying imprisoned in this horrid cavern till I starved to death, rushed fearfully through my brain; but a moment more and I re-assured myself. "Let me wait till day-light," thought I, "before I give myself up for lost; there may be means of escape hidden under this profound darkness." I fell to pondering upon my strange condition, when all at once I was startled by the sound of something moving near me: the next moment I perceived a pair of fiery eye-balls glaring at me from the opposite end of the cavern. Gracious powers! what a chill ran through my blood at the sight! My hair stood on end;—a cold sweat burst out upon my forehead, and I stood motionless with horror. Had I possessed ten thousand worlds I would have given them at that instant for the smallest hope of safety. Horror-struck as I was at the sight, I could not take my eyes from it, but stood gazing, stupified and half congealed with terror at those glaring orbs of a ferocious beast whom I expected every instant to spring upon me and tear me to pieces! How long I remained thus overwhelmed with the panic, I have no means of knowing; those fiery balls continued to roll and glimmer with a most unearthly light; and surely the stoutest heart must have been appalled by such a spectacle in the thick darkness of a lonely cavern with no means of resistance or escape. To express my danger in two words, this was a *wolf's den!*

The wolf and I continued to stare at each other, but fortunately he did not move. In a few moments I regained a little self-possession. "What should I do?" was the first thought. Escape I could not; kill the wolf I must, or be killed. I had nothing but a large sharp-pointed knife which I had taken with me to cut away the boughs and bushes. With hardly a moment's reflection I drew it out of my pocket, and grasping it

firmly, prepared to rush upon the animal: it was an act of desperation, but it was better than to wait till he sprang upon me. I began to measure my distance, and scrutinize the position of my ferocious enemy. He had not moved from the spot, and appeared to be crouching on the ground at the further end of the cave. While I stood deliberating, I began to feel some surprise that he had so long refrained from attacking me. Many minutes at least had passed since I had been in his power, and as yet he had done nothing but fix his eyes fiercely upon me. How much longer might he not remain quiet? It then came upon my recollection as a notorious fact, that the wolf, savage and ferocious as he is at times, is nevertheless an arrant coward, and if once frightened, loses entirely the courage and inclination to make an attack. This thought darted a bright ray of hope into my breast. I stopped short in my meditated assault, and scanned the wolf with more coolness and confidence. He lay close to the ground, his eyes still darting gleams of fiery green through the pitchy darkness, yet in the ever-twinkling glimmer of these savage orbs I now thought I could discover signs of fear. The more I fixed my gaze upon them, the more I felt my confidence revive. I stood, however, on my guard, determined if he showed a disposition to spring upon me, to meet him at least half way.

It was as I had conjectured: the wolf was completely frightened; he was lying probably fast asleep when I burst into his den. Conceive the panic which this sudden and violent intrusion must have caused him! For aught I know, he was at that moment directly under me, and I had fallen slap upon him, as the spot where I fell was found afterwards to be the lowest part of the cavern, and covered with a bed of leaves and rubbish. I had moreover an indistinct remembrance of grappling with some moving body in the first moments after awakening from the fall. Certain it was that he immediately skulked into the further corner of the den, and there lay overcome with fright. Hour after hour I stood watching him lest he should get the better of his alarm and take vengeance on me for the disturbance: but he showed no disposition for hostilities, and when the first welcome rays of the morning shot into the cavern, I beheld my savage companion crouching and huddled up in a narrow crevice of the rock, with every mark of the most abject fear. I became released, therefore, from my apprehensions on this score; but the return of light led me to the unwelcome discovery that to escape from the cavern without assistance was impossible. To climb was out of the question; the two masses of rock closed at both extremities, leaving at one end a narrow opening near the ground, through which the wolf had squeezed himself on passing in and out. Had the animal ran to this end of the cave at the first alarm, he would have escaped immediately, instead of which he betook himself in his confusion to the innermost recess of his abode, and so great was his terror of me, that he never dared stir to leave his lurking-place.

What was now to be done? I must devise some means of extricating myself, for I could have no hope that any human being would come to my assistance in that wild and distant spot: but what means were within my reach? There was no breaking through the wall of my prison, or digging under the foundation. The rock was here, the rock was there, the rock was all around. Hunger might break through stone walls, but not walls so thick as these. A strip of the bright sky was twenty feet over

my head, and twenty thousand dollars would I have given (had I possessed them) for nothing but a bean-pole of that length. But wishing was in vain; I could do nothing to help myself, and the wolf seemed as much puzzled to get out of the difficulty as I. It is needless to relate what a crowd of direful forebodings now came over me. I could see no prospect but that of starving to death, unless the wolf chose to eat me as soon as his appetite overcame his terror.

It was now noon day, as I judged from the sun's rays which shot into the mouth of the cavern, and I felt a faintness coming over me from the fatigue, hunger, anxiety, and mental excitement which I had endured. I sat at the bottom of the cavern almost resigned to my fate, and thinking of the strange conjectures that would be formed when my bones should be discovered some fifty years afterwards among these rocks. Suddenly I was startled by a low and half-suppressed growl from my companion. I imagined on the instant that he was meditating to spring upon me, and at once gave myself up for lost, feeling that I was too weak to offer any resistance. The next moment the distant bark of a dog struck my ear. No words can describe the delicious sensations which this sound awoke in my breast. It denoted that assistance was at hand, and I was to be rescued from the horrible fate of being buried alive. New life sprang up within me. The sounds drew nearer, and now I could have no doubt my friends had come in search of me, and were in the right track. The wolf appeared as much alarmed as I was delighted by the approach of the visiters: he crouched closer to the rock, and manifested great trepidation each time the barking of the dog was heard; his experienced ear had caught the sound before it became audible to mine.

In a few minutes the voices of men were heard above, at which I set up a loud shout that brought them speedily to the mouth of the cavern. Their astonishment may easily be imagined on finding me at the bottom of this dark abyss. Tying branches of trees together, they soon constructed a ladder, by the help of which I once more regained the upper air, and gave them the assurance that I had not been, as they at first believed, devoured by wild beasts. I then learned that the miracle of my rescue was owing to my faithful dog, who had tracked me through all my wanderings over the mountain without once losing the scent, till he brought them to the spot where I lay immured. As to my savage companion in the den, he bolted out of his hole as soon as he was fairly rid of me, but was shot by the farmer's son before he had skulked a hundred yards.

My hair did not prove to be blanched by the fright of this adventure, but the remembrance of the scene would never away from me. Many a time since, in frightful dreams, have I beheld those two fiery eyeballs glaring at me through the thick darkness, and felt a renewal of all the shuddering terrors of the night I passed in the wolf's den.

Q. Q.

THE BATTLE OF THE ELEPHANTS.

A GRAND, SPLENDID, MAGNIFICENT, EASTERN, EQUESTRIAN, ELEPHANTINE SPECTACLE, INTERSPERSED WITH MUSIC, DANCING, EQUESTRIAN AND ELEPHANTINE EVOLUTIONS, GRAND TABLEAUX, TERRIFIC COMBATS, AWFUL ENCOUNTERS, &c. &c. &c. &c.

[Returning from our annual visit on Easter-Monday evening to Astley's, we picked up, exactly midway between that most legitimate horse-theatre and the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, the manuscript, of which we present the public with a specimen. Which of the two theatres be the rightful claimant of it, whether Drury or Ducrow's, we know not. If the former, we suppose we must content ourselves with—

" The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,"

and allow the managers the benefit of the response—

" And they who live to please must please to live."

The spectacle part of the entertainment must necessarily be seen in order to be appreciated: the fine writing, the wit and drollery of the dialogue, and the nice touches of character, will speak for themselves.]

CHARACTERS.

THE EMPEROR SAMA-SHAH, Usurper of the Throne of Eloris.
KASSAN-SHAH, his Nephew, the rightful Heir, supposed dead; known only as OSMAR the Arab Chief; in love with FANTULLAH.
MIRZA-MHERA, Prince of Gazrat.
KHERAN, the professed friend, but secret enemy of the Emperor; and Commander of the Army of Elephants; also in love with FANTULLAH.
CAZAN, a follower of KHERAN.
KHORADDIN, the Fiery Spirit of the Deserts.
JAFFNAH, a Mute in the service of OSMAR.
BOB WILKINS, an Englishman, formerly keeper of an à-la-mode beef-shop in the Old Bailey, but now the heroic friend and confidant of OSMAR.
THE PRINCESS FANTULLAH, the Emperor's Daughter.
BULBUL, her favourite Attendant.

Priests, Soldiers, Horsemen, Elephant Riders, Officers of the Court, Followers of Osmar, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Female Attendants on the Princess, Dancing Girls, Singing Girls, and—all sorts of Girls.

Scene lies at Eloris, and in the neighbouring Deserts.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*A magnificent Apartment in the Emperor's Palace—The* EMPEROR, *surrounded by his Court, discovered seated on his Throne—* KHERAN *on one side—*MIRZA-MHERA *on the other—*BOB WILKINS *concealed among the Courtiers.*[1]

Chorus.

HAIL to great Sama-Shah!
Long may he reign in glory,
And live renowned in story!

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[1] We may " wonder how the devil he got there;" but as he is to be the life and soul of the piece, without whom there would be no *fun*, let us suppose he got there —any how.

Whate'er be his will
Be it our's to fulfil[2]!
Hail to great Sama-Shah!

Emperor. 'Tis well! Your love and loyalty I doubt not[3]. A reign of twenty years,—a not inglorious reign,—a reign whose every hour has been marked by external conquest and internal peace, has satisfied my heart of my loved people's loyalty.

Kher. Sire, the empire's foes are exterminated[4], your own are destroyed.

Emp. To thee, brave Kheran, is the former due, the latter is mine own. And, oh! it grieves me much[5] that, in the preservation of my rights, some native blood has left its parent veins. Yet could I otherwise? I,—by my brother's natural demise, and the mysterious disappearance of his son, now dead,—ill-fated Kassan! (*Strikes his bosom, and says aside*)—Down, busy conscience[6].—I became the rightful inheritor of the sceptre which sways these realms. Yet found I oft rebellion lurking within my very palace walls, and ready, with eagle talons, to tear from my brow the glittering diadem. 'Tis true I struck,—but for my rights I struck;—and never did the scymitar with vengeful blow descend, but justice rode astride the blade;—never flowed the purple flood from out a guilty traitor's veins, but the pearly drops of gentle pity bedewed these cheeks[7]. But no more of this.—Princes and chiefs, and you, ye countless multitudes, be silent all, whilst I reveal the purpose of this solemn convocation.

Wilk. (*aside.*) Now to know what all this is about[8].

Emp. Let the trumpet sound for silence. (*Flourish of trumpets.*) You Mirza-Mhera, Prince of Gazrat, stand forth.

Mir. (*advancing, aside.*) What can this mean?

Emp. Advance, brave Kheran.

Kher. (*advancing, aside.*) What means this sudden bidding?

Emp. 'Tis now your monarch's happy task at once to gratify a father's feelings and a nation's wish. You know that—such is our country's custom—my daughter, the fair Fantullah, has, from her earliest infancy, secluded from the sight of man, inhabited, surrounded by her virgin slaves, the Valley of Emeralds.

Kher. The Valley of Emeralds, situate at the western extremity of the Yellow Desert?

Emp. Aye, brave Kheran, the Yellow Desert! a perilous pass,—the haunt of innumerable hordes of Arab robbers[9], headed by the fierce Osmar.

Wilk. (*aside.*) Meaning my friend.

Emp. And the sojourn of the dread Khoraddin, the Fiery Spirit[10].

All. Khoraddin, the Fiery Spirit!

Emp. This is the fair Fantullah's fifteenth natal day;—this day must bring her thence: to-morrow sees her in a husband's arms.

Kher. (*aside.*) A husband's arms! What new-sprung hope is mine!

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[2] A masterly touch! finely characteristic of Eastern subserviency.

[3] Plague on him if he did, after such a declaration.

[4] A distinction without a difference, perhaps; but pardonable on the score of fine writing.

[5] No doubt of it.

[6] How adroitly is the audience led to suspect that the Emperor knows more about this "*mysterious* disappearance" than it may be convenient for him to declare!

[7] Perhaps a lawyer might say that the Emperor is over-laying his case with protestations of tender-heartedness.

[8] Presently we shall learn his motive for this curiosity.

[9] This promises difficulties, dangers, charges of cavalry, horses galloping up rushing cataracts and down perpendicular mountains, with evolutions, and terrific combats.

[10] The invention of crimson fire has rendered the introduction of some such personage indispensable.

Emp. The journey is fraught with danger; but our country's safeguard, the army of elephants [11], shall be her convoy.

Wilk. (*aside.*) So, so.

Mir. (*aside.*) Command is all the earthly good I covet. (*To the Emperor.*) Sire, by Akbar's treachery, whose death has paid the forfeit of his crimes, that army, like a rudderless bark, floats erringly, unswayed by a commander.

Emp. I am not unmindful of it, noble Prince. People, chiefs, princes! Kheran is brave, young Mirza-Mhera valiant [12]. Now hear, and then confirm your Emperor's decree, which gives to you as husband of the fair Fantullah, and future sovereign of Eloris——(*A pause and silence.*)

Kher. (*aside.*) She and the crown are mine.

Emp. Mirza-Mhera, Prince of Gazrat.

Flourish of trumpets; all present bow. The Emperor places Mirza-Mhera on the second step of the throne.

Kher. (*aside.*) D————n!

Wilk. (*aside.*) Pretty news for my friend Osmar.

Emp. Next, in reward of his high deeds of arms, and long-tried loyalty, we name as captain of Eloris' chief defence—the Elephantine legions—the brave and faithful Kheran. [*Flourish, &c.*

Mir. (*aside.*) Sure Persia's God, the ever-burning Sun, has shot into my heart his fiercest rays; else are the demons of revenge and envy tearing it piecemeal with their poisoned fangs.[13]

Emp. Bring forth the sacred banner of the Elephants, and deliver it to Kheran, captain of the mighty legions.

Music. A golden altar, on the back of an image of an elephant in ivory and gold, is brought forward, borne by six priests, magnificently habited, each carrying a flaming tusk in gold; six other priests bear the sacred banner, on which is embroidered the figure of an elephant. The ceremony of consecrating the banner is performed, whilst all present march in procession round the altar.

Emp. Administer the oath. Then, Kheran, to the Valley of Emeralds; to thy charge we confide Fantullah's safety.

Kher. (*aside.*) Ha!—then let the dotard and his minion tremble.

Priest. Swear allegiance to the rightful sovereign of Eloris.

Kher. I swear.

Priest. And that, in safety, you will convey the Princess Fantullah to her lover's arms.

Kher. (*emphatically.*) Aye, to her *lover's* arms,[14] I swear.

Music. Kheran kneels and kisses the banner, which is delivered to him. A splendid jewel, in the form of an elephant's tusk, is then slung round his neck.

Emp. 'Tis well. Kheran, present this ring to the guardians of the Valley of Emeralds; they will deliver the Princess to your care. Instantly prepare for your departure: we will, in person, attend you to the city gates. The Arab Osmar and the Fiery Spirit inspire no fears for Fantullah's safety in the soul of Sama-Shah;—Kheran is Fantullah's protector across the perilous desert.

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[11] An army of elephants! Surely this advance in the art and mystery of catering for the public taste is premature! Why not reserve it till the enlightened British public is heartily sick of witnessing the "extraordinary evolutions of the magnificent stud of horses" on the national stages? Then, indeed, behemoths if you please.

[12] See note [4].

[13] If this be not fine writing, the deuce is in it.

[14] We suspect this to be a piece of villanous equivocation; but we shall see.

Wilk. (*aside.*) He isn't safe back yet. Shou'dn't halloo till you are out of the wood.

Emp. Mirza—Kheran—equally my sons in love—embrace.

Mir. (*embracing Kheran, says aside.*) So shall my dagger and his heart ere long.

Kher. (*aside.*) Soon shall a rougher grasp assure the minion of wronged Kheran's *love.*

Wilk. (*gliding off.*) Now I know all I want to know. D. I. O., as we say in Old England.[15] [*Exit.*

Emp. Now—away!

This is the signal for the most magnificent procession that ever yet was seen on any stage; whilst the Chorus resumes—

"Hail to great Sama-Shah!" &c.

Scene II.—*A splendid Ante-Chamber in the Palace.—Enter* Bob Wilkins *cautiously.* (*His own dress, which is now seen under his disguise, must be a ludicrous jumble of articles of English and of Arab costume.*)

Wilkins. Well, I'll be hanged if I hav'n't managed it nicely! Yesterday says my friend Osmar, the Arab chief, to me—"Wilkins, my friend, I wish you'd go to the city of Eloris, contrive to get into the palace, find out what this solemn assembly is about, and bring me word." I set off, meet one of the Emperor's servants, cut his throat, jump into his jacket, and there I am, snug. Pretty news for my friend Osmar, that Mirza-Mhera is to marry the Princess Fantullah, when he's in love with her himself! But he is not the man to take the matter quietly while he has at his command thirty thousand as fine fellows as ever cut a throat, and possesses for his friend and prime minister—me!—(Kheran *appears and listens.*)—Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing. Only think that I, Bob Wilkins, formerly keeper of an à-la-mode-beef shop in the Old Bailey, should become the intimate friend of a furious Arab chief![16] What a change! With this little coaxer (*draws a large carving-knife*) I used to cut up beef for my friends; now it serves to tickle up the mutton of my foes.[17] Then I'm in love with Bulbul, the Princess's favourite attendant, and she's in love with me.[18] If I should make Mrs. Wilkins of her, and carry her home, how the folks in the Old Bailey will stare to see a pretty little Persian cut up à-la-mode beef! It will bring custom to the shop. Mustn't call her Bulbul, though: it is such a queer name, the people would laugh at it. Let me see, what shall I call her? (*Appears lost in thought.*)

(Kheran *comes forward; he has a scroll in his hand.*)

Kher. This is more than my best hopes had pictured to me. Sure, to execute my mission was this slave, by my good genius, hither sent. I will secure his fidelity by working on his fears. Slave, your life is in my power: I have overheard all you have said.

Wilk. Have you? That may be Persian politeness; but it would be called very rude behaviour in the Old Bailey.

Kher. You are the friend of the fierce Osmar, and therefore——

Wilk. Not easily to be frightened.

Kher. You have murdered a servant of the Emperor's, and——

Wilk. Don't call it murder, if you please—that's a queer word in the Old Bailey. But I'll tell you how it was. You must know I had particular occasion for his clothes; so, for fear he should catch his death of cold without them, I killed him. Do you take?

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[15] The humour of this part is now beginning to appear.

[16] "Only think," indeed! But instances of similar freaks of Fortune are by no means rare—in the British [horse] drama.

[17] The humour of this part is evidently formed after the best models of the kind.

[18] Of course.

Kher. I have but to speak the word, the guard will approach, and you are a dead man.

Wilk. (*looking off.*) Ay; but just at this moment we are but one to one, and it would be as much as your ears are worth to do it—let me tell you that, Captain Swagger.

Kher. How, audacious reptile! do you brave my power?

[*Draws his scymitar.*

Wilk. Now just put up that little shiner of yours, or I'll let you see the first cousin to it before you can ask for four-pen'north of à-la-mode beef.

Kher. This insolence is too much.

He rushes at Wilkins—Wilkins draws his knife—they fight—Wilkins overpowers and disarms him.

Wilk. There, my lad, your life is now in my power. It would be no more than you deserve to serve you as I would a salt buttock, and cut you up in slices. How my friends in the Old Bailey would stare to see me crowing over the Captain-General of the Army of Elephants[19].

Kher. Devil, or more than man! What art thou?

Wilk. An Englishman! And to prove it, I spare your life.

Kher. Generous stranger!

Wilk. Now you may get up—there's your sword—and I'd bet a wager you'll never come in the way of an Englishman again.

Kher. Are all thy race thus generous and valiant?

Wilk. Aye; and there's not a man of us would have acted differently. 'Tis an Englishman's pride to leather a foe as long as he stands, and to pick him up when he has knocked him down[20].

Kher. Embrace me; every brave man is Kheran's friend.

Wilk. Not so fast, if you please. I have given you a drubbing, so we are no longer foes; but as to being friends, there must be two words to that bargain. We little islanders are not so hasty in our friendships.

Kher. (*aside.*) Wondrous nation!—Englishman, a word. You are the friend of the fierce robber Osmar, the terror of the territories which on the confines of the Yellow Desert stretch out their immeasurable tracts.

Wilk. Robber! A little more respect towards my friend, or——

Shows his knife.

Kher. His mighty prowess I admire, and fain would be his friend.

Wilk. (*aside.*) This is a pleasant fellow! He's for being every body's friend. You require some service of him I suppose?

Kher. This scroll will speak my wishes. Convey it to him. By aiding Kheran in his daring project, fortune—power—nay, even empire, may be the reward of the Arab Osmar.

Wilk. Well, I'll tell him what you say, and I've no doubt he'll do all he can to serve you, if he finds he is likely to get anything by it. You great men are always forward enough to serve one another when you can serve yourselves by so doing[21].

Kher. The army of elephants is encamped without the city walls. I go to lead it onwards towards the Valley of Emeralds. Ere this day's sun in golden splendour shall have sunk to rest, that army will have reached the confines of the Yellow Desert. (*Looking cautiously about.*) I will not, as the babbling dotard Sama-Shah would have me, traverse at once those trackless plains. My project needs delay to lend it force. There

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[19] Upon this point we are at issue with Mr. Wilkins. If his friends in the Old Bailey were of a theatrical turn, they would not stare in the least at witnessing the defeat of a Persian General-in-Chief by an English buffoon. Such incidents are common in the horse-drama.

[20] The *utility* of these compliments to the national character is manifest: every theatre has its galleries.

[21] A delicate touch of satire.

will I halt till gallant Osmar shall return my greeting. Haste then—away—this scroll proclaims the rest.

Wilk. I'm off. I have a capital horse in waiting. Ha, ha, ha! If any of my friends in the Old Bailey could see me on an Arabian horse!

Kher. (smiling.) Where's the place thou speak'st of?

Wilk. An ignorant fellow! Asks where the Old Bailey is! Do you just go to London, and *you'll* soon find your way to the Old Bailey, I'll answer for it. Do you take, old Blackbeard? Ha, ha, ha[22]! [*Exit.*

Kher. The die is cast! Kheran no more will enter Eloris' walls but as Eloris' sovereign. Ere to-morrow's sun shall set, Fantullah *shall* meet a lover's gaze—a lover's fond embrace. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—*An open Country without the City Walls*—The Emperor—Mirza-Mhera, &c. *discovered—The army of Elephants is drawn up in marching order—One Elephant, more richly caparisoned than the rest (on which is borne the sacred banner), is in the front of the Stage.*

Emperor.—'Tis strange brave Kheran comes not.

Mir. (aside.) Nor will he if my emissary's poniard find its fitting sheath—my hated rival's heart.

Emp. Despatch a messenger to seek the valiant chief.

Cries without, "Kheran, Kheran."

Enter Kheran *dragging forward a slave.*

Kher. Villain, in presence of thy offended monarch declare who placed the treacherous instrument within thy murderous grasp.

Mir. (aside.) Confusion! He has missed his aim.

Emp. What may this mean?

Kher. Sire, as hither I did come, this villain rushed on my unguarded way, and with uplifted dagger aimed at my heart. This jewel turned the blow; I seized the coward and disarmed him.

Emp. Lead him to instant death.

Kher. First bid him speak the name of his employer.

Mir. (Rushing towards him as he is about to speak, and stabbing him.) Be it mine to avenge this outrage on my friend. Die, base assassin, die! *(The slave is carried off.)*

Kher. (sarcasticaly.) Kheran is grateful to his *friend* for this. Discretion ever was good Mirza's virtue. The dead betray no tales.

Mir. Ha! am I suspected?

Kher. No matter: Sire, I now depart.

Emp. Mine and thy country's blessing on thee, valiant Kheran. This preservation from the assassin's blow gives promise of success to the great object of this expedition. Away.

Kheran's elephant is brought forward—it kneels—he mounts it.

Kher. Forward! March!

Music. The army of Elephants marches off. It is seen moving in the distance—clouds of sand rise, and it is soon hidden from view. Meantime, the Emperor, followed by his Court, the people, &c., go off in procession another way; while the music gradually becomes fainter.

N.B. This procession must be even more magnificent than the first[23].

Scene IV.—*Secret entrance to the Valley of Emeralds.*

Enter Bulbul.

Bul. Heigho! where can my dear Wilkins be all this while! Here am

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[22] 'Tis well for us "that boy" is off, or he would certainly have been "the death of us."

[23] More magnificent! And that was "the most magnificent that ever yet was seen on any stage!" How, where, or when are these magnificencies to reach their climax of magnificence?

I, poor little Bulbul, the principal attendant on the Princess Fantullah, waiting for my lover at the secret entrance to the Valley of Emeralds. I wonder why Osmar has sent him all the way to Eloris just at this time. There is Osmar in the valley along with the Princess. If it were known to the Emperor, we should all be tied up in sacks and thrown into the sea. Well, they are a handsome couple, and deserve to be happy. O that my lover were come!

Song (eight lines in each verse).

1st Verse.

Ti-tum-ti, &c.
For he's my only treasure.

2nd Verse,

Ti-tum-ti, &c.
For he's my only treasure.[24]

But what do I see! That milk-white courser pressing onward—and now it stops—ah! 'tis he—'tis my true love come at last.

Enter WILKINS.

Wil. Aye, 'tis he indeed, my sweet little Bulbul.

Bul. But just tell me what has detained you so long?

Wil. I stopped at the Camp thinking to find my friend Osmar; but Jaffnah, the dumb second-in-command,[25] told me he was here at the Valley of Emeralds.

Bul. Jaffnah, who is dumb, told you so, did he? Ha, ha, ha!

Wil. You may laugh, but you know Jaffnah speaks as intelligibly by signs as we do with our tongues.[26] Osmar saved his life, and Jaffnah, the grateful fellow, would lose his own to serve him. Though I believe they are quits as it is, for Osmar once told me that Jaffnah preserved him when an infant, and is the only witness on earth as to who Osmar really is. Though I am Osmar's friend, he has never yet let me into that secret.

Bul. I wish he would tell me.

Wil. Trust a woman with a secret! A pretty joke, indeed![27]

Bul. I long to see old England, for you have told me so many fine things about it.[28]

Wil. And so you shall; and when there I'll teach you to sing—Bless the King and all the royal family.

Duet.

He. O, how happy shall we be!
She. Happy, loving, gay, and free!
(*Sing eight lines more alternately.*[29])
Together. { Happy, free,
{ We shall be.

[*Exeunt.*

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[24] *Sic* MS. This is a wise economy both of time and brains on the part of the poet. He furnishes just as much of a song as is usually uttered by the singer so as to be intelligible to the audience—the burthen, the last line of each verse.

[25] It is so much easier to a certain class of *artistes* to execute with grace and agility an equestrian manœuvre, and to discourse by gesture and attitude, than to deliver two lines of dialogue without committing six offences against the laws of elocution, that a judicious (equestrian) dramatist will always find a pretext for constraining one or more of his principal actors to silence. Hence the frequency of a dummy in horse-pieces.

[26] At the least—sometimes.

[27] So one would imagine, considering its frequency on these occasions.

[28] This speech does not seem to occur in the natural course of the dialogue, but it produces the *telling* reply of Wilkins, and may be excused by the reason adduced in note [20].

[29] Accounted for by note [24].

Scene V.—*The Valley of Emeralds;* OSMAR *and* FANTULLAH *discovered, seated on a bank of roses.*

Fan. Why in my Osmar's mind still lurks the canker of disquietude? Shall not Fantullah, soon to be thy wife, partake her future husband's confidence?

Osm. Since thou wilt know, then listen. Vague rumours to my camp have lately crept of preparations vast within the walls of proud Eloris' city; 'tis hinted, too, thy future fate, Fantullah, is their object. Thy fate! And when thy fate hangs on the breath of one—the mighty Sama-Shah, thy father—who with that breath hath power to bid thee hence, and tear thee, for ever, from thy Osmar's presence—tell me, can Osmar's soul be tranquil?

Fan. Fear nought, dear Osmar.

Osm. To Eloris have I dispatched my faithful friend[30]—he from the happy shores of Albion, land of liberty and love—to learn the truth of these so dreaded rumours. Till he return can I be less than anxious?

Fan. Dost thou then doubt Fantullah's truth? Fantullah will resign a Princess' station, and follow to his desert-home her Arab chief; and in his tent be happier far than seated on a throne.

Osm. (aside.) As soon she shall be; but till I have further proved her constancy I'll not reveal myself.—But come, approach ye nimble-footed Bayaderes; the Princess tasks you to the utmost power of your sweet mysteries. Let the dance begin. [*He leads* FANTULLAH *to the bank of roses*.

GRAND BALLET,

PERFORMED ENTIRELY BY FEMALES!

After strangers have withdrawn,[31] *the ballet is interrupted by the sudden entrance of* WILKINS *and* BULBUL.

Wilk. (to Osm.) A word.

Osm. Any news?

Wilk. Any news indeed! Why, in London, one-half the news I have for you would make an extraordinary Gazette. Kheran is appointed commander of the Army of Elephants, Mirza-Mhera is to marry the Princess Fantullah, and Kheran is on his way hither to escort the Princess to Eloris.

Osm. How say'st thou! Nay, then, the blow must now be struck, or never may Kassan-Shah, the rightful emperor of Eloris, ascend the throne his ancestors bequeathed him.

Wilk. That's likely enough, considering that Kassan-Shah was murdered in his infancy.

Osm. My friend, you have yet to learn[32]—but no matter—proceed.

Wilk. Well, then, Kheran desires an interview with you.

Osm. Whate'er this meeting may import, Kheran may advance in safety. But the Princess, if I leave her now, she may be lost to me for ever! One word decides for us. Fantullah, say, was thy boasted proof of constancy a tissue of mere words, or would you follow Osmar to his humble tents?

Fan. Ungenerous Osmar! Put me to the trial.

Osm. At once, away then. Thy father sends to bear thee hence, and once within Eloris' walls for ever art thou lost to Osmar.

Fan. Ha! would they tear me from thee! No, never shall they do

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[30] That is, Bob Wilkins, late the keeper of an à-la-mode beef shop in the Old Bailey! But see note [16].

[31] We give this stage direction entire as we find it. What *can* be meant by the somewhat parliamentary phrase "after *strangers* have withdrawn?" Can the exciting scene of a "ballet performed entirely by females" be contrived for the purpose of——Oh, no! at least we are not aware of any such "modern instances."

[32] But not just yet.

so! Come, let us hence, dear Osmar, and leave all care for the hereafter to Cupid, God of Love![33]

Bul. It is impossible; the Princess cannot pass these gates without the special order of the Emperor. The guardians of the Valley of Emeralds dare not suffer her to quit it. Their death would pay the forfeit of their disobedience.

Osm. 'Tis but too true.

Fan. Then all our hopes are vain.[34]

Wilk. Not so fast: never despair while I am with you.[35] *(Shows a ring.)* What's this?

Fan. O joy! my father's ring.

Wilk. Who'll oppose us now, I should like to see! The Emperor gave this to Kheran for the very purpose. Master Kheran and I had a sort of tussle together, you must know; and in the fight he dropped it from his finger—and here it is.

Osm. How shall we thank you?

Wilk. By coming out of this place as fast as you can. So take my arm, my little Bulbul, and let us trudge on. Friend Osmar, do you lead the way.

[*Going.*

Guard (approaching). You cannot pass.

Wilk. Can't pass! Come, that's a good joke! *(Draws his knife.)* Pray, friend, did you ever happen to peep in at my shop-window in the Old Bailey, and see me knock off a chicken's head at a stroke?

Guard. No trifling; attempt to pass and you are a dead man.

Wilk. Am I? *(Shows the ring.)* Just look at this, my little bantam.

Guard. Ha! the Emperor's ring! Pass.

Wilk. So, it is *pass* now, is it? But I say, my friend, if ever you venture to talk to Bob Wilkins again about his being a dead man, he'll just whisk off your head, turban and all; make a foot-ball of it, and trundle it all the way to Eloris. Ha, ha, ha! *(Laughs heartily.)*

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—*A ravine leading to the Yellow Desert.*

Enter KHERAN.

Khe. Yet no reply from Osmar! Should he refuse his aid, then must Khoraddin, the fiery spirit of the Deserts, be invoked, and he will lend me his unearthly succour. But, hark! I hear the tramp of a speed-impelled courser. Ha! this way the sound is borne. I see the rider's form down-bent with urging haste. An Arab, by his garment. Ha! he is here. (JAFFNAH, *on horseback, gallops on.)* Speak! art thou friend or foe? (JAFFNAH *makes a sign that he is unarmed)* Unarmed! Thou art Jaffnah, Osmar's faithful follower, and bringest Osmar's greeting to Kheran: I am he. (JAFFNAH, *by signs, expresses his unwillingness to doubt a gentleman's word; but, at the same time, his mission being of deep importance, he is bound to exercise the utmost circumspection in the execution of it.*[36]) Nay, doubt it not—let this convince thee. *(Shows the tusk suspended round his neck, and* JAFFNAH *delivers him a scroll—he reads.)* "Follow my faithful mute—he will conduct thee safely to Osmar's presence." Enough; I follow thee. Now, then, the die is cast.

(JAFFNAH *blows a bugle; instantly an Arab gallops in, dismounts, and*

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[33] Pretty; but not strictly Persian.

[34] Do the ingrates forget their friend from the Old Bailey?

[35] We were sure of him.

[36] So much is attempted by certain professors of the pantomimic art, that we do not despair of *seeing* Hamlet's soliloquies, or even a chapter in Locke, delivered by signs.

gives his horse to KHERAN, *who mounts it.* JAFFNAH, *after making several turns about the stage*[37], *gallops off, followed by* KHERAN.

Scene VII.—*The Arab Encampment by Moonlight; Horses in various picturesque groups and positions are seen; a quantity of Men strewed about amongst them*[38]. *On the right is a perpendicular Cataract, on the left an inaccessible mountain, and in the distance an impregnable Fortress. Beyond this is seen the lonely Pyramid of the Fiery Spirit Khoraddin.*

Enter ——.

* * * * * * * * *

[We had intended to give the whole of this splendid, grand, magnificent, eastern, equestrian, elephantic spectacle; but having presented our readers with sufficient to convey to them a general notion of its plot—of the powerfully-fine writing of the serious portions of its dialogue—and of the wit and humour of the comic, we will proceed no further—nor need we. The principal business of the remainder is clearly indicated by the description of Scene VII.; and even the more minute points will be easily anticipated by such of our readers as have witnessed the exhibitions of this kind during the last twenty years. Kheran will, of course, invoke the fiery spirit, who will, of course, in exchange for his soul, invest him with a magic talisman, which, in the hour of his need, will of course fail him. There will, of course, be a general battle between the horses and the elephantine legions; troops of cavalry will, of course, rush down the perpendicular cataract; the inaccessible mountain will, of course, be scaled, and the impregnable fortress will, of course, be taken. The women will, of course, be in the midst and thickest of the fight, and, of course, escape unhurt. Osmar, of course, the victor, will, of course, be declared the rightful heir to the throne; of course he will marry Fantullah, who, of course, will give Bulbul in marriage to Bob Wilkins, who, of course, has performed prodigies of valour, and who also, of course (he the said à-la-mode beef man) is made prime minister to the new emperor of Eloris. Of course, the whole will conclude with the appearance of the fiery spirit of the desert, who will, of course, bear away the traitor Kheran, in the midst of the most magnificent display of crimson-and-blue fire, of course, ever presented on any stage.]

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[37] There seems to be no other necessity for such an evolution than—that it is always performed.

[38] "*Men* strewed about amongst them!" Were not the word in the MS. as plain as a pike-staff, we should have been inclined to read *saw-dust*. But we must not complain; men have had their day on the stage—'tis the horses' turn now. They cannot both be uppermost in consideration at the same time.

THE BOBOLI GARDENS, FLORENCE.

A CHARM-BUILT lovely Nature!—but severe
Reined in and stately!—Here the alley-walks
Seem proud of their court-chains, with walls of clear
Colossal verdure, built all round, and roofed
With the broad bending skies, at eventide
One uniformity of unbroken blue
Depth within depth, a bold embracing frame
To the earth's picture. Every nameless hue,
From the sharp bronzing light which takes direct
Yon mass of shadows in their midst, to greens
Of thick sepulchral darkness; sullen greys,
And gleams of mystic wanness, sad cold blacks
Spread pall-like near the day, and riotously
Dashes of red rejoicing in their strength,—
All, all, are here, a wayward crowd, best seen
Tangled with noontide dreams, thro' half-shut eye,
When buried voices wake, and the moved heart
Gives up its prisoners. Here let us pause
Awhile, and breathe; life moves within us here
Like the faint flow and ebb of sleep:—how smooth
Peace spreads upon the world! here let us sit
By the blue stone bench, muffled well with things
Of every beauty, prodigal, and proud,
And overflushed with life—or near you broad
And tranquilling glass of waters, starred
With bashful flowers, or with the haughtier crowd
Of foreign beauties, shrub with linked shrub
Mosaic bright, the sultry hours wear down,
Building our reveries for many a day
Thro' the long future. What fair shapes are these!
Peeping at every step, from mystic nook,
Then lost again—then found: bevies of nymphs,
Naiads, and warriors bowered in wood, or case,
And happy islands, floating some, some fixed
In the mid-waters, chapletted with flowers,
Or high pasillimed with a waste of wood
Let forth at once. Lo! in the midst, as god
Of the well-guarded lake, strong Neptune sits,
Wrapt in his deity, on his car of sponge
Now frozen into stone, and by him sweep
Deep-plunging horse and horsemen; and still on
Her white uncumbered side, the lake-nymph swells
Half-arched, above the waters, to the eye
Of lurking satyr, and the waters glide
Wooingly round her, as for love, or now
Sudden, like spark on spark, from Triton conch
Strike out grotesquely. Fair and solemn spot!
I must not soon forget thee!

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.—NO. V.

Predecessors of Mathews.—Foote was the founder of what Miss Kelly might call the *sola* system; in his performance, however, he was aided by others. After him, Tate, Wilkinson, and many others, gave entertainments à la Foote; then G. A. Steevens started with his Lectures on Heads; Lee Lewis followed in his footsteps; Henderson gave some readings at the Freemasons' Tavern; and the thing was getting out of fashion when Collins started his Evening Brush; then Aaron Kean (uncle, as it is said by some, father, as reputed by others, of the tragedian) gave a mixed performance of stories, songs, ventriloquism, and legerdemain. Charles Dibdin about this time commenced his entertainments, which, from their literary merits, rather than his powers, either vocal or mimetic, were extraordinarily attractive; he very happily fell in with the feeling of the time, and made as much by the sale of his songs as by the performance. Edwin contemplated an "At Home" a little before his death. When Dibdin's years increased, and his attraction failed, a season or two elapsed without any adventurer starting. Bannister was induced at last to open his "Budget" at the Freemasons': he was succeeded by the man who is indeed in himself a theatre.

Charles Dibdin.—It has been said that his pathetic ballads were really from the pen of Bickerstaff, who fled from England many years since, but who had been a kind friend to Dibdin in his youth and poverty. Dr. Kitchener, who was a warm admirer of Dibdin, believed that two or three songs were Bickerstaff's; but admitting, for argument's sake, thirty to have been his, enough are left to prove Charles a first-rate lyrist in his peculiar style. Poor Dibdin was very Mahomedan in his notions respecting the other sex, and he generally gave feasts on the birth-days of his sultanas; when I knew him two feast-days per week must have been about the average. He was a shrewd man—an accurate, not an acute observer—a good musician—had an extensive voice, but almost wholly without tone: his style of entertainment would not be endured now—it was too sentimental—there never was a hearty laugh to be had out of him.

George Alexander Steevens.—It is perhaps little known that this celebrated man, whose reputation in his day was greater as it is now less than it ought to be, expired "a driveller and a shew;" nay, what is still worse, lived for years a piteous spectacle of dotage and imbecility. I well remember in my boyhood seeing poor Steevens led about by a footboy; he was in a hopeless state as regarded his intellect, though he was not very old (he did not *appear* above fifty or fifty-five), nor was he suffering from any bodily infirmity. Mr. Ireland (father of Shakspeare Ireland) told many anecdotes of Steevens—his distresses, his humour, and his subsequent good fortune. By his lecture on heads he netted in America, about 1765, upwards of 2000*l.*, and was the first English dramatic adventurer who went through the States. A poem of his, similar in character to Savage's "Bastard," contained some powerful writing; speaking of himself in this, he says—

> "Pleased with each passion, I pursued their aim,
> Cheered the gay pack and grasped the guilty game;
> Revelled regardless, leaped reflection o'er,
> 'Till youth, 'till health, fame, fortune, are no more."

If his early life had been one of riot and pleasure, never was there commentary more awfully striking than his appearance (say 1778 or 1779)—pale, slavering, and idiotic, tottering and laughing vacantly, as he went down Swallow-street and through the cross street to Hay-hill, which was then the walk they took him every morning: he was subsequently removed to the country, but he never recovered—he died in 1784 or 1785.

The three Drury-lane Theatres.—Old Drury-lane, or, as it was generally called, Garrick's theatre, was taken down in 1791 : it was about the size of the present Haymarket theatre. The Old Drury that arose in 1793 (and which was burnt down in 1809) held 3,611 persons, producing 826*l.* 6*s.*; Drury-lane, built in 1812, would hold 2,810 persons, producing 750*l.*; and Drury-lane, as altered by Mr. Beasley, in 1822, holds 2,790 persons, producing 748*l.*

Original Professions of Performers.—Very few actors have been regularly bred to the stage, as the following list of professions, trades, and callings, in which they were originally engaged, and which they left for the sock and buskin, will show :—

Law, in the various branches of that profession—Serle, Harley, Buckstone, Browne, George Smith, Munden, T. Knight, Wrench.

Physic—Young, Sherwin, Rumball, Stephen Kemble.

Divinity—John and Charles Kemble.

Army, in different ranks—Warde, Yates, Jack Johnstone, G. F. Cooke, Hooper, Mude, Benson Hill, and Sinclair.

Navy—Incledon, Pearman, G. Bennett, T. P. Cooke, O. Smith, W. Bennett.

Artists—Bannister, Pope, E. Knight (little Knight).

Printers—Oxberry (the late), Blanchard, Keeley, Charles Baker, Wilson (the singer), Davidge.

Mathews was a bookseller; Liston a schoolmaster; Jones an architect; Reeve a banker's clerk.

Kean, the two Wallacks, Emery, F. and J. Vining, Grimaldi, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Gibbs, and Mrs. C. Kemble, were bred from infancy (with two exceptions, and in those cases from very early years) to the stage.

A Stage Trick.—A comedian at present in great repute was some seven or eight years since in great embarrassments, and, to use his own phrase, could not street-ize; he ate, drank, and slept in the theatre; divers scions of the Doe family essayed in vain; at length D——s, the officer, got admittance to the theatre during a rehearsal. "Faustus" was about to be produced, and had the comedian been secured the theatre would have been reduced to great inconvenience. D—— watched his victim, and was walking towards him, when the actor, with extraordinary presence of mind, threw himself upon the vampire trap*, and went through the stage, as if by magic. That piece of stage machinery (now common in many pieces) had then never been exhibited in London. The officer grew terrified, and picking his way over the stage, like a tabby over a muddy crossing, walked out of the theatre.

W. Farren's Shylock.—For this character, though out of his usual line, Mr. Farren has a great desire, and frequently plays it for his benefit. He is not very portly now, but when he enacted Shylock at Birmingham, he was certainly one of Pharaoh's lean kine. The performance went pretty smoothly until Shylock says—

> "The pound of flesh that I demand is mine,
> 'Tis dearly bought, and I will have it."

When a fellow in the gallery called out, "Oh! let old skinny have the pound of flesh, you can see he wants it bad enough."

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* To the uninitiated it may be necessary to say that these traps are formed of part of the boarding of the stage, detached from the rest, and put on hinges; they are kept up by pullies and a weight nearly according to the weight of the individual who is to dash through; his additional weight, and the impetus with which he comes, makes the boards yield and he falls into a sort of hammock which is continually slung beneath. The effect, as most of my readers know, is extraordinary and startling—the operation occupies less than two seconds.

Imitators.—During the twenty years following the death of Johnson, I remember several persons resembling him in appearance, and who aped his manner, and, as I have been told, correctly copied his speech. And I have observed this throughout my life to be a national peculiarity, that either at the time of a great man's popularity, or just after his death, many persons bearing naturally considerable resemblance to the illustrious one suddenly appear, and by dint of application actually acquire a tone of speaking, and perhaps even of thought, in accordance with their prototype. How many Byrons and Cannings—curled lips, high foreheads, and all—can you not call to mind, reader, amid your own observings during the last dozen years? It always was, and I presume always will be so—man is a mimicking animal.

Abbott returning Thanks.—At one of the Garrick Club dinners, amid other toasts, "The Dramatists of the Day" was proposed very late in the evening; there were only one or two persons who had written for the stage present. Abbott, after a pause, rose, and said, "Gentlemen, allow me to return my thanks as one, and on behalf, of a *very large class of dramatists*, I having had a farce *damn'd* last season."

Elliston was infected with the speech-making mania, which had previously been the peculiarity of Palmer. Robert William was never so happy as when it became necessary to "address the house." When Mrs. Bland, then labouring under mental imbecility, took a benefit at Drury, he, deeming it requisite to be oratorical and pathetic, made a long and not very successful speech, and was working up his energies to conclude with a magnificent climax, which came off as follows:—"For your kindness to her this night, ladies and gentlemen, she will bless you! her children will bless you! heaven will bless!" the voice rising at each exclamation, and after a great effort, "I WILL BLESS YOU!" A roar of laughter was the orator's reward.

Barrington (the Pickpocket) and Mrs. Siddons.—One York assizes, after the auditors had left the theatre, Mrs. Siddons, who had only to go from thence to the Black Swan in Coney-street, was waiting with her female friend at the stage-door for Mr. Siddons to escort them home. A gentleman of elegant appearance was waiting opposite the house, and observing Mrs. Siddons, crossed over, and addressing her by name, said, he feared she might be endangered by the cold, and begged her to excuse him for requesting to forget he was a stranger, and with her friend accept his escort to her lodgings. Mrs. Siddons was a woman of too good principles to have any affectations: she accepted the arm of the stranger, and as she was going homewards remarked, that what made her more timorous was the fact of hearing that Barrington the pickpocket was in the town. The gentleman saw Mrs. Siddons and friend to her door, and putting the latter in first, detained Mrs. Siddons one second whilst she begged to know his name at least, as he positively refused to walk in. "My dear madam," he said, "pray be under no apprehension wherever you are about Barrington; he will never injure you; good night, Madam—I am Barrington." He bowed, and was out of sight in a moment. He went wherever Mrs. Siddons was engaged as a star; the crowds attracted by her acting favouring his depredations, which were always committed upon those he sat next in the box. He was ultimately taken at Newcastle theatre whilst Mrs. Siddons was acting, and identified by Mr. Stephen Kemble the then manager; he that night robbed a Catholic Priest of a gold watch. This was his last essay, he then

"Left his country for his country's good."

SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS:

THE BOCHER* OF RED-GAP LANE.

It was a clear, cool, calm evening in the month of April—an Irish April—that weeps more and smiles less than an English one;—the grass was of a brilliant greenery, such as hath won for my poor country the title of "Emerald Isle;" and its brightness was increased by those judicious contrasts in which nature so much delights. The meadows at either side of the lane, leading to the Red-Gap, were starred with daises, white and pearl-like, their petals spreading around their yellow eyes that gazed upwards, delighting in the rays of the sun which had called them into existence;—yellow tufts of laughing butter-cups stood up with greater pretention than their snowy neighbours, inasmuch as they might be some half-inch taller, a distinction in which they vainly gloried. The lesser celandine opened millions of its blossoms beneath the sheltered thickets of the golden furze; and though you saw them not, you *felt* that violets were here—even, as a poet, new amongst us, sings, where

——— "the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass."

There were thousands of those flowers along the broken hedge-rows that skirted the narrow lane, and you might see, if at all acquainted with the localities of the place, where the tall green herbs mingled, in all the varieties of fern and robin-run-the-hedge, with the pale cowslip and broad-leaved primrose; you might see, too, just by holding back that wreath of wild plum blossom, the cunning nest of the yellow-hammer, with its pale purple eggs; or still more interesting, the dear robin's domicile, known by the brown withered leaves which he piles around him, doubtless to remind the prying school-boy of his long and much lauded labour for the babes of the wood. In England the fame of that good deed is his shield and buckler, but in Ireland we have a holier legend:—When our Saviour was suffering, the robin, it is said, hovered near the cross to manifest his affection and duty to the Son of God; he kept close to him unto the end, and when the Lord's side was pierced, some of the holy blood sprinkled the robin's breast, and the precious symbol was permitted to remain thereon as a record of his fidelity.

There are but few forest-trees in this my landscape; two only, stunted ones, yonder, still quite bare of leaf; but in the tallest there is a magpie's nest, like a huge cone of thorns, and the airy monkey-birds, its proprietors, are, brim full of mischief, careering and scamping over fields and meadows, and frequently disputing with the Bocher's solitary pig his meal of potatoes.

It is impossible justly to describe the freshness of that evening hour, as two young girls met at the commencement of the lane we have endeavoured briefly to mark out. One came over a stile leading from the opposite side of the road, and her rosy feet were moistened with the dew upon

* Lame man.

which she had been treading. The maiden was brown and comely, with a bright black eye, and a smiling lip; her linsey-woolsey petticoat was rather of the shortest, but her bosom was carefully shrouded by a kerchief of crimson silk, which lent a still deeper hue to the already bright colour of her round and dimpled cheeks. She bounded across the road towards a tall delicate girl, whose deportment was more grave, more placid, rather, than her own, and, in a voice somewhat of the loudest, exclaimed—

"Well, Miss Ally—there you are before me after all;—now if that isn't always the way with your quiet asy-going girls; when they take on, they are ever up to the most mischief—as pleasant as a summer's Sunday when nobody 's thinking of it;—but Alice, darlint! what ails you now?—why you've been crying!—and nobody ever had luck or grace who went to the Bocher of the Red-Gap with a wet cheek."

The person the lively Ellen Boyle addressed was evidently of a rank superior to her own—not exactly a lady, but something between the peasant and absolute gentility—the daughter of a gentleman farmer—of one who was a farmer among gentlemen, and a gentleman among farmers—who endeavoured to cope with his betters who despised him—and who was courted by his equals whom he affected to despise;—in a word, stiff Tom Dizney was a keen impudent Irishman, in whom there was an exaggeration both of the faults and the perfections which are supposed to be the birth-right (and, to coin a word, the birth-curse) of his countrymen. Alice was his only child; and as his wife died in giving her birth, she was committed to the fosterage of Ellen Boyle's mother, who performed her duty admirably, and bestowed almost as much affection upon Alice Dizney as upon her own turbulent, troublesome daughter, whom she declared, in the bitterness of her heart, "rolicked the life out of the country, and never picked up a morsel of gentility from the darlint foster-sister, who, with all her beauty and all her goodness, was as mild as new milk, and a pattern to rich and poor on account of her behaviour."

Ellen laughed at her mother and at all besides, and, sooth to say, appeared steady to no one thing except her affection for "Miss Alice," for whom she was ready at any time to sacrifice all her whims and caprices, and indeed they were not a few.

"Did you wait long, Miss Alice?"

"No, Ellen, not long; and yet I think I must have been here some time, too, for the sun is sinking—is almost sunk—and when I came he was—there——."

"Not there, I am sure, Miss, honey—that's where he was when I took my father's dinner at twelve o'clock."

"Well, then, there, yonder, where the light white cloud is coming over the blue, as trouble comes over our contentment."

"If all trouble, darlint, was as quick and away as that white cloud, it's small need somebody would have of going to somebody this blessed evening; but I'm sartin it's two long hours since the sun was there—for when it was——"

"Well, Ellen——"

"There isn't an hour's climb that sun can make but I know it by my work;—I could set it right if it went wrong, God bless it—at five to turn in Machree, and at six to milk her."

"What, Ellen, occupy a whole hour in turning Machree into the bawn before you milk her?—you shall never be my milk-maid."

"I didn't say, did I, I was all that time turning her in?"

"Not exactly; but I concluded as much, by your saying you did not milk till six."

"Ah, Miss, jewell!—what time have I for a little discourse with—you know who!—but betwixt times?—the driving in of Machree, and the milking—just at the far corner near the bohreen, where the lime-tree grows green, and I get such fine blackberries for my little brother——"

"At this season, Ellen?"

"Ah, don't be too hard upon us entirely, and you with a bachelor of your own—or at father's dinner time—indeed you need not laugh;—ever since I hurt my arm helping widow Brady to bind her brestnaugh*, I hav'nt the strength of an infant in it; and the boy only comes to carry father's dinner to him by reason of my poor arm—sorra a taste of pity mother has for it. Ah, Miss Ally, it's well for you—you have no mother to bother and hinder ye at every hand's turn as mine does me——"

"Now do I pray God," interrupted Alice Dizney, with a sudden burst of feeling much at variance with her usual gentleness, "that he has not heard the saying you have just said in your foolishness, Ellen; for sure the penance would be hard that could take it out. Well for me, is it, that I have no mother!—well for me that I have no one to teach me as a woman what I am to think and do!—well for me that no mother's kiss ever blessed my lips!—well for me that no mother's prayer ever whispered its way to God's throne for me in health or in sickness!—well for me that there is no mother's eye to look over the common or down the lane to see if I am coming!—well for me that there is no mother's ear to listen, and, among the tramp of many feet, to hear only her child's!—well for me that, with a hard, though maybe kind-hearted father, I am alone in my own counthry!—and if I were to die, (which who knows but I may, and soon?) is it well for me, Ellen, that a strange hand should fasten my shroud, and that my body would be laid in the cold clay without a mother's tear?"

Poor Ellen was terrified, like a child that runs from the peal its own hands have set ringing. Although she loved her foster-sister she could not understand her; and now she only felt that she had done wrong, very wrong, and yielding to the impulse of her affectionate heart, she flung herself on her knees and exclaimed,—

"Oh, Miss Alice!—alone in your counthry, with your fine man of a father,—and the farm,—and you the first fortune in the parish, only Miss Jeffers that 's not to be named the one time with you,—to say nothing of my craythur of a mother *who lives upon your breath*,—nor myself, who'd die every day ten times over, morning, noon, or night, to bring the colour to ye'r cheek, or the cheerful bate in your heart,—and you to say that you're alone in your country! Oh, take back the word, darling, or my bosom will burst open with the sorrow to think of your even'en death to yourself, and ye looking such a beauty entirely in that blue moreno that Miss Jeffers wanted to say was English 'till I taught

* Bundle of Sticks.

her the differ. Oh hould up your heart, if it was only for the sake of him!"—and Ellen, with admirable tact, which after all is nothing more than the essence of kindliness flavoured by a little art, seized the hand which hung listlessly amid the folds of the "blue moreno," and pressed her finger upon a thin plaiting of gold,—a simple ring which girded the fair Alice's finger. The mute appeal produced some effect: the fair girl raised her hand,—gazed wistfully on the token,—sighed,—shook her head,—and then, without another word, proceeded down Red-Gap Lane towards the Bocher's dwelling. No silent fairy presided at Ellen's birth. She could not hold her tongue,—could not understand tranquillity; and, while Alice walked quietly along, she kept up a sort of running chatter; or, rather, talked to herself, or to anything she encountered, animate or inanimate. Her spirits were perpetually bubbling up,—boiling over,—and she could not command them. Her foster-sister's taciturnity was a matter both of annoyance and condolence to her, and, after in vain endeavouring to draw her into conversation, she would exclaim,—

"Hey, my grief! Miss Allice, honey, it's a mortal pity you can't rouse ye'r heart up like, instead of letting it be down so. Well, to be sure, if there isn't the very same ould hare the Bocher tamed the year of the hard frost! I'd lay anything, for all his hopping so careless there in the clover, he's been down yon at the ould man's parsley which he keeps a-purpose for his bit rabbits. Sure it's the world's wonder the dale of small live things he has about his cabin. And sure that's the wonderful cabin,—a wonder in itself as a body may say: every morsel of wood in it (and it's as good as all wood, *claubered* over with mud) is from the wild sea-drift pieces of *boords* from foreign parts that he gathered himself from along the sea-shore after a storm and wrecks, and the like, and then builded them into a house; and I heard that the very mud of the walls he sprinkled with holy-water,—which was a sin to be sure, though the priest didn't heed it. He's a wonderful man entirely that same Bocher; and has more skill than 'ere a fairy man in the three counties; and more skill in cows, and tossing cups, and reading stars than 'ere another; and a surprising hand at taming horses: almost as good as "the Whisperer" that you couldn't but hear tell of, that went into the stable with Major Claper's horse, Lightning, that no man ever put saddle on; and, having fastened the door and everybody out, whispered one or two secrets into the animal's ear, which set the baste a trembling, and in a lather of foam, so that the horse that went in a devil came out a saint, and, what's more wonderful, never turned devil again,—only like a lamb for innocence and play."

"And what were the secrets?" inquired Alice, half-roused to attention by the mention of a very extraordinary person, whose power of taming the fiercest horse, without any apparent coercion, and that within a very limited space of time, was well known throughout Ireland; "and what were the secrets?"

"Ah! catch a weazel asleep," laughed Ellen, delighted that the spell seemed broken when the silent spoke—"Catch a weazel asleep! he was as careful, maybe more careful, of his secrets than even young ladies of their love; he was close-mouthed, and, barring the horses, never let on to any living mortal what the secret was; sure it's buried with him in the grave now, where it will remain. Well, Miss Alice, I

wouldn't have a secret of that sort for the world; I don't like 'em—they hang about the lips like a cobweb—cling to the tongue like a lump of lead—and the truth is, that whenever I know a secret it keeps creepin', creepin' up my throat, and botherin' me till it gets out. Sure the comfort of it is having it to tell—it makes a body feel somebody, so it does—ye'r sure to have the best corner and the best in the house, for the first news."

"What an excellent person you are to tell a secret to!" observed Alice.

"Troth an' I am, if you knew but all; yet leave off now, for you're laughing at me—I see that as plain as anything; honour bright! as if I couldn't keep a sacret if needful—no matter how uneasy it would make me. Ah! Miss Alice, you don't do me justice, that you don't, nor never did, so you didn't. When your father, his own self, questioned me last night——"

"My father question you, Ellen!" exclaimed Alice, really alarmed; "what could my father question you about?"

"Indeed then, though people call him Stiff Tom Dizney, and say he has no joints in his back bone, yet I find him a civil spoken gentleman, and mighty sweet at times. 'Pretty Nelly,' says he, after I made my curtsey, 'Pretty Nelly, what takes you so often to Cloughiennabourn, to the Post Office? have you, or any belonging to you, a sweetheart at sea?' 'No, Sir,' says I; 'No, Sir,' says I, plump to him at once, and looking innocent-like up in his face. 'You're a mighty pretty girl grown entirely,' says he. 'Thank ye kindly, Sir,' says I, taking the word out of his mouth, and making another curtsey, 'all the young boys do be telling me so; but to be sure your honour's mind is a great deal the best, on account of your age and experience.' Well, he seemed a little put out on account of the age, which no man likes to be tould of by a young girl, but still he was too cute to be put off with that; 'I'm not disputin' the boys' taste, Nelly, which agrees with my own, but maybe there's not many of them would give you this;' and he puts a bran new half-crown piece into my hand; 'and now, Nelly,' says he, 'as you are a staid sober girl, and often with my daughter—why—she's not very well—and if she got a letter from foreign parts it might distress her—make her worse—and I should just like to look at it first—that's all.' 'Ay, Sir,' says I, looking innocenter and innocenter every time, 'to be sure you'd be the fittest, but I'll take my davy if you please that never a line has she got from foreign parts; and as to her writing, sure sorra a pen have you let stay in the house for her to write with.' Well, Miss Alice, it's as thrue as that I'm a living girl this moment, as I said the last lie, the ould white gander that we pulls the pens out of was going past with his goslings to the pond at the same time, and as if he wanted to tell the masther on me, he stretches out his wing, and screams out Gee-he-he-he! Gee-he-he-he! as loud as ever he could; and not satisfied with that, he makes a pluck at me, and he passing; now wasn't it quare, Miss Ally? I told the lie, quite easy and natural-like (though I didn't tell the secret, mind ye)—I told the lie, and sorra a morsel of blush *that* brought to my face; but when the poor dumb thing showed the wing, and gee-he'd, I thought I'd have died with the shame, it seemed so quare-like to be confounded by a silent beast that way; faith, I was ashamed to look the gander in the face!"

"My poor Ellen," sighed Alice, "I would keep you from, not bring you to, shame, and yet——"

"Why sure, Miss Alice, you are not going to take on about that! Sorra a more your father got out of me ——. So you see however uneasy it makes me, I *can* keep a secret—sometimes. Now, darlint, there's the smoke from the Bocher's fire curlin' above the bushes—how pretty the smoke do be of an evening. Somehow of a morning there's nothing in it—only smoke; but after a far journey, or a hard day's work in the fields, the sight of the light, white smoke climbing without 'ere a ladder into the sky from the chimbley of my own cabin, always makes me gay hearted."

"I never thought *your* heart was sad," replied Alice, as they came in sight of the Bocher's curiously-constructed sheeling.

"Och, Ma'am," replied the uncultivated peasant girl, "every hill has its hollow—and every time the wave rises it falls."

No philosopher could have spoken more to the purpose on the changes and chances, the ups and downs of life, than did poor Ellen in her simplicity.

The chimney of the Bocher's dwelling had the appearance of having been once a mast—it was whispered that it had really been the *hollowed* mast of a smuggling vessel; be that as it may, several birds which the kindly habits of the solitary man had rendered almost domestic, flew in and out of various holes towards the top, which he had perforated for their accommodation. Under the eaves of the hut, which a very moderately-sized person could touch without reaching the hand above the head, were the mud-nests of innumerable martins; and the thatch, composed as it was of a strange mingling of rushes and straw—with here and there a blue slate or a red tile—was literally alive with sparrows, who, where they could not find holes, had scooped them, and therein made their nests of hay, lined with feathers, and laid therein each pair—five or six white eggs, spotted with red, in the hope of keeping up the sparrow tribe, which no naturalist that ever I heard of yet dreaded would become extinct—little busy, noisy, destructive chatterers they are. Over the door was a round hole which enabled several pigeons to go in and out—partakers alike of their master's affections and his fare; beneath grunted and grubbed a pig, while a one-eyed grey-faced terrier, whose upper lip, nearly torn off in some rude fray, exposed to view a set of aged, yet most unamiable, teeth, which rendered him certainly a very picturesque, if not a very pleasing personage, kept a careful look out over all living things and their behaviour; the fellow's one eye also possessed the intelligence of two, it was so bright, so keen, so observant—no vile rat, no stoat, no weazel, neither badger, nor cub fox could escape "Fangs," that is, when he thought proper to exert his talents and industry for their destruction; but he was not always disposed to activity—he suffered from the inroads of time, and waged but little war, except indeed that occasionally he would seize on an incautious wild rabbit, never meddling with hares, an animal his master took under his own especial protection, and Fangs protected all his master cared for, a proof of canine friendship which man would do well to imitate. Fangs had seen Ellen so frequently that he treated her as an old acquaintance, moved from his position, and wagged his little stumpy tail in token of recognition. He smelt Alice's hand, and seemed satisfied that

she might be permitted to enter the hut without so much as a suspicious growl; and as she bowed her head in compliance with the rules prescribed by the low door-way, the Bocher from within cried, or rather whispered out,—"Easy—easy—turn your shadow t'other way—there—there—easy—easy—or you'll fright her off her nest.—My *dawshy* darlint you war—keep still, my beauty—there now—there now—easy—easy—Nelly, keep *quite*—will you!—Well, Nelly, sure I am, there was a cross in my star the night you war born, for it 's one of my heart's scalds, you are—Will you, and her that's with you, just keep easy till I settle Vourneen on her nest, or else I'll lay the addling of her eggs on the pair of you!"

Thus warned, the two girls stood on the threshold, Ellen smiling, and even making wry faces at the delay, Alice patiently waiting until she was desired to enter, while the Bocher continued talking to his favourite white pigeon, Vourneen, who appeared to have a way of her own. "It's your coming, Nelly, has bothered the bird!" he exclaimed in an angry tone, "and it 's small sense and worse manners you have, to stand there making faces at the wise man—if wise he be—Ay, stop, now that you're found out, and look as mild as new milk.—Ah! there's more cunning in you than's good for you, any way.—What are you after now? Have you got a new bachelor and sent off the ould one? or have you lost the half of a lucky sixpence? or do you want a cup tossed, (when you want that done, I'll trouble you not to forget to bring the tay, as you did last time,) or do you want to find out whether your colour at the next pattern should be blue or green?—to think of a man like me, and with my knowledge, being bothered about such things by a pack of silly wenches! God be with the times, when those well-born and well-bred came to the lone Bocher of the Red-gap, to know of wars, and signs, and life, and death!—Ah, those war times!"

"Indeed, then, Daddy," replied the mortified Ellen, who had often boasted to Alice that she was one of the Bocher's prime favourites, "indeed, then, Daddy, though you're a little put out now, I can tell you, that many a girl comes from the love and respect she has for yourself, and only that."

"Love!" screamed the Bocher, irritated at the word, "Love!—love for me!—What girl ever loved me!—ever could love this—Ah!—ah!—love a crooked back—a lame, disjointed leg, and a withered arm—respect too—no, no—*not* respect, but fear—sharp, bitter fear!" He continued muttering and murmuring to himself, when, in the midst of his invectives, Vourneen, his favourite, escaped from his assiduities, and flew almost into Alice's bosom; the pretty white creature expanded and contracted the circle of her pink and glowing eyes, and did not seem at all inclined to leave the protection she had chosen, and the Bocher, as he came forth to seek her, seemed both pleased and surprised to see her there. "Oh, Vourneen, Vourneen," he exclaimed, attempting to caress the bird, who made believe to pick at his finger with her fair soft bill—"there's no use fighting against natur, her own two eggs were broke by accident, and I wanted to give her two others—but she knows the differ—she knows the differ now.—You 're in luck, young woman, to have a white pigeon light on your shoulder—you 're in great luck—it's a blessed omen.—Vourneen, agra! it 's long till you'd go to that brown-skinned witch, though you know her fast enough, and good right you have

to remember her, by token of the feathers she pulled out of your tail for mischief."

"Law, Daddy! that was long ago, when I had but small sense."

"Small sense! small sense!" repeated the Bocher, "as if you ever had any other; and now, Mistress Nelly, just because you bothered Stiff Tom Dizney last night, about his daughter's letter and the like, you think you have a right I suppose to walk yourself in here, and gather yourself up in my chimney-corner, and opening that great fly-trap of a mouth of yours, swallow down every word said by Miss Alice to me, or me to Miss Alice; but you never war more out in your life, so tramp off with yourself, while Miss Alice and I talk our talk."

"You're the heart's blood of an ugly baste, that you are!" exclaimed Ellen angrily—so much in anger at losing her anticipated gossip that she forgot her fear for the mysterious Bocher; "you're an ugly baste, Daddy, and a *mean* one too, for throwing the dirty drop of tay in my face that I didn't bring; and as it was I who coaxed Miss Alice here for your advice—like a fool as I was—I'm bound to take her back, lest any harm should happen her, in your dirty den, with your beastices and your ugly self."

"Oh, you are, are you?" replied the Bocher, drawing his bushy eye-brows closely together—so closely that they formed a complete ledge of thick black hair across his forehead.

"I am—she shan't stay here—she shan't—come along, Miss Alice—come along."

The Bocher, without saying another word, seized Ellen's round, red arm within the vice-like grasp of his long yellow fingers, and elevating himself on his crutch, so as to bring his mouth on a level with her ear, he whispered one or two words which Alice did not hear; the effect, however, was electrical on her companion, who, from being more than rosy-red from passion, grew deadly pale; the cripple's lips separated, and he laughed while withdrawing his grasp.

"Am I an ugly baste now, Ellen?"

"No, Daddy," replied the girl, trembling, "not ugly, not—at—all—ugly; I was joking."

"Did I throw a drop of dirty tay in your face, Ellen?"

"No, Sir, it was good—beautiful tay, so it was; and I drank it, Sir, God bless you."

"And are you afraid now to leave Miss Alice with me and my beastices?"

"Law, no, Sir—no, Daddy—not at all—they're all gentle purty dears—and this is—a nice—clean—little—tidy—place!"

"Very good, Ellen," said the Bocher, and extending his long arm, he pointed to the road; Ellen understood the hint and walked out.

"God help us!" muttered the village-seer, as he shut-to the door upon Alice and himself; "God help us! how easy it is with the world to blow hot and cold—poor fools! poor fools! and now, Alice Dizney, for *your* folly, though it is different from her's."

(To be continued.)

APOSTROPHE TO THE APPROACHING COMET.

"It may be considered as tolerably certain, that the comet will become visible in every part of Europe about the latter end of August, or beginning of September next. On the night of the 3rd of October, about midnight, it will appear in the east, at an elevation of about thirty degrees; and will be a little above a line joining the bright star called Castor, with the star called α in the Great Bear. Between that hour and sunrise, it will ascend the firmament, and will cross the meridian near the zenith of London about sunrise."—*Edinburgh Review. Art. Approaching Comet.*

The end of August! Potentate august,
Is that the period settled for your visit?
Is that indeed the time when life's short crust
Must be consumed—baked—burnt to cinders? Is it?

Then August's "latter end" is ours, I think,
If as your advent you've resolved to fix it;
Oh! for a Mediterranean of ink,
To blot out the Reviewer's *ipse dixit!*

Mediterranean! or blue, or black,
Or green, each deep ere long will be a Red-sea;
Atlantic, Euxine, Baltic,—nay, alack!
The very tide of Life will be a Dead-sea.

For have not several "pages" brought us here
A piece of news too heavy for a porter,—
That thou, within a quarter, wilt appear,—
One quarter more, and show us no more quarter!

Is it not stated, to astound all earth,
(And be it fact or falsehood, I've no share in't)
That men shall see a strange and fearful Birth—
That thou, O Comet, wilt become *a-parent?*

Terrible tidings—wonder full of woe!
Do these astronomers proclaim it rightly,
That thou'lt become a mother?—is it so?
And will the prodigy be witnessed nightly?

A litter of young comets!—Literature
At once grows convert to the creed Malthusian,
And though unable to prescribe a cure,
Deems the new birth a case of clear intrusion.

But stay, a letter from Vienna;—what?
'Tis said by Herschel—see the public papers—
The comet seeks a more sequestered lot,
And all our fierce volcanoes are mere vapours.

Its course quite changed—its orbit not the same—
That's something yet to make one's horror risible;
Yet, ah! not much; we still shall feel its flame—
Danger's not safe because it is invisible.

Ah, no! thy tidings, Herschel, even at first
Had been for comfort wholly unavailing;
Of two bad tales men always trust the worst—
'Tis human nature's virtue, not its failing.

So! we're to feel no fright, to make no fuss,
Because the foe we're not to have a sight of;
Accomplished ignorance may reason thus,
But comets are not creatures to make light of.

Let us be miserable; yes, let us leave
To idle boys and philosophic codgers
The joys of hope; let us despond and grieve—
"I would not, if I could, be gay," writes Rogers.

Anguish is easier when past all cure;
Check not your sorrow—call it uncontrollable;
Grief may be disagreeable; yet, endure—
It grows more pleasant when it's inconsolable.

Whoe'er is not quite horror-stricken, hums;
Let him think only of the earth's destroying;
A quarter's misery ere the comet comes
He thus, at least, is certain of enjoying.

Mine be sweet wretchedness and dear despair;
Long for this weight of woe I've been a waiter:
Troubles we've had, 'tis true, and "tails" to spare—
But none like thine, Celestial Agitator!

Talk not of fierce Lord Durham—hot-brain'd Hume—
Give each his tail, and Fate may save us from it;
What jack-o'-lanterns make us mortals fume!
Of Cobbett think not—think upon the comet!

Why, what's O'Connell? *Him* we may defy,
With all his "joints," to shake us in our beds;
For Ireland's self may now in candour cry,
"Ye little tails, hide your diminished heads!"

A great Enlightener, bidding others cease,
Will wag a tail of fire ere summer ceases;
Then will the House *divide*—then England's peace
Will end, in England split into two pieces!

I care not what the Tories now endure;
Nor what the Whigs have got, nor who have bought 'em:
Nor when the Radicals will come in sure;—
Who will, I ask, insure the Thames next autumn?

Oh Press, prodigious "organ," cease to blow
Your bellows, while the fiery foe's about;
But rather, as a mighty "engine," show
How we're to put the coming comet out.

No more about the "March;" on August preach!—
I feel its heat—its glare is on my eye,
So ends—"my tale"—another 's within reach;—
My pen—is shrivell'd—and my ink—is—dry!

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MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The New Administration—The Recent Pensions—Libel upon the lovely—Burlesque with the Black Cap—The Last New Murderess—Finding not Keeping—Shakspeare Ireland.

The New Administration.—Our monthly commentary must touch upon the recent changes in the Government of Great Britain—albeit, we eschew politics, party politics, and desire to confine ourselves to the more pleasant and less troublous paths of literature. The administration of Sir Robert Peel is the shortest upon record—in England, that is to say; for in France, *regenerated* France, ministerial changes have been as frequent as the changes of the moon. In that free and happy country, ever since the "three glorious days" of the Messieurs les Charbonniers and Mesdames les Poissardes, ministers of state are no sooner seated than they spring out of their most uneasy places. With us, however, matters have been otherwise. Heretofore, if the King's advisers were not altogether men after the "own hearts" of the people, they were at least allowed "a fair trial,"—that which an Englishman accords even to the culprit whose crime is as clear as the sun at noon-day. He is considered innocent until he has been proved guilty. Modern fashion, however, is putting aside ancient usages even in State affairs. Sir Robert Peel held the office of Prime Minister during 118 days; and consequently, could do nothing but declare his desire and intention to propose and effect all rational reforms, such as, while maintaining the great principles of the Constitution, would fully satisfy the people. The House of Commons, or rather a small majority of the House, was indisposed to take his word, and refused him the "fair trial" for which he asked; after sustaining several defeats, the Right Honourable Baronet, like a true Englishman, acknowledged himself beaten, gave in, and permitted his adversaries to enjoy all the honours and advantages of victory. Lord Melbourne has, therefore, again taken the helm of the State; we trust his voyage will be a longer and a more prosperous one: that he may steer his course in safety through the dangers by which he is surrounded—that he will, by the force of a large mind, be enabled to reconcile interests and opinions, but a short time ago as opposite as fire and water; that he will subdue or conciliate the avowed enemies of English supremacy; satisfy, without too great a sacrifice, the enormous appetites of hungry adventurers; restore us to calmness and prosperity at home, and preserve peace, while maintaining and extending the national honour abroad,—that he will, moreover, succeed by the most reasonable, and therefore the safest, means in disarming of its hostility, an "opposition," next to that which *was* the opposition, the most powerful against which any Minister of modern times has had to contend. If Lord Melbourne and his coadjutors, Lords Lansdowne, Duncannon, Palmerston, and Brougham, and Messrs. Rice, O'Loughlin, and Grant, are enabled to work out their way with such happy results to Great Britain, we shall be deeply thankful that the "fair trial" was not allowed to Sir Robert Peel, and that he was rejected almost without a hearing; and certainly before it was

possible for him to carry into effect any one of the largely beneficial measures of which he had given notice. It is, however, admitted on all sides, that he has greatly raised his own character by his conduct while in office, and by his manly dignity in retiring from it. He might have again appealed to the country—it is believed with the certainty of success; we rejoice that he preferred a more prudent course. He has gained and deserved the approbation of the King, and the gratitude of the kingdom.

The Recent Pensions.—To those who live by literature, it is deeply gratifying to record that to some of its worthiest and most estimable professors, pensions have been granted by the late Government: such a judicious expenditure of public money cannot but receive the sanction of all parties. It will be recollected that, a short time ago, several aged and meritorious "slaves of the pen" were, without the slightest notice, deprived of annuities, upon which they had calculated as certain and unfailing securities against want while treading "the downhill of life." They were men of fine and delicate sensibilities—they had accepted the small recompense which their country offered for long and valuable labours, and it gave to them the feeling, at least, of independence. The withdrawal of such support was a mean and pitiful economy; more than one of our lamps went out when the oil was supplied no longer; death soon followed the cruel change which a single act had wrought in their destinies. It is therefore with increased pleasure we state, that during the brief Administration of Sir Robert Peel he conferred pensions upon some of the most deserving men of the country; and had he remained longer in office, doubtless the same liberal source would have afforded comfort to many others*. It is doubly gratifying, because the majority of those who have been thus distinguished have held political opinions opposed to those of the late Premier; one of them—James Montgomery—was for several years the editor of the "Sheffield Iris," a Whig newspaper, of the old and better school, certainly, but always a powerful opponent of the policy of the Tories.

Another circumstance highly honourable to Sir Robert Peel we may refer to. In the kindest and most delicate manner, he conveyed information to Mrs. Hemans that a Government-office was at the service of one of her sons; accompanying the offer with a sum sufficient for the young gentleman's outfit. Both were gratefully received by the excellent lady, and have doubtless contributed much to relieve the maternal anxieties of a mother who has sacrificed health and strength to educate her children—unaided by him who should have at least divided the duty with her. Sir Robert Peel may also enjoy the consciousness that he has given comfort and consolation, in a time of extreme suffering, to one of the most upright, amiable, and admirable of her sex. Facts like

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* The following are the pensions granted by Sir Robert Peel, during his short Administration: Professor Airey, 300*l.*; Mr. Southey, 300*l.*; Mrs. Somerville, 200*l.*; James Montgomery, 150*l.*; Sharon Turner, 200*l.*; the widow of Mr. Temple, late Governor of Sierra Leone, 100*l.*

these speak for themselves; we may dwell upon them in our thoughts—it is unnecessary to do so with our pens.

LIBEL UPON THE LOVELY.—That was a wise monarch who resolved to pay his physicians only while he continued in an unexceptionable state of health—stopping their handsome allowances the very instant his pulse beat slower or quicker than it should do. It is a great pity that circumstances will not allow of the strict application of this beneficial principle to our guardians of the public morals—our police-physicians. We should gain greatly by paying them only while they have nothing to do—by making their sole interest consist in the growth of good principle, and enlarging their rewards according to the diminution of depravity. As it is, it would appear that they conceive themselves bound to labour incessantly for their money—to provide themselves constantly with work—to guard against every possibility of a falling off. It can scarcely be with any other view that they—we speak of the majority of them—offer no lenient interpretation of the law which punishes poverty as a crime, and that they so dispense justice as that very often the prosecutor repents of having sought it, while still more frequently the delinquent is certain to be brought up again for some unavoidable offence as soon as his punishment has terminated. Duennas occasionally have not been indisposed to instigate and encourage intrigue, in order to render duennas more important and necessary; and many of our metropolitan moralists seem to proceed upon the same plan.

But, whether they speak upon system, or for want of thought, with a view to lower public morals in the eyes of society, or simply for the sake of talking—the frequent record of their strange sayings in the newspapers is equally calculated to produce a call for reform in that department of the "public offices," wherever else it may be superfluous. We can point to an instance of that indifference (to say the least of it) with regard to morality which we have been adverting to, in an observation made a few days since by one of the Lambeth-street Magistrates. A somewhat silly old gentleman, seeking advice, had stated as his grievance, that some person had endeavoured to alienate the affections of a widow lady to whom he was "betrothed," by accusing him of having a mistress and two illegitimate children. The magistrate is reported to have thus expressed himself:—"With many females, that which forms the ground of complaint against you—namely, that of having illegitimate children—would be a *recommendation*; and I have no doubt, that, if you persevere in your suit, you will find this to be the case with the lady in question, and that in a short time you will accomplish your object." This is vapid enough as a piece of playful jocularity, yet, it doubtless produced the laugh it aimed at, and at the same time satisfied a frivolous applicant. But what a sentiment for a magistrate to utter! What an insulting libel upon "the sex," and what a gratuitous reflection upon the widow in question! Why should *she* be picked out as one whom this worthy moralist "had no doubt" would regard the proofs of illicit love as a recommendation in a suitor! It is impossible to say with what class of females "his worship" may have had most experience, or to what rank of life he alluded. We may be sure he did not level his remark as a shaft of satire at the upper classes. It

is most charitable to suppose that he was thinking more particularly of that class, some members of which are almost daily, it is to be feared, brought within the scope of his tender mercies. However taken, it denotes how much the moral schoolmaster is needed by those who are set in authority over us, and calls for an indignant reprimand as an impertinence and an indecency.

Burlesque with the Black Cap.—That "thin partition" which divides the bounds of the sublime and the ridiculous—that same small single step between them in other cases and in other places—is frequently not discoverable at all in courts of justice when questions of life or death are being decided. Then and there—far more often than those who are not constantly on the watch would conceive—the extremes meet. The awful is absolutely blended with the absurd. So were they, as it seems to us, upon a singular trial for murder at the recent Gloucester assizes. The miserable culprit was a young labourer, of less than average intelligence. He manifested no viciousness of mind, but had been prompted to murder by a species of infatuation. His eyes had been dazzled by the watch-seals of his victim, whom he had often "met in the dark." It was always in his thoughts—in his sight; he thirsted for the possession of it; and at last, he obtained it by assassination. With the watch to which it belonged, he first buried it in the earth; then placed it, with a bit of hay laid over it, on the wall of a loft hourly frequented by his fellow-labourers; and then he carried it about his person, "hiding the watch with his hand when he wanted to see what time it was." All this terminated in a full confession before a magistrate. There were no witnesses to his fearful statement—no circumstances to throw suspicion upon him—nothing but his own voluntary confession to connect him with the crime for which he was to be tried. When called upon to plead, he avowed himself "guilty." The judge demanded who had so advised him. "They told me," said the prisoner, "that I had better tell all about it." "Whoever," rejoined the judge, "has told you so, has advised you *very improperly*. Every one is entitled to a *fair trial*, and it will be no worse for you, either in this world or the next, that you should plead not guilty." This really appears to us to be a frightful mockery of reason and justice,—a moral enormity, not certainly less shocking for being common. The present case, however, is hardly to be called a common one. The judge had all the depositions before him,—he was aware of the inconsequential character of the evidence,—he knew that ere he himself quitted the judgment-seat, the unfortunate prisoner would be convicted solely upon his own confession, and sentenced to die. And so it was. Yet the judge, at that awful moment, and under those awful circumstances, could act upon the established practice, and turn the solemn business of justice and truth into a horrible farce;—could excite hopes in the mind of the self-accused which he knew could not be realized,—recommend him to quit the world with a lie upon his lips,—and, while about to doom him to death upon his written confession of guilt, could persuade him to give the wretched mockery of a contradiction to it, under the plea of insuring to himself a "fair trial." We will not imitate the judge, and talk of the "next world;" but surely these are triflings with the sacred-

ness of truth, and tamperings with the great principles of humanity which it is time for "this world" to blush for, and to terminate.

THE LAST NEW MURDERESS.—"She was dressed in a black gown, coloured shawl, and a black bonnet: her appearance and manner were appropriate and becoming." Such is the description of the dress and demeanour of "Mrs. Mary Anne Burdock" on the occasion of her proceeding the other day, "leaning on the governor's arm," from the press-room to the gallows, to——see an execution?—no; to be hanged herself. Her appearance was appropriate! We have not the least doubt of it. And the appearance of the gallows was singularly appropriate also. Never was a more fitting introduction on either side. "We distinctly heard her respond to the prayers, and, we should say, feelingly." How very consoling. This is clearly the beginning of a conversion, and a day or two more would have turned "Mrs. B." into a babe of grace. A pity she could not be spared so long! "While the rope was being adjusted to her neck, she asked if something soft could not be put round it." No wonder—"Mrs. Burdock" had every reason to expect the most luxurious indulgences. Truly precious for the time to everybody,—the most interesting thing going,—"your only neat monster,"—a parcel of creatures considered generally sensible hanging over every little word she spoke "enamoured,"—she had a right to demand that her part in the day's exhibition should be made at least as pleasant as possible. We do not wish to disgust the reader more than may be necessary, but, as a further specimen of the atrocious absurdities raked up on these occasions for the morbid maw of the newspaper public, we would quote the least objectionable. This has reference to "Mrs. Burdock's" manner the day before her execution. "On being pressed not then to think of this world's concerns,"—your greedy gossips give the most considerate and disinterested advice at all times,—"she said, 'I must attend to business.' She then called Mrs. Vowles, the matron of the prison, and asked, 'Who makes the gaol coffins?' On receiving an answer, she again turned to her brother and desired him 'to get a good strong plain coffin,' adding, 'But mind, you are not to give more than 2*l.* for it; at the same time moving herself up from the bed and lifting her elbows, she said, 'Mind, it must be full-sized, and let it be lined with flannel; and mind that I have a warm, comfortable shroud, and don't let the coffin be screwed down too tight: recollect that it be brought to me this evening. I'll have it put by my bedside.'" What a pathetic impression all this is calculated to leave on the public mind! What an idea of the comfort of an execution! "Mrs. Burdock" was just too early, however, for the advertisement of a few days ago. How superior "caoutchouc" would have been to flannel! How gratifying to the public to have been informed that her desires for submundane luxury (as the Bristol Recorder would have said) had been even more than accomplished, and that she lay "water-proof" in her interesting grave! We wonder whether it was in consequence of reading this account that M. Abel inserted his advertisement in last week's Parisian papers:—"*Foreigners* have the advantage of knowing that M. Abel is authorised to inter them as soon as convenient;—having an extensive stock of oak, &c., he hopes his friends will favour him with an early

application. He can be strongly recommended." This ingenious gentleman must surely have observed the national characteristic as exemplified at Bristol. We blush to think in what other quarters the filthy accounts may have been observed, and noted down to the credit of our nation. In every point of view they are ineffably disgusting. In the present instance, it is true, there is little reason to regret the "foregone conclusion" they most generally imply with reference to the unfortunate creature who happens to be their object, for "Mrs. Burdock," as they delight to call her, appears to have been utterly devoid of any thing like sensibility or shame. But fancy a sore and sensitive mind constantly measured in this way,—its attempts at composure ruffled,—the last retirements of its misery haunted and vexed,—the agonies of its cup of bitterness regularly guaged! And for what? To gratify a vulgar curiosity, and sell a dozen copies more of some local journal!

FINDING NOT KEEPING.—If judges sometimes scorn the line of common sense in their resolution to keep the line of precedent and established usage, it is clear that they as frequently find juries ready to keep them in countenance. Juries are often unduly influenced by the judge—as often led to a wrong conclusion by a strong and stubborn appetite for dinner, and as often by a perverseness and a prejudice as intractable and despotic as either. One of the two latter influences must have prevailed in a case tried at the York Assizes. The son of a certain builder, amusing himself by digging in a large heap of ashes, which had been for years accumulating in his father's yard, found a sovereign. The next day he dug again, with the like luck. Other spades went to work with more golden fortune; and, upon sifting the whole heap, about 128 sovereigns were found. It was evident that they had been buried for many years. No owner appeared for some time; until at last a female pauper, about forty years of age, of infirm mind, started up as the claimant of the treasure. Her cause was taken up, and an action commenced against the finder. It was alleged that she had hidden the sovereigns in the ash-midden, and that she had, in 1833, searched for them in vain. How she, a pauper, an imbecile, originally became possessed of such a treasure, did not appear, nobody could speak to that; and she herself was so weak in mind, as to be "incapable of being examined, even if she had been considered in law a competent witness." Yet the jury, like the defendant, *found for the plaintiff.*

SHAKSPEARE IRELAND.—This strange and unfortunate person died the other day in an obscure lodging in town, in great want and suffering. We do not know that sufficient interest survives about him to warrant even this word of public mention, but his fate has been instructive enough to call for it on other grounds. His ingenuity was considerable, and would unquestionably have carried him safely and honourably through life, but that its first exhibition was a LIE. The indulgence of such a singular ambition was fatal to every other—may it never be indulged in any walk of life or literature without a result as fatal!

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Labourer's Friend. 1 vol.

A HAPPY union of benevolence and sound judgment produced about four years ago the formation of the Labourer's Friend Society, the intention of which was to effect some mitigation of the severe distress among the lower orders of our agricultural population, by procuring small assignments of land, to be cultivated principally by spade husbandry at leisure hours, by small cottagers and their families. The result of the labours of the Society since its first institution is now before the public, and is in all points so satisfactory, that it must be a matter of astonishment to every rational mind that means of alleviating an extensive national evil, so simple in design, and so easy of execution, have not long ago been universally adopted throughout the country. In almost every district where the allotment system has taken root, the indigent pauper has been converted into a decent and contented member of the community,—the wretched dependent upon the extorted bounty of others, into an individual raised from both moral and physical degradation by the just satisfaction arising from earning his own subsistence by his free exertions,—and the idle and dissipated wanderer over the face of the country—idle because unfurnished either with an opportunity or a hope of reputable employment, and dissipated because far too well acquainted with the desperate appearance of the future to omit procuring the readiest means of enjoyment, however pernicious, for the present hour—has been furnished with a means of occupation, which, in addition to affording a sufficient guard against actual want, holds out a reasonable prospect of the daily increasing amelioration of condition, and even of ultimate respectability as the reward of an ordinary degree of industry and prudence. Can anything be possibly worse than the present poor-laws,—worse in principle or worse in application,—more injurious to those engaged in their administration or to those intended to be the objects benefited by their operation? We need not dwell upon the crowded aggregation of vice, want, and misery to be witnessed in almost every parish poorhouse, upon the unfeeling brutality of overseers, rendered callous by the constant exhibitions of distress, as well as by constant attempts to impose upon their vigilance,—nor upon the reckless insolence or specious cunning of paupers, degraded from the condition of independent beings into that of dependents upon a bounty as precarious in its duration as it is capricious in its operations. The moment a man becomes an object of the public alms, that moment he sinks in his own esteem, and knowing himself lowered to the condition of a mendicant assumes at once all the self-abandonment natural to the character. On the contrary, the effect of the possession (so far as its culture and a claim to its produce can be considered such) of but a rood of earth is altogether as different; and that, too, to an extent almost incredible when considered in relation to the means employed. It is the circumstance of having something of his own, something in actual proprietorship for the time being which is susceptible of daily improvement, and which he is left to his own ingenuity to improve as he best may, which has so talismanic an influence upon the efforts of the labourer. It matters not how small his parcel of land may be; if it produces but a flower for his Sunday nosegay, or a dish of vegetables to eke out his scanty meal, the produce is sacred in his eyes; and to descend from moral influence to benefits of a more tangible and substantial nature, no one is ignorant, who has paid any attention to the matter, to what an extent the smallest plot of ground may be made to repay the labour of a few hours judiciously devoted to it. How small is the space, and how little the trouble required for a full-bearing fruit-tree? how apparently scant the area from which an abundant crop of potatoes and cabbages may often be obtained? Hundreds of parishes

have whole acres of land lying waste which might be converted even by the unemployed children of distressed husbandmen into a means of preventing all the miseries of parochial want, and the present attempts of parochial authorities to relieve it. This is a tale which has been often repeated it is true, but it cannot be too frequently brought forward in the present day, while we are lavishing immense sums for the furtherance of emigration, which might be far better employed in the re-establishment of competence and comfort among our population at home. Enough, however, has been said elsewhere as to the theory of the allotment system, and with an eloquence and judgment which we cannot presume to imitate. With respect to its actual operation, we request all those who are concerned in the welfare of a large proportion of their fellow-countrymen, and large landed proprietors in particular, to peruse the almost innumerable instances of benefits resulting from the exercise of this easy plan of relief contained in the pages before us. Their well-authenticated testimony is equivalent to whole volumes of discussion, and should find its way wherever attempts for the assistance of the agricultural poor are in contemplation or exercise.

Melanie, and other Poems. By N. P. Willis. Edited by Barry Cornwall.

Mr. Willis, although he has obtained honourable fame in his own country, is comparatively unknown in England. We have shown to the living poets of America far less favour than they have bestowed upon ours; acting towards them in the spirit of the harsh step-mother, who considers honours and kindnesses given to the children of another parent only as so many robberies of her own progeny. We trust this ungenerous feeling is rapidly passing away. We may not compare the young bards of the young land with the master-spirits of Great Britain; but certain we are that they equal, if they do not excel, the sons and daughters of song—with a few glorious exceptions—that now dwell among us. We hail with exceeding pleasure the publication of this work, as the herald of better times; as a first step towards a more cordial and intimate acquaintance with the sons of the same fathers, who have been schooled in the same language, have the same glorious associations, the same ennobling themes to celebrate, and the same sources of inspiration as ourselves. We have a mingling of pride also with our pleasure in noticing this book. Mr. Willis has been introduced to the English public through the pages of the "New Monthly Magazine." There is no reason why we should not ourselves state that which a dozen other publications have stated; and he has had ample reason to be satisfied with the manner in which his productions have been received in England. His pictures of American scenery and character have been fully appreciated. As a poet, however, he now comes before us—and may be assured that here he will find as many and as warm admirers as he has found in his own land. His volume is ushered in by a preface from Barry Cornwall, who desired "to do his best to diminish the space that separates England from America." The act may be gratifying to Mr. Willis, but it was unnecessary. The poems will make their own way. The writer has strength enough to stand without help. He possesses a vigorous mind—a fertile imagination—much learning, softened and improved by travel—and, above all, a deep and fervent love of nature. He is therefore a true poet, and the productions of his pen will endure long after the petty jealousies that "divide" the American from the Englishman have ceased to be aught but recollections that move our wonder. The volume contains a variety of short poems—the longest of which is "Melanie." It tells the sad story of the love a brother cherishes for a sister, ignorant of the barrier which nature has placed between them. It is a melancholy tale, and has, of course, a melancholy

ending. The next, "Lord Ivon and his Daughter," is a dramatic sketch—a powerful and beautiful sketch—in which a father relates his history of sin and suffering to his fair and virtuous child. We refer the reader to these fine poems: and, as better suited to our pages, extract one of the shorter pieces, entitled—

"BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

"I know not if my mother's eyes
Would find me changed in slighter things;
I've wander'd beneath many skies,
And tasted of some bitter springs;
And many leaves, once fair and gay,
From youth's full flower have dropp'd away—

"But, as these looser leaves depart,
The lessen'd flower gets near the core,
And, when deserted quite, the heart
Takes closer what was dear of yore,
And yearns to those who loved it first—
The sunshine and the dew by which its bud was nurst.

"Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?
Am I remember'd in my home?
When those I love for joy are met,
Does some one wish that I would come?
Thou *dost*—I *am* beloved of these!
But, as the schoolboy numbers o'er
Night after night the Pleiades,
And finds the stars he found before,
As turns the maiden oft her token,
As counts the miser aye his gold—
So, till life's silver chord is broken,
Would I of thy fond love be told.
My heart is full, mine eyes are wet—
Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost wanderer yet?

"Oh! when the hour to meet again
Creeps on, and, speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthen'd chain,
And, link by link, draws nearer thee—
When land is hail'd, and, from the shore,
Comes off the blessed breath of home,
With fragrance from my mother's door
Of flowers forgotten when I come—

"When port is gain'd, and, slowly now,
The old familiar paths are past—
And entering, unconscious how,
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And run to thee, all faint and weak,
And feel thy tears upon my cheek—
Oh! if my heart break not with joy,
The light of heaven will fairer seem;
And I shall grow once more a boy:
And, mother! 'twill be like a dream
That we were parted thus for years—
And, once that we have dried our tears,
How will the days seem long and bright—
To meet thee always with the morn,
And hear thy blessing every night—
Thy 'dearest,' thy 'first-born!'—
And be no more, as now, in a strange land, forlorn!"

The poems of Mr. Willis will live, as they deserve to live, among the better productions of modern times. Still this is not an age when the love of poetry is universal. From some cause or other—many have guessed at it, but it is still undiscovered—the Muse's lore has been of late years

almost utterly neglected; and the most admirable work finds comparatively few readers. A task that shall make the name of Mr. Willis largely known in England he has therefore yet to perform:—a novel, the scene of which shall be laid in America. That his powers are fully equal to warrant him in the expectation of competing successfully with the best writers of his own country or ours, our readers, who have perused his sketches in the "New Monthly Magazine," will readily allow. The sooner he sets to work about it the better.

A New Dictionary of the English Language. By Charles Richardson.

Since the publication of the great work of Dr. Johnson, the lexicography of the English language has been far too generally considered as a task which, if not already performed in a manner perfectly unexceptionable, has at least left little to be effected by the labours of subsequent philologists. The deservedly high reputation of its author, the length of time during which he has been considered the standard authority for ultimate decision, together with his own dogmatical style of writing, to which no small share of the deference so extensively paid to his decisions must be ascribed, have all contributed to render the work of correcting his errors and improving upon his general plan an enterprise which it would require some small share of resolution, as well as no ordinary degree of ability, to carry into effect with any reasonable prospect of success. But even were this field of literary exertion unmaintained by any previous occupant, there is quite enough in the effort of compiling a dictionary, abstractedly considered, to deter any common industry or ambition from undertaking so formidable a labour. An unwearied power of application, a nicely discriminative judgment, a correct taste in the selection of suitable authorities, and a peculiar tact in tracing the meaning of words through discrepancies and varieties of signification to their original sources, are qualities which are called at every step into requisition; while, even should these be eminently possessed, many years must unavoidably elapse before the tedious and unvarying employment of extraction and arrangement can be brought to its close. Few trials to which the human mind can be subjected are better calculated to display its powers of application and unshaken perseverance than the occupation of the lexicographer,—few are less appreciated in proportion to their importance. We are happy to welcome a "New Dictionary of the English Language" upon a plan which Dr. Johnson himself at first marked out, but which from various reasons he was subsequently unable to follow. Mr. Richardson gives, in the first instance, the primitive signification of each respective word,—next, the consequential,—and finally, the metaphorical meaning. To these he appends a multitude of authorities, collected with great care from our standard classic authors, which have the great recommendation of being regularly arranged in chronological order from the prose of Udal and the verse of Gower and Chaucer, to the finished compositions of Burke and Johnson. He has availed himself of the numerous etymological stores which have been accumulating for some years past, in elucidation of the principles of language, and has drawn largely and judiciously upon points, in which his authority is unquestionably of great value, from the writings of the acute author of the "Diversions of Purley." We need say but little more in recommendation of a work which, in addition to its skilful arrangement, reflects great credit upon the publishers, from the manner in which it is got up for general circulation. The whole will be comprised in about thirty parts to be issued monthly, and will form two handsome quarto volumes; which, whether we consider the mass of information comprised in their compass, or the skilful manner in which so singularly extensive a quantity of materials has been arranged, must be considered a treasure by all lovers of the English tongue. We cannot, however, but enter our

serious protest against the censure which the editor has bestowed upon the Dictionary of Dr. Webster. Differing though that work does in plan from his own, it is unquestionably a publication which does honour to the country in which it was produced as well as to its learned author.

In justice to the publisher of Mr. Richardson's Dictionary, we must recommend it as an admirable specimen of "getting up," as the phrase is. Mr. Pickering is a man of taste as well as enterprise, and he has found a valuable coadjutor in his printer, Mr. Clay. The type is necessarily small, and there is of course a large quantity of matter "crammed" into a page; nevertheless, it is as clear as if it flowed through "meadows of margin;" and the accuracy of the "reader," considering the great difficulty of his task in copying from ancient writers in an obsolete style, is really amazing. The work is, moreover, one of the cheapest that has been issued even in these days of cheap publications.

The Works of William Cowper; his Life and Letters. By William Hayley. Edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A.M.

Two of the volumes of this edition of Cowper have been published. They enable us to judge what the work will be when completed. It is "got up" in a very tasteful manner, printed in a clear and "readable" type, and embellished by some excellent engravings by Messrs. Finden, from drawings by Harding, illustrative of scenes once familiar to the poet, and connected with the history of his earlier and later life. Mr. Grimshawe, the editor, is of established reputation as a biographer, and he has had the assistance of some of Cowper's nearest and dearest friends in this attempt to do honour to his memory. His chief advantage, however, consists in the power to introduce the private correspondence which Hayley overlooked or rejected. He has therefore carefully revised the memoir of Hayley, introduced the "correspondence in its entire and unbroken form, and in its chronological order," and added a variety of brief but important notes, illustrative and explanatory of the original text of the biographer. The work will now become one of the most interesting and valuable in the language—published in a style of elegance worthy the admirable poet and excellent man—edited by an accomplished clergyman—and accessible to readers of limited means.

A Poet's Portfolio. By James Montgomery.

The appearance of this delightful volume, from the pen of a poet who has already done so much to embellish the literature of his day, and whose name is so intimately connected with much of what we are accustomed to admire, to love, and to revere, has aptly taken place at this season of promise, when the face of external nature is renewed by gladness, when every hue is that of hope, and every sound indicative of enjoyment and delight. We have no doubt that it will be welcomed with as much pleasure as any of the tokens of spring, for it is replete with the flowers of true genius, and the redolence of fervent and rational piety breathes from its fragrant pages. Mr. Montgomery has been more uniformly successful than any devotional poet of his time, and the reason is obvious. He has never looked about him for the means of producing a startling effect, but trusting to his own quiet and natural strength, he has suffered the spring of poetry within him to wander forth at its own will, constantly influenced by a desire of consecrating it to the best purpose, and desirous rather to steal gradually upon the notice and affection of his readers, than to surprise them into admiration by sudden bursts of unexpected power, and remarkable though ill-sustained exertion. His poetry, moreover, has been invariably considered by himself as secondary to his religion; and this is as it should be. Many writers have assumed sacred subjects merely as affording a greater scope for the exercise of fancy, or the pomp of description; but this is not the

case with Mr. Montgomery: it is the feeling of deep devotion, which has with him the strongest power over his imagination, which, if at other times occasionally languid, immediately brightens beneath this influence, as the richly-tinted panes of some Gothic cathedral kindle into their full glow of colour and beauty the moment they are looked upon by the unclouded ray of heaven.

The present volume consists principally of fugitive pieces of various degrees of merit, and on which we cannot bestow greater praise than by saying that they are all fully worthy of their author. We would particularly instance the "Dream of Lord Falkland," as a poem of great imagination and deep pathos; and an exquisite production, entitled "A Tale without a Name," than which one more beautifully conceived has never appeared, even from the pen of Mr. Montgomery himself. It is, indeed, a poem of first-rate excellence. Our readers, however, will no doubt be much better pleased with quotation than with dry critical dissertation; and as we know that nothing from an author who has the well-merited good fortune of being a favourite at every domestic hearth in the kingdom can come amiss, we select the following lines, not as the most meritorious, but as the best suited to our present limits for extraction:—

"EVENING TIME.

"Zech. xiv. 7.

"At evening time let there be light—
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

"At evening time let there be light—
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn benignly bright,
Leaves, birds, and flowers cheered all the way;
Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light!

"At evening time there *shall* be light—
For God hath said "So let it be!"
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see:
'Tis evening time and there *is* light."

Provincial Sketches. By the Author of "The Usurer's Daughter," "The Puritan's Grave," &c.

We cannot designate as "*pleasing*" any work which delights in looking at the wrong side of human nature; although Mr. Scargill sometimes basks in sunshine, his taste is for the shade—he grasps at the ridiculous with an avidity which shows how much he delights therein—he revels in malformations, whether of mind or body—and yet there are touches of kindliness, gleams of goodness, scattered over his thorns and nettles, that make us believe it is more the love of singularity, than a harsh or unfeeling nature which leads our author to shew up so many quaint, odd, unsightly "bodies" in his graphic sketch-book. The volume is an amusing one. Indeed, we very much fear that nothing is so amusing as ill-nature—as long as we ourselves are not sketched, we laugh at the caricatures and praise the caricaturist; but when it comes home, then indeed the author becomes a "vile assassin!" "a wretch!"—the English language is hunted for epithets, and the more true, "the higher mounts our ire."

If this was Mr. Scargill's first production, he might be designated the literary HB.; indeed the late changes would furnish him with ample

materials for a "Political Sketch-book," which he could, if he would, manage admirably.

His fame does not rest upon this foundation; when he turns to the "olden time" he forgets his bitterness. Nor have we forgotten the pathos of "The Puritan's Grave," nor the fascinations of "The Usurer's Daughter." The best thing in the volume now upon our table is "Dame Deborah Boreham's Almshouses." We confess our censure at the commencement of our notice does not extend to Martha Crump, "the very wrinkles in whose face are exact and uniform; nay, they are not wrinkles—they are rather superannuated dimples, all smiling—not laughing—*for smiling age is beautiful, and laughing age is irreverent—they are the trophies, not the triumphs of time, for there can be no triumph where there has been no resistance*, and Martha Crump was never known to struggle against time, either to urge its flight or to retard it." We wish there had been many Martha Crumps in these sketches.

A Visit to Iceland. By John Barrow, jun.

As Mr. Barrow has previously appeared before the public in the character of a pleasing and intelligent traveller, and received a considerable meed of approbation in consequence, there is the less necessity for any preliminary remarks by way of introduction to the present tour. When we observe that it comprehends a space of about three months, spent at Drontheim, Roraas, and Reikiavik, in Iceland, with excursions to the celebrated copper-mines in Norwegian Lapland, to the Geysers and Mount Hecla, and finally, to the formidable coast of Stappen, it will at once be seen that no common quantity of amusing and instructive reading is contained within its pages. Much of what Mr. Barrow has observed among the bleak mountains of Norway, or the Phlegræan fields and boiling springs of Iceland, has indeed been noticed by former travellers; but such is the charm thrown by his easy and good-humoured style of narrative over every part of his journey, that facts with which many have been previously acquainted assume the aspect of novelty, while at the same time he has contrived to weave enough of what is unknown into his work to impress upon many parts of it the character of striking originality. We cannot follow him in his voyage in the "Flower of Yarrow" from Liverpool to Norway, and from thence to Iceland, nor examine his various excursions to different points in detail. We observe, however, that his account of the Geysers is certainly one of the most striking descriptions ever penned of those wonderful fountains, and that the statistical information he has procured respecting Iceland cannot fail of proving highly valuable to the Society for which it was collected. Neither should we pass without notice, a romantic account of the ascent of the mountain of the Snœfell Yokel, by Messrs. Stanley, Wright, &c., in 1789, an enterprise which Mr. Barrow, perhaps fortunately for himself and the public, was prevented by unfavourable weather from attempting, and which, by the narrative inserted in the present volume, appears to have quite enough of imminent peril to satisfy the most ardent admirer of hazardous enterprise. In conclusion, the geologist to whom Iceland and its igneous formations is an unfailing subject of intense interest, and the botanist, to whom its limited Flora, from the peculiar circumstances under which vegetable life is displayed in so high a latitude, becomes, notwithstanding its comparative scantiness, so constant an object of attraction,—will find much to gratify their curiosity in Mr. Barrow's researches. The only subject-matter of regret on the part of either his scientific or unscientific readers will, we imagine, be, that his journey was not protracted to at least twice the time which it occupied.

The Descent into Hell.

The second edition of Mr. Heraud's poem of "The Descent into Hell" presents that remarkable composition under an improved form to the pub-

lic, and contains besides, three additional odes, which will be interesting, as further illustrative of his lofty and elaborate, though at times quaint and almost unintelligible genius. The first, dictated by the melancholy occasion of the loss of a son, breathes a deep and sincere pathos, sufficient to affect the most indifferent reader, and is made a vehicle for conveying in a sublimely poetical form those consolations of religion, which convert the chamber of death into a place of solemn triumph, and make the last moments of the weakest infant a source of edification and hope, of devout trust or even of felicitous anticipation, to those on whom the stroke of separation the most heavily falls. To the poem which occupies the principal part of the volume we have much to object; and while stating what appears to us its defects, we beg that it may be at once understood, that for Mr. Heraud's poetical talents, abstractedly, we entertain the greatest respect, and that our notice will proceed upon the position, which few would question, that no mind of ordinary endowments could have conceived or executed the task which the author of the present work has planned and accomplished, if not so satisfactorily as might be wished, at least with as great success, and with far more equable excellence than could reasonably be expected under all the disadvantages with which he has had to contend. Mr. Heraud has been too long known to have his title to the "mens divinior" made a matter of examination now: how far his genius has been led into error in the present instance is all into which we have to inquire. In the first place, then, the selection of the subject, which, notwithstanding Bishop Horsley's opinion, we cannot but regard as founded on a somewhat apocryphal doctrine, appears to us, waiving the question how far it is warranted by Divine testimony, singularly inappropriate. We trust we are not making use of an affected reverence for the Holy Scriptures to aver our opinion, but we must express our unwillingness that the sacred narrative of the most awful and mysterious event ever witnessed on the face of the earth—an event which may be considered as the hinge on which the destiny of every reasonable being depends, and which the heavenly intelligences themselves, however desirous they may be of looking into it, are unable, with all their exalted faculties, fully to comprehend—should be in any way connected with the mere play of human imagination. The simple and severe account of the Evangelists neither has been, nor can be made susceptible of adventitious ornament, and the attempt to apply it is at all times productive of palpable incongruity, and sometimes of a much more mischievous result. Surely the region of devotional poetry is wide enough to prevent encroachments upon that of direct revelation; but to judge from the presumptuous freedom of some late writers, one would suppose that in a state of pre-existence they had been admitted to the knowledge of facts, which they are now called upon to publish, to make up the deficiencies of the Sacred Canon, with such boldness are the most sacred and the most awful characters made to perform parts in their productions. It is of little use to plead the examples of Milton and Dante as authority for what the general sense of mankind must now unequivocally condemn. The barbarism of his age, and the frequency of irreverent pageants and ceremonies in his own church, afford both a reason and excuse for the error of the Florentine poet; while Milton, in almost every passage in which he has attempted to draw the Divine Essence, has afforded by his complete failure a striking and memorable warning to future writers against a practice which, were it not for the uniform excellence which pervades the purely imaginative part of his astonishing work, would not escape severe and general reprehension. Our next objection to "The Descent into Hell" is, that it is too metaphysical for the generality of readers; there is scarcely a page which would not afford a good thesis for an able master of school Divinity; and many parts through which the author, from his acute powers and practice of thinking, added to the habit of expressing his ideas in his own conventional terms, can no doubt thread

his way with facility, require perusing three or four times over, before any idea can be formed of their proper meaning. All poetry which is intended to be permanently popular, and this we presume to be its general aim, must be written in popular language. We do not sit down to its perusal as to the examination of a system of intellectual philosophy; nor perhaps is it the poet's business so much to make the principles of our moral constitution the subjects of reasoning and analysis, as to describe the effect of their operation. To proceed finally to the actual composition of the work, we cannot say that the *terza rima* seems to us the best adapted for heroic narration, and although Mr. Heraud has succeeded admirably in moulding it to his purpose, it appears even under his hands at times to lie like a fetter upon his finest conceptions. He has also unfortunately printed it in separate divisions of three lines each, and added by this means no small difficulty to that already presented by the mystic character of his subject, and his own condensed and philosophic diction. Having thus freely stated what we think principally detracts from the merit of this extraordinary work, we feel bound to add in conclusion, that the whole, notwithstanding what may be objected to its general plan, is pervaded with a true spirit of christian piety, often ascending to a sublimity of thought and expression, which the coldest must feel, from its unaffected energy, and the least imaginative admire, from the splendid garb in which the fancy of its author has invested it. Some of the choral odes, and in particular those which are paraphrases of the Psalms, are equal to anything of the kind which has yet appeared in the English language; and Mr. Heraud, by devoting his talents to a more general diffusion of the doctrines of truth, in a kind of literature which has of late sometimes been unfortunately devoted to speculations of a very different character, has established his title to a praise, in comparison with which the highest commendations, bestowed upon the highest mental acquirements, appear utterly valueless, and unworthy a moment's regard.

A History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, illustrated by original documents. By Frederick Von Raumer. Translated from the German. 2 vols.

"The work," says the translator in his Preface, "is the result of inquiries conducted in the manuscript collections of the Paris Library, by one whose name will be to every German scholar, in itself, security for merit both of conception and execution." The result of Raumer's inquiries and the translator's labours have conferred a large benefit upon the English reader—presenting a mass of information tending to illustrate in the most pleasing manner the histories of the periods, persons, and countries to which they refer. M. Raumer's original work comprised various extracts from the Cottonian MSS., which are much valued in the Paris collection, but which the translator has omitted, as, he says, "they appeared to him to form no essential portion of M. Raumer's volumes, and at the same time reference to the originals (in our own museum) led to the conclusion that the task of making extracts would tempt any one who undertook it into a field of further research, which it would be better to explore separately and more fully, if at all." We must rest satisfied with this apology, and thankful for what we have received; yet we should much have desired to see what so acute a person as M. Raumer would have deemed it desirable to extract from such a mass as the Cottonian MSS. at first present to those who desire to dive into their mysteries. We have so much really to be grateful for, in the present volumes, that it would be ungracious to repine; and our readers will doubtless agree with us when we tell them that no series of books, treating of English history, can be considered complete without these being added to the number; indeed, we have never read any work of "good old historie" that so completely fascinated

us while we read. The first volume is occupied chiefly by details of foreign events during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the description of the famous diet at Ratisbon, in 1630; a curious account of Denmark in the time of the Thirty years' war, by Torquato Pecchio; sketches of the Spanish court in 1611; Catherine of Medicis and Henry IV.; the murder of the Guises; in fact, every subject which interested the civilized world at the period referred to, has some light, frequently a new one, thrown upon it in the first volume. The second is more interesting to ourselves, treating as it does of the manners of England and the English court—of Wolsey, of Edward VI., of Elizabeth, and Mary Stuart—indeed, there is much about the latter beautiful unfortunate—of her faults and perfections, and of those associated with her in history—of Darnley, of Rizzio, of Bothwell—Du Crœ's curious diplomatic reports—a letter of Elizabeth to Henry III. touching Mary Stuart—letters of the Queen of Scots to her ambassador, and complaints of the treatment she received in captivity which made us shudder; in process of time, much of the trial of Strafford; a curious description of England given by one Cominges; many particulars relative to tournaments and festivals; the translation concluding with a most extraordinary account of a journey of the great Mogul Jehan, from Agra to Lahore, in September 1638. Although we have enumerated only a very small portion of the attractions of these entertaining and instructive volumes, we feel assured that we have said enough to lead our readers to an immediate perusal of their entire contents; and we defy them to be disappointed. It is quite delightful to meet with such a work; and we hope speedily to be furnished with others from the same rich source.

The Gipsey. By the Author of "Richlieu," &c.

Mr. James has been long recognised not only as a writer of talent, but a man of singular industry, whose historical romances were more strictly true than could be expected from one who lived and revelled so completely in the realms of fiction. His "Field of the Cloth of Gold" was a glorious pageant—his "Richlieu" and "De L'Orme" admirable pictures of the people and times whereof he treated—and the present story, which is totally different from any thing he has before attempted, proves him to possess a versatility of talent for which we did not give him credit, highly as we have always thought of him.

"The Gipsey" is a domestic novel, appealing to our home feelings and affections, and carrying on to the end a mystery, and of course an interest, which we recommend our readers to enter upon forthwith. There are scenes and situations throughout the volumes which would tell powerfully upon the stage, and Mr. James has not so completely forgotten his habits of "old romaunt," as not to introduce a large proportion of the quality into his new production. Perhaps there is rather too much of the old leaven occasionally, but it gives variety to the quieter parts. Pharold the Gipsey is a combination of much that is great and good, with all that is wild and singular—a being who *might*—though it is not very probable *could*—exist as he did; and yet he is so cleverly managed throughout, that you are not surprised by any incongruity in his character from beginning to end. The two friends are drawn with so much ease, and are so perfectly natural, that you feel with them and for them. The heroines are graceful and lady-like—nay, Marian is more than that; and the gipsey-girl—the exquisite Leena—is one of the most perfect and beautiful sketches ever penned or imagined by Mr. James; it is happy from first to last; a line more, a line less, would have destroyed it—it is perfect. Having said thus much in praise of a novel—the first of its kind, but assuredly not the last—it only remains for us to congratulate the author on his success, and recommend the book very cordially to our readers, who know that we hold it *treason* to divulge the plot, and thus spoil the enjoyment they will derive from the perusal.

LITERARY REPORT.

ONE of the most amusing publications of the present month is the collection of the delightful "Sketches and Recollections" of Mr. Poole, the well-known dramatist. In his ludicrous delineations of life and manners the author of "Paul Pry" is certainly without a rival. His book presents a fund of entertainment to readers of all classes.

A new and cheap edition is announced for immediate publication of the Viscount de Chateaubriand's "Travels to Jerusalem and the Holy Land," than which no book published in our time forms such an admirable and valuable companion to the Scriptures. The author, entering with a pious enthusiasm into the subject, it will be recollected proceeded to the Holy City for the express purpose of visiting and describing the memorable scenes immortalized in Holy Writ.

The Fifth Number of the History of the Irish Union, by Sir Jonah Barrington, appears this month. One more Part will complete the work, which is accompanied by the whole 40 Portraits, &c. of the original edition.

"Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement." The second and concluding volume of this celebrated production forms the Fifth Number of Colburn's Modern Novelists, a selection of the most celebrated modern works of fiction, publishing in monthly volumes, after the plan of the Waverley Series, with embellishments by the Messrs. Finden, at 5*s*. per volume.

Of the Lady's Own Cookery-Book, by a Lady of distinction, a new and cheaper edition is just published. This valuable family manual contains no less than 1600 receipts; the result of many years' observation, aided by the contributions of the authoress's numerous friends and acquaintance.

Dr. Bernays is preparing for publication "German Historical Anthology," being a selection from the works of the best German historians, with notes.

Mr. Stanfield, the eminent marine painter, is preparing for publication a series of highly interesting Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and other picturesque portions of the European Continent.

Plebeians and Patricians, a novel, in 3 vols., is preparing for early publication.

Mr. G. I. Bennett, the author of "The Albanians," is about to publish a novel in 2 vols., entitled "The Empress."

The following works are also announced as being in the press:—

Records of a Route through France and Italy, with a View of Catholicism, by W. Rae Wilson, F.S.A.—A new edition of Charles Lamb's Specimens of the old Dramatic Poets, including his extracts from the Garrick Plays.—Rosabel, or Sixty Years ago, by the authoress of "Constance."—Rambles in Northumberland and on the Scottish Border, by Stephen Oliver, the Younger, author of "Scenes and Recollections of Fly-fishing."—Lives of Catholic Missionaries, by John Carne, Esq.—A Narrative of the Visit made by the Deputies to the American Churches from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, by Dr. A. Reed and Dr. J. Matheson.—Select Specimens of Gothic Architecture, by W. Caveler.—Annals of Lacock Abbey, of Wilts; with Memorials of the Foundress Ela, Countess of Salisbury, and the Earls of the Houses of Salisbury and Longsepé, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles.—Noble Deeds of Woman.—Memoirs of John Selden, and of the Political Struggle during the Reigns of the first Two Monarchs of the House of Stuart, by G. W. Johnson, F.L.S.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

English in India, and other Sketches, by a Traveller, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s*.

Remarks on the Architecture of the Middle Ages; especially of Italy, by R. Willis, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

A Code of Universal Naval Signals, by H. C. Phillipps, R.N. 8vo. 9*s*.

Faust of Goethe, attempted in English Rhyme, by the Hon. R. Talbot, 8vo. 8*s*.

Literary Fables, from the Spanish of Yriarte, by R. Andrews, 8vo. 5*s*. 6*d*.

Illustrations of the Bible, by Westall and Martin, 2 vols 8vo. 14*s*., or 1 vol. 4to. 31*s*. 6*d*.

Sketches of the Beginning and the End of the Life of Gherardo di Lucca, 8vo. 5*s*.

The Rationale of Political Representation, by the Author of "Essay on the Formation of Opinions," &c., 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

China and the English; or, the Character and Manners of the Chinese Illustrated, 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Lodore, by the Author of "Frankenstein," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.

A Voyage of Discovery to Africa and Arabia, in H.M.S. Leven and Barracouta, under the command of Captain F. W. Owen, R.N., by Captain T. Boteler, R.N. with Plates, 2 vols 8vo. 30*s*.

Tales of the Wars of Montrose, by James Hogg, Esq., 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.

A Voyage round the World, by James Holman, Vol. III., 8vo. 14*s*.

Gothic Furniture in the Style of the Fifteenth Century, designed and etched by A. W. Pugin, 4to. 21*s*.

Christian's Family Library, Vol. XV.

Journal of an Excursion to the United States and Canada in 1834, 18mo. 3*s*.

Practical Guide to Executors and Administrators, by R. Matthews, 12mo. 8*s*.

The Gallery of British Artists, Vol. I. 4to. 14*s*.

History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, translated from the German of Raumer, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s*.

Hope's Historical Essay on Architecture, and Illustrations, 2 vols. imp. 8vo. 2*l*.

A Fragment on Mackintosh; being Strictures on his Treatise prefixed to the Encyclopædia Britannica, 8vo. 9*s*.

Life, Ministry, and Remains of the Rev. Samuel Walker, of Truro, by the Rev. E. Sidney, 8vo. 12*s*.

FINE ARTS.

The exhibition of the Royal Academy, which will open in a few days, is, we understand, to prove a rare treat to the lovers of art, and afford additional proof of the pre-eminence of British artists. The Society of Painters in Water Colours have also sounded a lofty note of preparation. The month of May will, as heretofore, be rich in such sources of enjoyment. Meanwhile, the New Water-Colour Society have commenced operations at Exeter Hall, where they have the advantages of spacious rooms and good light; and it is more than probable that their situation will prove a desirable one, inasmuch as the visiters to Somerset House may make a call at their exhibition on the way.

If the *New* may not as yet rival the *Old* Water-Colour Society, it bids fair to attain as much excellence and to deserve as much patronage. The Old is an exclusive body—unlike the Royal Academy, which is answerable to the public for its deeds. They make and divide a considerable sum annually by their annual show. We have no fault to find with this profitable arrangement: they may do what they will with their own; but we are, therefore, the more induced to support an institution less aristocratic in its pretensions.

The principal exhibitors are Mr. Parris, Mr. Lance, Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Weigall, Mr. Downing, and Mr. Rochard; but there are several with whose names we are less familiar, from whom we expect much in this delightful branch of the art. Mr. Weigall's pictures are full of humour; one or two from "Roderick Random" are exceedingly rich in character, and skilfully painted. Lance, as usual, excels in copies of fruit and flowers; and the street-scenes of Mr. Shepherd are rare specimens of a style in which, now-a-days, few are successful. On the whole, the exhibition is one of considerable merit; and, if it may not be classed with the leading attractions of the season, will afford enjoyment and information far more than enough to compensate the visiter.

THE COLOSSEUM.

This exhibition has of late received some important additions, the most remarkable of which is a view in Switzerland, with its rich scenery of valley, lake, and mountain. The artist has skilfully introduced a variety of objects to add to the interest of the picture. Smoke is seen to issue from the chimney of a cottage in the fore-ground; a water-mill is represented in motion; and on the distant lake vessels and boats are floating—the various accessories of which are represented with so much accuracy and effect, as to be really astonishing. The other parts of the "establishment" have also undergone revision. The conservatory is especially inviting at this season of the year; it is a delicious lounge, and a fitting place for the young to obtain acquaintance with the wonders of nature. The Colosseum would be thronged from morning till night, but that we are so apt to postpone that which may be at any time enjoyed; and the Colosseum can never be a bird of passage.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF JERUSALEM.

This is another of Mr. Burford's magnificent panoramas;—a rarer treat, both to the old and young, is not supplied by the metropolis. The work is painted from drawings made about a year ago by Mr. Catherwood, the architect: they were taken, according to the printed description, "from the terrace of the house of the aga, or governor, formerly the palace of Pontius Pilate; and the view, both from the situation and height of the house, is most comprehensive and interesting, embracing nearly the whole of the important stations mentioned in Scripture, and a vast assemblage of monasteries, mosques, domes, minarets, &c., which, though they generally resemble each other, are so dissimilar to anything European, that

they excite curiosity, and, being mostly of white stone, sparkle, under the rays of a glorious eastern sun, with inconceivable splendour. Immediately in front of the spectator, towards the south, stands boldly prominent, with most imposing effect, the beautiful Mosque of Omar, or El Sahhara, occupying the site of the Temple of Solomon, resembling, from its curious style, and variety of gay colours, an immense piece of mosaic work, backed by the rugged summits of stony and unfruitful hills, a portion of the Dead Sea appearing in the distance, inclosed by lofty and majestic mountains. Towards the west, immediately beneath, commences the Via Dolorosa, which may be traced in its ascent through the thickest part of the city, towards the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary, whose vast dome rises above the surrounding buildings: on this side are also seen the Castle and Tomb of David, and the Armenian Convent on 'God's Holy Hill of Zion.' To the north, beyond a considerable portion of the city, formerly the 'Daughter of Zion,' is seen the hill Scopo, where Titus fixed his head-quarters, and other sterile hills, presenting only a few olive-trees: and, towards the east, the most interesting portion is a long line of the city walls, beneath which lies the valley of Jehoshaphat; the Mount of Olives, rising majestically in front, presenting the Mount of Ascension and Village of Olivet, the Mount of Offence, Garden of Gethsemane, and other holy stations, relieved by patches of cultivation and a few olive-trees, closes the view."

PUBLICATIONS.

The Lord's Prayer, illustrated by Flaxman. Copied in Lithography by Richard Lane, A.R.A.

A set of seven prints, illustrating the seven passages contained in the Lord's Prayer, copied by the pencil of an accomplished artist from the designs of the greatest master of which our country and our age can boast;—Flaxman was, in truth, a man of mighty mind, and his works are immortal. In his most minute, as well as in his greatest, efforts he was perfect. The most matured judgment, the nicest taste, the soundest learning, can detect no faults in the productions to which he gave form from clay or marble. The slight sketches before us are the mere memoranda of thought—a few touches created them; yet how completely do they personify the beautiful precepts of our Lord,—the glorifying God—the prayer for forgiveness—for deliverance from evil—for daily bread—and for safety from temptation! A more exquisite set of gems have never been laid before us. The copyist, too, has most happily rendered them: he has evidently caught the spirit of the great artist; and this work, though small in size, is sufficient to establish his reputation as the ablest professor of a branch of art too often rendered valueless by careless hands.

Wanderings through North Wales. By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Nos. I. and II. With Engravings, from Drawings by Cox, Cattermole, &c.

Another of the publications—cheap, but good—which are becoming every day more numerous. The prints in this work are well engraved, and the subjects judiciously selected from a country most rich in the picturesque. Mr. Roscoe has performed his part with much ability, introducing some of the wild and romantic legends of North Wales, and affording to the reader amusement as well as information.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

Easter is always most uncritical, and we do not mean to be out of season. This is fortunate for Mr. Fitzball, the author of the "Note-Forgers." We are surprised, by the way, that any doubt should exist as to this gentleman being the real author. A little consideration would surely have set any one right. We are very sure there is no translation in the case;—nothing but itself could be its prototype. It has the most determined Fitzballian look. It has, as it were, his very "image and superscription," and the acting is appropriate. Mr. Denvil, with those fits and starts, those mouthings, and stridings, and gapings, and gaspings, has hit off the whole "matter and copy of the father, eye, nose, lip, the trick of his frown." Mr. Warde is the pathetic rascal, and is quite as rascally and as pathetic as such people generally are. We are sorry to see Miss Ellen Tree, who is a very sweet and graceful actress, with all the power which deep and delicate feeling gives her, mixed up with these things.

We should like to have seen Mr. Reynolds's opinion of the "Note-Forgers," when it was submitted for his approbation. "In inscribing to you the 'Schoolfellows,'" says Mr. Jerrold, in his recent dedication of that little comedy to his friend Mr. Serle, "you will not, I am convinced, give the drama a less cordial welcome, because refused by the professionally retained reader—the *one* reader—appointed to the *two* theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. That gentleman was, doubtless, correct in his opinion, that for the two patent stages the piece was altogether ineffective." Now, as Mr. Pepys says, these things are pretty to observe. "The Schoolfellows," an admirably written, chaste, pathetic, and effective little comedy—a piece calculated in every way to engage the interest of an audience, and to widen the sphere of their virtuous sympathies—is rejected, because it is unfit for the two large houses. Therefore we say we should like to read Mr. Reynolds's written judgment of the "Note-Forgers," because that would unquestionably, so far as he is concerned—and he is a gentleman, it seems, of very weighty influence—decide the long-discussed question of the aptitude of the "patent houses" for the "regular drama," and the chances of success to the "regular drama" within the "patent houses."

COVENT-GARDEN.

The Fitzball again! The houses which used to engross every thing, have, in turn, delivered every thing up to be engrossed in turn by—Mr. Fitzball; and the dramatic muse, as Mr. Jerrold would say, is now flung under the hoofs of the author of Jonathan Bradford. "Carlmilhan, or the Drowned Crew," is the name of the production he has kicked out of her, or kicked her out of, at this theatre. It is a popular superstition, mysteriously treated. The scenery is excellent, however, and the efforts of the mechanist successful beyond all praise.

ENGLISH OPERA.

We had hoped to have been able to congratulate Mr. Arnold on the achievement of another successful native opera. "Sadak and Kalasrade," however, though exhibiting a very graceful understanding on the part of the young composer of the lighter harmonies in music, failed utterly on the dramatic side. Its instrumentation was throughout extremely poor, and at times even ludicrous. We believe it has been since withdrawn. Under these circumstances it would be unfair to speak of the literary portion of the piece, which, even if much stronger on the dramatic side, could not have weighed up the music. It was furnished by Miss Mitford—and, though we could hear very indistinctly, we fancied we had caught, once or twice, portions of the recitative and songs quite worthy of that excellent writer.

Mr. Serle's new drama, "The Shadow on the Wall," was very highly

successful—well written and well played—full of the deepest and most touching sentiment, and set off, for the purposes of the stage, with the fullest relief of humour;—it had all the best and most lasting elements of success. It is one of those dramas we wish long life to, not less for the sake of the author than for that of the virtuous sympathies of the audience, which it must heighten and extend. With that cordial wish we leave it.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

A PAPER recently read gave some account of the great eruption of Vesuvius, which took place in August, 1834, compiled from the MS. of an Italian gentleman, an F. G. S., by Dr. Daubeny. The eruption excited on the spot a great degree of interest; forming, as it did, the concluding link of certain volcanic phenomena which had been in operation since 1831. Immediately prior to the discharge of lava, red-hot stones of immense size, mingled with *scoria*, were thrown out of the crater to a great height, and this was accompanied with considerable noise and shocks, like those produced by an earthquake; the lava invaded the green fields, hamlets, and highways, in a moving mass, half a mile in breadth, and from fifteen to eighteen feet in depth. No fewer than 800 persons were destroyed, and 500 acres of ground covered by it; there were no traces of fusion in the lava; it remained like a dead weight on the surface. In a pond in the vicinity, about thirteen hundred weight of fish, chiefly of that class which congregates at the bottom, like eels, perished; while those which came to the top did not at all suffer; and this curious circumstance was not confined to one spot. Portions of the vapour were collected and condensed; muriatic acid, but no base was present; there was no trace of muriate of ammonia; the sulphate of alumina and lime were also present.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Faraday read, at a recent meeting, a paper on the manufacture of pens from quill and steel. The great object of the lecturer was to compare and contrast the pens of ten years ago with those of the present time; his subject, therefore, was naturally divided into two parts, viz., the quill pen, and the steel pen. The chief marts for the former were Russia and Polish Prussia. The extraordinary elasticity of quill and feather was illustrated by showing that a peacock's feather, crumpled and pressed together to the utmost degree, could be perfectly expanded and arranged by subjecting it to the heat of steam. All the operations necessary in pen-making were then shown. The average number of quills manufactured by some of the old established houses in the metropolis was 6,000,000 each, annually. During the last seven years the imports of quills into London were—

In 1828	22,418,600
1829	23,119,800
1830	19,787,400
1831	23,670,300
1832	17.860,900
1833	23,976,600
1834	18,732,000

After touching upon the manufacture of the portable pens, and exhibiting the machine (from Morden's) by which they were made, Mr. Faraday proceeded to notice the steel pens of Wyse, Donkin, Wollaston, Doughty, and others. The mode of manufacturing steel pens at present was by the presses and apparatus of Mr. Morden; who, as a member of the Royal Institution, evinced his zeal for its welfare by transporting his beautiful machinery, as well as his men, to the lecture-room. The points of mechanical and chemical philosophy which continually arose as the pens passed

through their numerous stages—fourteen—were of the utmost interest. Mr. Faraday then stated some particulars respecting the present enormous production of pens, and referred to the establishment of Messrs. Gillat, of Birmingham, in which there are about three hundred pair of hands constantly employed, and which consumes about forty tons of steel per annum in the manufacture of this article. One ton of steel can produce 1,935,360 pens, or nearly two millions. The whole production in England was supposed to be equal to thrice that of Gillat's, or about 220,000,000 annually. Steel pens have been made by Wyse above thirty years ago, yet the great trade had arisen within the last nine or ten; and although the quill-pen trade has been somewhat affected by it, the consumption of such pens has diminished very little, and is now increasing. Hence it becomes a matter of curious speculation to consider what would have been the case had steel pens not been introduced; for, taking the importation of quills ten years ago as 22,000,000, or 23,000,000, there is now added to that amount a tenfold production of steel pens, or about 220,000,000. In considering the manner in which these pens were disposed of, Mr. Faraday stated that many were exported. To account for the disposal of the rest, he took the population as having increased in the above period by one-fourth of its present number: he supposed that, from the diffusion of education, probably the proportion of persons who could write now, as compared with those who did so ten or fifteen years ago, was as four to one; or rather that the proportion of writing was in that ratio. Finally, he considered that the cheapness of the pens now produced would probably cause an increase in the waste amounting to one-third of the whole supply. These causes put together would account for an increase of consumption as seven to one, and with the exports, gave an idea of the manner in which the whole was disposed of.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

The annual general meeting of proprietors of the London University has been held, when the council was authorized to raise by mortgage two thousand five hundred pounds, to complete the North London Hospital. The annual report expressed the satisfaction of the council at the prospects of the institution. The number of students in the faculty of the arts and law is 137; in medicine, 371; in the junior school, 303. The total amount of receipts, 9971*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* The extraordinary expenses of the year amounted to 1218*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, of which 480*l.* was incurred on account of proceedings to obtain a charter. The report alluded to the measures taken to obtain a charter, a petition for which was first presented in 1831. After receiving the approval of the Crown officers and the Royal signature in two instances, and, being on the eve of receiving the sanction of the Great Seal, its last stage to completion, the heads of the University of Cambridge, and afterwards those of Oxford, interposed, and demanded that a clause should be introduced to restrain the granting of degrees. The council of this institution refused to accept it on those terms, and a petition was presented to the King, who referred it to the Privy Council. Upon application for the determination of the Privy Council, the University of Cambridge and the College of Surgeons applied to be heard against the petition, the grounds of the opposition to the granting of the charter being the absence of all religious instruction, the impropriety of interfering in the regulations for licensing medical practitioners pending a Parliamentary inquiry into the subject, and that the University was supported by shareholders as a joint-stock company, whose shares were transferable in the market. No final decision has yet been made, but the council of management congratulated the proprietors on the success which had attended the medical department, and the establishment of the new hospital, in which there were at present 118 patients, and 90 students attending its practice.

VARIETIES.

Church Commission.—The following is an outline of the report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the Established Church:—

It is proposed to erect two new Bishoprics—one of Manchester, the other of Ripon. The greater part of the new diocese of Manchester is to be taken from the present diocese of Chester. The archdiocese of York to supply the new diocese of Ripon.

The number of bishops in the House of Lords will not, however, be increased, for it is proposed to unite the bishopric of Bristol and Llandaff, the out-laying part of the diocese of Bristol in Wilts and Dorset to pass to the diocese of Salisbury; and also to unite the sees of Bangor and Asaph.

It is likewise proposed to deprive the see of London of those parts of the metropolitan diocese which lie in Essex and Herts, giving to London in return all that, in the represented metropolitan districts, which now belongs to Canterbury or Winchester, so as to make the diocese nearly co-extensive with the represented metropolis. Essex is to be transferred to the bishopric of Rochester.

As regards the revenue, the rule laid down is, that when the annual income of a bishop amounts to 4,500*l.*, no addition should be made, nor any diminution unless it exceeded 5,500*l.* But it is suggested that the two archbishoprics and the bishoprics of London, Durham, and Winchester, require a larger provision. It is added, that this approach to an equalization will diminish the inducements to translation, besides the advantage of a discontinuance of Commendams.

To this report is appended a table containing the net income of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and of the twenty-four bishops for England and Wales, on three years' average, ending Dec. 13, 1831, with the estimated future income. From this it appears that the net income of the Archbishop of Canterbury is 19,182*l.*; that of the Archbishop of York, 12,629*l.*; of the Bishop of London, 13,999*l.*; of the Bishop of Winchester, 11,151*l.*; of the Bishop of Ely, 11,105*l.*; of the Bishop of Durham, 10,066*l.* These are the richest of the Church dignities; the income of the other sees vary from 6,569*l.*, the revenue of the Bishop of Worcester, to 924*l.*, which is the net income of the Bishop of Llandaff; the net revenue of the Bishop of Exeter is 2,713*l.* The total net income of the bishoprics in 1831 was 157,731*l.*

Criminal Returns.—By returns showing the number of persons taken into custody by the metropolitan police, and the result of the charges, in the year 1834, which have been recently printed, it appears that 64,269 persons were taken into custody, of whom 34,499 were discharged by the magistrates, 26,302 were summarily convicted or held to bail, 3468 were committed for trial, 2565 were convicted and sentenced, 551 acquitted, 329 not prosecuted (bills not found), and 23 whose cases have not been ascertained. The criminal charge under which the greatest number appears is that of uttering counterfeit coin, 929 having been taken into custody under that charge, of whom, however, 819 were discharged by the magistrates, and 98 convicted and sentenced. The charges of murder have been 26, but only 11 prosecutions upon them have been instituted, and 9 convictions obtained, of which last 8 were declared manslaughter, so that only one execution followed. Not less than 19,779 have been taken into custody for drunkenness, of whom 10,944 obtained their discharge without fine, and 8,835 summarily convicted. A comparative statement of these returns with those published the three previous years, shows that from 1831 to the end of 1834, there is a decrease in the number of persons taken into custody of 8555, an increase during the corresponding period

of 513 of committals for trial, and of 4459 convictions by magistrates. The comparative statements of the intermediate years, following one another, do not exhibit any very remarkable difference, the increase in one year of some cases being counterbalanced by a decrease in the next.

Malt Tax.—By the returns before Parliament, the following were the quantities of malt that paid duties in each of the last nine years, from 1825 to 1833 both inclusive:—

	BUSHELS.	DUTY.
1825	33,879,384	£4,380,371
1826	33,906,760	4,487,083
1827	27,731,390	4,367,364
1828	37,507,242	4,825,211
1829	31,808,848	4,086,506
1830	29,596,087	3,798,891
1831	37,149,462	4,767,231
1832	38,766,704	4,976,694
1833	40,164,793	5,153,574

By which it will be seen that the average consumption for the six years, up to 1830, inclusive, was 32,404,718 bushels; and for the three years, 1831, 1832, and 1833, inclusive (being the period since the repeal of the beer duty) the average consumption was 38,693,653 bushels, being an increase in consumption in the three last years of rather more than 19 per cent. The increase of consumption may fairly be attributed to the repeal of the beer duty in 1830, by which the price of beer was reduced; and by the account of the revenue, it appears that the receipts from other branches have increased in that time, so that the defalcation in total of the revenue, notwithstanding the reduction of three millions beer duty, has been very little.

Importation of Foreign Timber through the British North American Ports.—A return has been printed of the vessels' names and tonnage, the European ports whence the timber was originally shipped, the British American ports to which it was conveyed, the British ports into which it was imported, and its quantity and description. The number of those vessels was thirteen, and their united tonnage 3507; ten were originally from Memel, one from Riga, and two from Egersund (Norway); nine of them proceeded to Halifax, three to Pictou, and one to Sydney (Cape Breton); and three imported their cargoes into London, three into Liverpool, two into Portsmouth, and one each into Gloucester, Newcastle, Sunderland, St. Ives, and Cork. The total quantity imported was 3838 loads, and 355 pieces of fir timber, 2059 pieces of lath wood, and 130 great hundreds of staves.

Convicts.—Two reports from Mr. Capper, up to the 29th of January, 1835, are just printed, relative to the convicts confined in the hulks at Portsmouth, Gosport, Chatham, and Woolwich, and working at Bermuda, in which are found the following statements:—The convicts have been generally healthy. Since the transportation of the elder boys, considerable improvement has taken place amongst the younger ones, and the convicts at Bermuda continue orderly and healthy. On the 1st of January, 1834, there were 3060 prisoners on boards the hulks in England, since which there have been received 4374; of these 4302 have been transported to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, 702 have been discharged, 142 have died, 2 have escaped, and 2556 remained in the hulks on the 1st of January last. The total expenses of the hulks in England last year amounted to 44,257*l.*, and the value of the convicts' labour to 33,123*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; and at Bermuda their expense amounted to 23,929*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.*; and the value of their work to 30,160*l.* 4*s.*

By an account which has been returned to the House of Commons, it appears that the ten inspectors for the county of Middlesex, appointed

under the new act, have rejected 26,301 false weights, and 20,996 false measures; for which service, and marking 227,103 true weights, and 377,897 true measures, they have received in fees 3974*l.* 3*s.* 11*d.*

National Vaccine Institution.—The report of this Institution is just published. It appears from it that the deaths by small pox in London last year were only 334, a number less by at least 4000 than the annual average of deaths by that disorder before Vaccination was discovered, though the population of the metropolis was then more than one-fourth less than its present amount. The applications to this Institution for vaccinating material, last year, were 42 from the Navy, 34 from the Army, 53 from foreign stations, and 107 from Provincial Dispensaries. There were vaccinated last year at the Institution 11,571 poor persons; and 83,191 charges of lymph were sent out.

There are at this moment as many as eight ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer living:—Lord Sidmouth, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Bexley, (who held that office eleven years,) Earl Ripon, Mr. Herries, Mr. Goulburn, Earl Spencer, and Sir Robert Peel. The number of persons living who have held the office of Premier, or First Lord of the Treasury, is six:—Lord Sidmouth, the Earl of Ripon, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Lord Melbourne, and Sir Robert Peel.

Sir Robert Peel's Administration was the shortest known in England, at least since 1760, the date of accession of George the Third: it lasted only 118 days. The other short ones during that period were that of Lord Shelburne in 1782, which lasted five days longer; that of Mr. Canning, the duration of which was 135; and of the Earl of Ripon, which was 152 days. The duration of Lord Melbourne's first Administration was 186 days.

The Navy Estimates for the current year present a reduction of 330,000*l.* as compared with those of the preceding one.

The total number of slaves in Jamaica, on the 1st of last August, was 309,167, which have been valued at 15,352,306*l.*, or 40*l.* 13*s.* 11½*d.* each.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Fall of Fish.—A correspondent of the "Asiatic Journal" at Bengal gives the following particulars of a fall of fish, which happened on the 17th of May last, in the neighbourhood of Allahabad:—"The Zemindars of the village have furnished the following particulars, which are confirmed by other accounts. About noon, the wind being from the west, and a few distant clouds visible, a blast of high wind, accompanied with much dust, which changed the atmosphere to a reddish yellow hue, came on: the blast appeared to extend in breadth about 400 yards, chappers were carried off, and trees blown down. When the storm had passed over, they found the ground south of the village to the extent of two bigahs strewed with fish, in number no less than 3000 or 4000. The fish were all of the Chalwa species (Clopea Cultrata, Shakspeare's Dictionary), a span or less in length, and from one and a half to half a seer in weight. When found they were all dead and dry. Chalwa fish are found in the tanks and rivers in the neighbourhood. The nearest tank in which there is water is about half a mile south of the village. The Jumna runs about three miles south of the village, the Ganges fourteen miles N. by E. The fish were not eaten; it is said that in the pan they turned into blood!"

The "Diario di Roma" announces that on making some repairs in the vestry of the church at Pieva, a discovery was made of a magnificent arabesque painting by Perugino, representing the infant Saviour in a manger, surrounded by numerous figures remarkable for their beauty;

and on searching further, there were found four vases in terra cotta, evidently of great antiquity, on one of which was a note by Perugino, certifying that the painting was executed by him.

The Dutch Navy.—The official list of the Dutch Navy has just been published, from which it appears it consists of 2 ships of 84 guns; 6 ships of 74 guns; 1 ship of 64 guns; 3 ships of 60 guns; 16 ships of 44 guns; 6 ships of 32 guns; 12 ships of 28 guns; 4 ships of 20 guns; 9 ships of 18 guns; 4 ships of 14 guns; 1 ship of 12 guns; 3 ships of 8 guns; 4 steam-boats, and 4 transports.—Total, 75.

The Crime of Poisoning.—The French chemists make the following proposition, in order to render less frequent the crime of poisoning, and to put on their guard those who may be marked out as the victims of revenge, jealousy, or the like. From 1824 to 1832 the number of individuals accused of poisoning was 273, and it appeared that in many instances the intended victims have been saved by the bad taste communicated to the food by the poisonous substance. It is, therefore, recommended that it should be rendered compulsory to colour or give a flavour to all poisonous substances which would not be deteriorated by the admixture. For the latter purposes aloes have been suggested, and of this many English as well as French chemists have approved. It has also been recommended to scent all poisons with the same odour—musk, for instance.

The Inquisition.—A curious publication, showing the number of victims that have been sacrified by the Inquisition, has just appeared, and according to which 105,285 fell under Torrequemada, 51,167 under Cisneros, 34,952 under Diego Perez. Those who suffered under the inquisitors who preceded these three monsters amounted to 3,410,215. It is reckoned that 31,912 have been burnt alive, 15,659 have suffered the punishment of the statute, and 291,450 that of the penitentiaries. 500,000 families have been destroyed by the Inquisition, and it has cost Spain two millions of her children.

The master of a fishing smack belonging to Port-en-Bessin, on the coast of Normandy, on attempting to draw in his net, found it retained by some extremely heavy body. With much difficulty it was at last safely lodged in the boat, and found to be a conical mass, completely covered with sea-weed and shells. These are cleared away, and disclosed a large bell, weighing about 180 lbs., beautifully wrought, and containing in its metal a great portion of silver. According to the traditions of the country, this bell must have belonged to a large foreign ship, which was wrecked off that coast in the time of William the Conqueror.

Enumeration made by M. Arago of all the Severe Winters during the last Ten Centuries.—In 806 the Rhone was frozen over; the cold was from 18 to 20 centigrade degrees below Zero. In 1133 the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea. In 1234 loaded waggons crossed the Adriatic in front of Venice. In 1305 all the rivers of France were frozen over. In 1324 it was possible to travel from Denmark to Lubec and Dantzic on the ice. In 1334 all the rivers of Provence and Italy were frozen; at Paris the frost lasted two months and twenty days. In 1468 it was necessary to break up the wine in Flanders with hatchets, in order to serve it out to the soldiers. In 1544 the same became requisite in France. In 1594 the sea was frozen from Marseilles to Venice. In 1657 the Seine was entirely frozen over. In 1677 the Seine was frozen for thirty-five successive days. In 1709 the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, from Marseilles to Genoa, were frozen. In 1716 shops were established on the Thames; and finally, the Seine was entirely frozen over in 1742, 1744, 1766, 1767, 1776, 1788, and 1829.—*Paris Advertiser.*

A curious fact stated in the Report of the Bank of Savings at Amiens

is, that in the course of the year 1834 there was spent in the public-houses of Amiens 1,051,685f. 74c., of which 744,140f. 40c. was for brandy only. The number of drams taken in the year was 15,874,493, which makes 43,493 daily.

There has been lately found at Crotroy, in the Somme, a human skeleton, with an iron ring soldered round the neck, apparently of the 13th or 14th century. The weight of the ring is considerable, though much eaten by rust.

Jean Jaques Rousseau.—A statue in bronze, by Pradier, a countryman of Rousseau's, has been placed, with great pomp, in the city of Geneva. It is seven feet high above the pedestal, and has been the result of a subscription, among the contributors to which we see the names of many clergymen.

Cervantes.—The celebrated sculptor, Antonio Sola, director of the Spanish Academy at Rome, has just completed a bronze statue of Michael Cervantes, which is to be placed in the square of Santa Catalina, at Madrid, opposite the Chamber of Procuradores.

There has recently been discovered in a garret over the public library at Cambray, a collection of the bulls of the different Popes, addressed to the prelates who have successively filled the see of Cambray, and which will be highly interesting to archæologists. The greater part are in fine preservation.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The state of the weather has been particularly favourable for barley sowing up to the 15th of April, when a sudden and violent transition, produced by cold north and north-east winds, brought storms of sleet, hail, and snow, which covered the land and melted away by turns during the hours of two nights and days. But there is reason to suppose that previous to that time by far the greater portion of the seed had been got in, and certainly under as auspicious circumstances as were ever remembered. From all we can learn, the Chevalier has been almost universally adopted, and it is probable the greatest possible breadth has been sown from the apparently advantageous promise which the increasing demand for malt holds out. Thus the great operation of spring-culture is most successfully past. We have seen the grain coming up beautifully over large tracts; indeed, there is nothing more remarkable than the improvement since the drill has superseded the broad-cast. Yet how difficult it was to persuade the farmer to the change! Even in Norfolk it was nine years before Mr. Coke could induce a single tenant of his own to follow his example, though his success was then so widely made known by the annual Holkham sheep-shearings. Now, probably, there is hardly an acre cultivated in the old method—a sufficient hint to the occupier to keep his eyes upon practical improvement.

The peas also look equally well, particularly where they have been got early into the ground,—a plan we have the assurance of the first agriculturist to warrant us in saying ascertains this somewhat doubtful crop. The wheats before the fall of the snow looked thin and cold, though the colour was good. It is probable that the mildness of the winter, though it has encouraged the growth, has been not less favourable to the wire-worm, and to the operation of this insect is to be attributed the failure where the plant seems to have disappeared. But, upon the whole, the winter passed over well. The fall of lambs is great. Turnips have held out; and though the Spring cannot be considered to be forward, there will be

no lack of grass, particularly if we have now a few warm days. The bottoms of the clovers are full and thriving.

But what is to be the consequence of the state of the trade in wheat and its continued depression?—a depression from which there appears to be not only no present hope of rescue, but none of any future permanent alteration or improvement; while it seems certain that the markets were never so largely supplied, the stocks do not appear to have undergone any important diminution. There are still plenty of stacks to be seen in the rick-yards and fields. Yet we know the quantities consumed; first on account of the low price, which has tempted the employment of wheat for many uses not at all customary, especially for malting; and secondly, because the necessity of bringing a double quantity to sale to raise the same sum of money that would formerly have been raised by the moiety must have been incalculably greater. In one week (towards the close of last month) nearly 15,000 quarters were brought into the port of London from England alone, and the supply has been every week since tolerably large. This, too, is said to have happened in the very teeth of the fact, that all who are not driven by necessity into the market are holding back their wheat in the hope of some reaction. Now, as wheat has up to this time furnished the staple commodity of a farm—the ground of the computation of its produce and value—the grain from the price of which rent and other expenses are calculated and charged, and according to the same standard the measure of legislative protection, what is to be the event? If, as there appears good reason to believe, the growth is more than equal to the demand, it will be impossible to say where the depression is to stop. Certainly not at all short of the continental price; and, as the continental price depends much upon the English demand, it should seem that the course of things is bringing about that change which has been so long the object of contest between the landed and manufacturing interests, and that the approximation of the English to the continental price, by the natural tendency of a production equal to the consumption, is virtually and practically on the eve of consummating the abolition of the Corn Laws. Such being the command of Nature and art combining to this end, as it were, surely it would be best for the Government to avail itself of this co-operation, and to get rid at once of a question which will continue to be a subject of perpetual dissatisfaction and discord. The times can never be more favourable. If at the same instant the Malt Tax can be abrogated and the Corn Laws abolished, the ground of complaint would be removed both on the side of the agriculturist and the manufacturer. And to this, it is sufficiently obvious, do what they will, Ministers must come at last.

The public has been irritated though deluded, for we know not how many years, by the perpetual reiteration of the cry that the cupidity of the landlords was the ruin of the country. We need scarcely say that these clamours have proceeded from persons whose ignorance of rural economy, as well as of the political economy of rural affairs, has been most profound; and it is lamentable to know that "the leading journals" of the metropolis have not been amongst the most backward or the least culpable. It is not to be denied that the rent of land, occasioned principally by the outlay of capital and the exertions of skill in the improvement of the soil, stimulated by high prices during the war, had greatly advanced previous to the peace. But it is also true, that since that period land has suffered a depression, varying, probably, according to situation and circumstances, from 25 to 40 per cent.

Within the last few weeks a very simple, clear, and injurious method of demonstrating that rent is not the important particular it has been represented to be, has been put forth in one of the journals ("The Mark Lane Express") devoted to agricultural matters. "The fact," says the writer, "we think will be found, is, that the rent bears so small a proportion to the produce and other expenses of a farm, that no diminution of it can

effectually relieve the grower. An acre of good land, well cultivated, would produce twenty-four bushels of wheat, and the rent of which land may be calculated at 24*s.*; if wheat declines 1*s.* per bushel, the whole amount of rent is at once lost. As far as the interests of the consumer are involved, if the English landlords were at once to say, 'We will relinquish all our rents from corn lands—all shall be freely cultivated, and we are content to be ruined,' it would not relieve the consumer to the amount of *one penny* a loaf, and which may be thus simply exemplified:—Flour to compose the standard wheaten bread, by the old Assize Act of 13 Geo. III., c. 62, was calculated to bear three-fourths proportion of the weight of the wheat, of which it was made: the weight of the quartern loaf being 4 lbs. 5½ oz. Having alluded to the Act, we will continue the old weights and measures therein specified: a Winchester quarter, of average quality, of wheat will weigh 476 lbs.; one-fourth is allowed by the said Act to be deducted for offal when ground in flour, but when made into bread, it will regain about one-fifth of the original weight; a Winchester quarter, therefore, will produce about 448 lbs. of standard wheaten bread, which is rather more than 103 quartern loaves, or make it even numbers—say 100. An acre of land, as above stated, yielding twenty-four bushels, and let at 24*s.*, will therefore produce 300 loaves; take, then, from each loaf one penny, or 300 pence, making 25*s.*, and more than the amount of the rent is done away with. Thus, if the owners of corn-land were to sacrifice the whole of their income, how small a proportionate benefit would the consumer derive—the one party ruined, to cause a trifling alleviation to the other."

This is clear—this is conclusive. What then is to be done for the relief of agriculture? The case seems hopeless! Agriculture, it must be replied, is like other things; and embracing a much wider extent of circumstances and contingencies, both natural and social, than appertain to any other commerce, it will be of course affected more extensively, often more unexpectedly, and always more uncontrolably, than any other. But still, left to its own instinct and resources, it will right itself. The price of wheat, no more than the amount of rent, is not the only particular, barley and other grain, mangel worzel, turnips, and grasses comingling with the raising of stock; sheep and wool have become, and may probably remain, more important objects of profit. If, as we have no hesitation in propheeying must happen, and probably soon, the artificial restrictions on all sides be removed, then will skill, capital, and industry work their usual effects. We can but believe that the major part of the distress arises out of the artificial state of things. The unnaturally raised rent converted the proprietor—once the country gentleman—into a cosmopolitan; instead of giving his personal attention to his estate, he demitted the trust to a steward, and he now feels the consequences. He deserted his own place and his own affairs—he revelled in the luxuries of the metropolis and the expensive gaieties of the watering-places—he lost his habits and his knowledge—and he now suffers only the natural results. He retains his extravagant desires and expenses, while the means of supplying them have gradually slipped away from his grasp; and not less unluckily, his want of acquaintance with the incidents and economy of his estate unfit him for redressing his own evils. This is the history of half the estates now falling into ruin from the absence of their owners, and which are infinitely more in number than the world at large conjectures. The high prices had a similar effect upon the tenantry, and the unnatural stimulus, by turning so vast a portion of the capital and attention of the nation to agriculture during the high times, has precipitated the labourer into the same abyss. He suffers from the decline of employment occasioned by the return to old prices—not perhaps to a greater degree; but he is far more sensible of the evil, because he has no alternative resource. The competition of the increased numbers of his class is but the symptom of the decreased profits

of the trade in which he is but an instrument. What then will be done? There are three things the Legislature can do, but whether they will we pretend not to decide. These are—First, to repeal the malt tax, and whatever other imposts bear directly upon land; secondly, to abolish the Corn-Laws; and thirdly, to commute the tithes. Touching the maintenance of the poor, which after all is perhaps the heaviest burden, a large experiment is in the course of trial, and, however doubtful its success, the issue must be patiently awaited. Till these things are done, there will be little peace in the rural community; they depend indeed upon general politics, but still they will command attention, for the landed interest is now too well instructed in the arts of agitation "to suffer and be still."

RURAL ECONOMY.

The Annat Barley, a new Variety of Barley.—This new and seemingly very superior variety is the produce of three ears which were picked by Mr. Gorrie, Annat Gardens, in a field on the farm of Flawcraig, Carse of Gowrie, Perthshire, in the harvest of 1830; since which period it has been grown at Annat Gardens. Hence its name. Last season it was sown on a ridge in the middle of a field, with common barley on one side, and Chevalier on the other. In bulk of straw it seemed to have the advantage of both these kinds; it was five days earlier ripe than the former, and about a fortnight before the latter; and it was also 2½lb. per bushel heavier than the Chevalier. From the Annat barley being of so recent introduction, it will be two years at least before a sufficient quantity of seed can be produced to render it the subject of extensive cultivation.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

On the Fertility of Grain.—Transplant, in the months of February or March, from the field into a fresh dug piece of ground in your garden, fifty plants of wheat; to be planted out in rows, twelve inches apart, and nine inches from each other in the rows. In the months of March or April transplant fifty plants of oats, in the same way, and at the same distances; let the intervals be well hoed, and kept clean of weeds, as long as you can get among them; each plant of wheat will tiller out, from the root, from six to sixteen stems, each producing an ear of wheat. The stems from the oats are not so numerous as the wheat, but the grains of oats are far more abundant; this affords great encouragement for the allotment system now so much and properly resorted to for the benefit of our agricultural labourers. It is likewise a plain and simple method of proving the advantages to be derived from the row culture, both as to the employment it occasions and the remuneration it affords.

Whale-Oil as a Manure.—It appears, from the report of the Doncaster Agricultural Association, that one gallon of whale-oil has been proved equal to one bushel of bones in raising turnips. It should be mixed with screened soil at least one month before using, in the proportion of a gallon to three bushels of soil. Should succeeding trials be favourable, it will be of greater importance than even bone-dust. Unrefined whale-oil averages about 1*s.* 3*d.* per gallon.

USEFUL ARTS.

Iodine and Guaiacum.—A correspondent of the "Medical Gazette" notices the following curious fact:—"On the addition of a very minute portion of iodine to a small quantity of an alcoholic solution of the powder of guaiacum, I observed a very fine blue colour, varying in its different shades according to the quantities used. The decomposition of iodine which here takes place," he proceeds, "bears so close an analogy to that effect which is produced by starch, that all I feel surprised at is, that it has not been mentioned before. The circumstances that are necessary for the success of the one experiment hold good in the other; and the modifications also are in a great measure alike."

Specific against Fire.—A French chemist states that the phosphate of ammonia is preventive against fire; that a piece of muslin dipped in a solution of this salt, after having been dried, will not catch fire when exposed to the flame of a candle. The muslin at first becomes black, is then reddened, but there is no appearance of flame.

Instantaneous Magnetic Light.—A magnetic application of the philosophical researches of Professor Faraday, and the mechanical arrangements of Professor Ritchie and Mr. Saxton, has, we are informed, been contrived by Mr. Newman, the philosophical instrument maker in Regent-street—the principle of the apparatus not requiring the use of either acids or gases, allowing the greatest facility in its employment, without being liable to be easily deranged, or affected by dampness or changes of temperature—possessing, at the same time, as we are informed, all the power of the magneto-electric machine, and being capable also of use as a philosophical instrument, for effecting decomposition and ignition.

Black Lead Pencils.—A. M. Fichtemberg, of Paris, has invented a combination which is said to possess all the desirable qualities of the pure *plombazine*, or plumbago, of Cumberland.

An Important Improvement in Shoes and Boots.—The following method of preparing water-proof leather at a very small expense, will be found invariably to succeed:—Take one pint of drying oil, two ounces of yellow wax, two ounces of spirit of turpentine, and one ounce of Burgundy pitch, melted carefully over a slow fire; with this composition new shoes and boots are to be rubbed in the sun, or at a distance from the fire, with a sponge, as often as they become dry, until they are fully saturated; the leather then is impervious to wet, the shoes and boots last much longer, acquire softness and pliability, and thus prepared, are the most effectual preservatives against cold and chilblains.

Propelling Vessels by Quicksilver.—It is said, in a Hamburg paper, that Lord Cochrane's scheme for propelling vessels by quicksilver instead of steam, is objected to at St. Petersburgh, on scientific grounds. It is asserted that if the plan were proved to be advantageous in a mechanical point of view, it would still be impracticable. In support of this opinion, it is remarked that no piston of a steam engine is so exactly fitted to its cylinder as to prevent the passage of steam, and that every lubricating matter which might be applied would, in the heat of the boiling mercury, at 600 degrees of Fahrenheit, be partly evaporated, partly carbonized. Moreover, no lubricating substance exists, which is capable of obstructing the passage of the vapour, and its ascent from quicksilver would be greater than the ascent from steam. The atmosphere of the vessel would, therefore, be completely loaded with mercurial effluvia, and thus rendered highly dangerous to the health of the crew and the passengers. This objection, which appears to be well founded, renders it the more desirable that experiments should be made to ascertain whether a sufficient motive power may not be obtained by means of the galvanic battery in the Adelaide Gallery.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM MARCH 24, TO APRIL 24, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

March 24.—G. WILLIAMS, Union-court, Old Broad-street, merchant. F. F. THOMPSON, Sloane-street, Chelsea, wine-merchant. C. BEVAN, Great Portland-street, Marylebone, china-dealer. W. ALLEN, Holt, Norfolk, grocer. R. OWEN, Carnarvon, draper. T. YORK, Northampton, carver and gilder. T. KENNINGTON, Wrawby, Lincolnshire, horse-dealer. R. WILLIAMS, Trederwen, Montgomeryshire, nurseryman. T. WADLEY, Liverpool, merchant. W. WILKES and R. WILKES, Shrewsbury, drapers. T. HARBUTT, Tynemouth, Northumberland, brewer. J. BAYLEY, Manchester, commission-agent.

March 27.—J. LEONARD, Rugeley, Staffordshire, bookseller. E. EYRE, Wells-street, Oxford-street, blind-maker. C. CAMPBELL, Arundel-street, Strand, lodging-house keeper. H. SWAN, Great Knight-Rider-street, City, money-scrivener. W. SPICER, Tower-street, Seven Dials, licensed victualler. R. JOHNSON, Sneinton, Nottinghamshire, lace-manufacturer. S. GLOVER, Thackley, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer. J. WHITLEY, Liverpool, money-scrivener. T. ALLISON, Manchester, warehouseman. J. S. SMITH, Manchester, merchant. J. CUNNINGTON, sen., and J. CUNNINGTON, jun., Spalding, Lincolnshire, ironmongers. R. HACKWARTH, Moulton, Lincolnshire, wheelwright. W. B. MITCHELL, Sheffield, Yorkshire, merchant. J. KNIGHT, Hastings, innkeeper. H. ANDREWS, Bristol, paper-hanger. E. HARDY, Swanage, Isle of Purbeck, Dorsetshire, innkeeper.

March 31.—A. NEIRINEKX, Hammersmith, builder. M. ARNOLD, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, bookseller. G. BAKER, Davies-street, Berkeley-square, ironmonger. T. WATERFIELD, Dunstable, straw-hat manufacturer. S. F. GRAY, New Bond-street, chemist. J. GLOSSOP, Victoria Theatre, printer. T. IDLE, Manchester, fishmonger. W. HANKS, Macclesfield, brewer. J. BROWN, Workington, Cumberland, mercer. J. WHITE, Burton-under-Needwood, Staffordshire, Druggist. J. S. WITHERDEN, Margate, blacksmith.

April 3.—W. ROBSON, George-street, City, printer. J. TAYLOR, Coleman-street, City, merchant. T. SMITH, jun., East Grinstead, Sussex, chemist. J. THOMAS, Cole's-wharf, Thomas-street, Horsleydown, granary-keeper. D. BYAS, Oxford-street, upholsterer. J. G. MADDOX, Bristol, druggist. W. FOX, Weston-hill, Norwood, victualler. R. NICHOLS, Wakefield, bookseller. B. BOARDMAN, Norwich, tailor. J. HILL, South Milford, Yorkshire, teazel-dealer. C. COWDEROY, Kensington, Surrey, grocer and trader. J. ROOTH, Shirland, Derbyshire, corn-factor. J. S. SMITH and J. G. BIRD, Manchester, merchants. J. MALLETT, East-street, Walworth, grocer.

April 7.—J. RUDDOCK, King-street, Portman-square, livery stable keeper. E. W. GRATWICK, Goswell-street, tea dealer. E. RUSSELL and W. P. M. CROFT, New Tothill-street, Westminster, tobacconists. J. MORRIS, sen., and J. MORRIS, jun., Upper St. Martin's-lane, auctioneers. F. P. COUCH, Launceston, horse dealer. J. MORRIS, Carmarthen, ironmonger. J. BELLAMY, Tynemouth, farmer. C. SALSBURY, Hull, hatter. R. DYSON, Gloucester-street, Queen-square, tailor.

April 10.—R. CAYLEY, Queen's-row, Walworth, merchant. J. STYLES, North Brixton, lodging-house keeper. R. HALL, Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, general dealer. G. GREEN and A. LYNN, Golden-lane, Barbican, saddlers' ironmongers. W. WARD, Coventry, ribbon manufacturer. J. EDMUNDSON, Blackburn, cotton manufacturer. R. VERYARD, Bristol, flax dresser.

April 14.—A. GOODBODY, Ludgate-street, City, tailor. J. CLAYTON, Buxton, Derbyshire, draper. W. DIX, Burslem, Staffordshire, draper. J. H. SEWARD, Leominster, Herefordshire, wine merchant. J. MARCHETTI, Torquay, Devonshire, victualler. S. W. HARRISON and W. HARRISON, North Shields, ship owners. J. SHELDON, Walsall, Staffordshire, publican.

April 17.—T. KIRTLAN and W. BRUCE, Blackman-street, Surrey, woollen drapers. J. S. WILSON, Agnes-place, Waterloo-road, coach proprietor. W. GOTTON, Gutter-lane, Cheapside, fishmonger. E. TARDIEU, Berners-street, Oxford-street, dealer in lace. R. W. JOHNSON, Gloucester, merchant. G. PELL, Buttock's Booth, Weston Favell, Northamptonshire, victualler.

April 21.—F. RODBART and C. MASSINA, Hammersmith, schoolmasters. W. SAYES, Horsham, Sussex, baker. W. HARRIS, Fareham, Southampton, cattle-salesman. R. ORD, Bishopthorpe, Yorkshire, dealer. T. SMALLWOOD, Birmingham, grocer. W. WILLIAMS, Pontymvile, Monmouthshire, shop-keeper. T. RAYNER, manchester, victualler.

April 24.—R. W. SAVAGE, Great Rider-str., St. James's, dealer. T. L. TERRY, Cornhill, vintner. D. TYE, Weybridge, cattle and sheep salesman. T. BROWETT, Northampton, tin-plate worker. W. HOGARTH, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder. T. BACKHOUSE, Wakefield, Yorkshire, plumber.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The general condition of the manufacturing interests in the country is satisfactory; the cotton mills and looms are in full employ, and the woollen manufactures, though somewhat depressed by the season of the year, are certainly not more so than is usually the case. The Silk trade is all bustle and activity, and, in some instances, mills hitherto otherwise occupied have been converted to this branch of manufacture.

In the Colonial Market, there has been a degree of inactivity of late, but rather attributable to the holiday season than to any permanent cause. The Sugar trade is considered to be generally in a healthy state, affording a fair remunerating price to the grower, to the importer, and to the dealer; the weekly deliveries are larger than at the corresponding period of last year, and with every appearance of its continuing to be so. The principal arrivals from the West Indies are expected to be somewhat larger than last year, but it is not anticipated that there will be any considerable decrease in the quantity. The present quotations show a depreciation to the extent of about 1*s.* per cwt. during the last fortnight; they are as follows:—Jamaica, brown, 51*s.* to 52*s.*; middling, 53*s.* to 55*s.*; good to very fine, 56*s.* to 60*s.*; Demerara, brown, 49*s.* to 51*s.*; middling, 51*s.* to 55*s.*; good to fine, 56*s.* to 58*s.* A large public sale of Mauritius Sugars, amounting to more than 8000 bags, took place recently; but being generally of a strong quality suited to refiners, it went off at full prices. In East India and Foreign Sugars the transactions have lately been unimportant. The present stock of West India Muscovades is 11,800 hhds. and trs., being 4600 more than last year; that of Mauritius is 108,400 bags, which is 18,300 more than last year. The last average price of Sugar is 1*l.* 10*s.* 4¾*d.* per cwt.

The market for Refined Sugars is dull; the holders ask 33*s.* 6*d.*; biddings of 33*s.* are freely made, and some sales are effected at 33*s.* 3*d.*

The Coffee Market is heavy; but the prices of British Plantation do not give way: the quotations are—for Jamaica, ordinary, 73*s.* to 78*s.*; good to fine ordinary, 80*s.* to 90*s.*; middling, 92*s.* to 105*s.*; good to fine, 107*s.* to 123*s.* In East India and Foreign Coffee there is nothing doing. An application has been lately made to the Lords of the Treasury urging a further reduction of the Duty by one-third,—namely, to 4*d.* per lb. on West India, and to 6*d.* per lb. on East India Coffee: the answer, which was transmitted shortly before the late change in the Ministry, was not of a favourable nature.

Rum presents little variation; the prices lately realized have been for Leewards, 6 over-proof, 2*s.* 2*d.* per gallon; strong Demerara, 27 and 28 over, 2*s.* 9*d.*, and 37 to 38 over, 3*s.* 1*d.*

The Cotton Market continues very firm, though the holidays have caused some suspension of business; the sales in the preceding week amounted in London to 8000 bags, and in Liverpool to 35,000 packages; East India sold at an advance of ⅛*d.* to ¼*d.* per lb.; American and Brazil, ¼*d.* to ½*d.* per lb. higher.

The stock of Wool being now very low, and a fair share of business doing by the manufacturers, the holders are firm in their demands for increased prices.

In Indigo there has been nothing material done since the termination of the public sales; in Spices there has been considerable activity, particularly in Pepper and Nutmegs; for a fine parcel of the latter as much as 7*s.* 6*d.* per lb. has been obtained.

The Corn Market has long been free from any of those sudden fluctuations by which fortunes were decided in Mark Lane with as much rapidity as in Capel Court; and of late the variations have been as trifling as in any other article of merchandize. As an instance of this, it is to be observed that the average price of Wheat for the last week differs but 6*d.* per quarter from the average of the last six weeks; and in other descriptions of grain the difference is still less.

The English Funds, which exhibited symptoms of depression during the period when it was to a certain degree doubtful whether another appeal would be made to the people by means of a general election, have acquired additional firmness by the formation of a Ministry without having recourse to this exciting experiment. Since the principal appointments have been made, Consols have been steadily, though slowly advancing, and are now about ¾ per cent. better than at the beginning of the month; and this has taken place notwithstanding a scarcity of money, which

has reduced the premium on India Bonds and Exchequer Bills.

The Foreign Stock Market has been the scene of great excitement, particularly in South American Securities, in which a most rapid and unaccountable advance took place; in the space of a month Chilian Bonds rose from 47 to 57; Colombian from 40 to 54; Mexican from 43 to 51; and Peruvian from 29 to 43. As there is no better foundation for this extraordinary rise than vague conjecture or wild speculation, it may be expected that the reaction will be as rapid and as extensive. With much better reason have the Bonds of Spain and Portugal been in a continued course of improvement; until the latter from the quotation of 94½ have come within a fraction of 100; and the former have advanced from 65 to nearly 72. The other descriptions of Foreign Stock are improved, though not to the same extent.

The Share Market has been lately in a very inanimate state; but the spirit of speculation seems now about to call new projects into activity.

The closing quotations of the principal Securities, on the 24th, are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 217, 18—Three per Cent. Reduced, 91¾ ⅞—Three per Cent. Consols, 92¾—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 99 ¼—Three and a Half per Cent. New, 100¼ ½—Long Annuities, expire Jan., 1860, 16⅛ ⅜ 17—India Stock, 259 60—Ditto Bonds, 18 20—Exchequer Bills, 1000*l.*, and Small, 36 7—Bank for Account, shut—India ditto, shut—Consols ditto, 92⅞ 3.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 8, 9—Bolanos, 145 50 Brazilian, Imperial, 43 4—Ditto D'El Rey, 7½ 8—Canada, 40 1—Colombian, 13 14—Real Del Monte, 35 6—United Mexican, 6¾ 7¼—Candonga, 1¾ 2¼.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 104½ 5—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 88¼—Chilian, 6 per cent. 54½ 5½—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 50 ½—Danish, 3 per cent. 76¾ 77¼—Dutch, 2½ per cent. 57⅜ ½—Ditto, 5 per cent. 101⅝ ¾—Mexican, 6 per cent. 49 ½ — Peruvian, 6 per cent. 39 ½ — Portuguese, 3 per cent. 74¼ ½—Ditto Regency, 5 per cent. 99¾ ⅞—Russian 6*l.* sterling, 5 per cent. 108¼ 9—Spanish, 1821, 5 per cent. 71⅝ ¾—Ditto, 1835, Scrip, 5 per cent. 10¾ ½—Ditto, passive 5 per cent. 21 22—Ditto, deferred, 5 per cent. 33¼ 34.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE REVENUE.

Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the

	Qrs. ended Apr. 5, 1834.	Qrs. ended Apr. 5, 1835.	Increase.	Decrease.	Yrs. ended Apr. 5, 1834.	Yrs. ended Apr. 5, 1835.	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs...£	3,603,267	4,286,877	683,610	.....	15,133,005	17,620,305	2,487,300	
Excise.....	2,705,561	1,687,574	.....	1,015,987	14,943,948	12,150,068	.....	2,793,880
Stamps.....	1,671,450	1,654,387	.....	17,063	6,586,098	6,565,171	.....	20,927
Taxes.....	483,351	245,364	.....	237,987	4,865,846	4,312,627	.....	553,219
Post-Office..	334,000	359,000	25,000	.....	1,374,000	1,386,000	12,000	
Miscellan....	11,285	10,988	.....	297	51,940	56,622	4,682	
	8,806,914	8,244,190			42,954,837	42,090,793		
Repayments of Advances for Public Works, &c..	128,461	216,734	88,273	.....	366,115	478,632	112,517	
Total..£	8,933,375	8,460,924	796,883	1,271,334	43,320,952	42,569,425	2,616,499	3,368,026
	Deduct Increase			796,883	Deduct Increase			2,616,499
	Decrease on the Quarter			474,451	Decrease on the Year.....			751,527

From the reduction of house and other taxes, a falling off in the receipts had been anticipated, which has been realised, the general income appearing this year less than the last by 751,527*l.*, whilst upon the quarter it is less by 474,451*l.* As contributing to this result, it would appear that all the sources of public wealth (certainly the main channels) have been less productive this year than the last. The Customs show an improvement upon the year of 2,487,300*l.*, and upon the quarter of 683,610*l.*; but the Excise duties have fallen off 2,793,880*l.* upon the year, and 1,015,987*l.* upon the quarter. The stamp-duties, which appear to be as regularly diminishing in amount yearly as the revenue for the Post-office is increasing, are less this year and quarter by 20,927*l.* and 17,063*l.* respectively, as those of the Post-office are better by 12,000*l.* for the year, and 25,000*l.* for the quarter. Under the head of Assessed Taxes, the defalcation is to the amount of 553,219*l.* for the year, and 237,987*l.* for the quarter. The "Miscellaneous" have increased upon the year, to the amount of 4,682*l.*, but are worse upon the quarter, compared with that of last year, by 297*l.* As moneys received in the way of re-payments for former advances to public works, the increase is upon the year 112,517*l.* and upon the quarter, 88,273*l.* The probable amount of Exchequer Bills required for the service of the quarter is estimated at 4,973,105*l.*

LIST OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

THE CABINET.

First Lord of the Treasury	Lord Melbourne.
President of the Council	Lord Lansdowne.
First Lord of the Admiralty	Lord Auckland.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	Lord Holland.
Woods, Works, and Privy Seal	Lord Duncannon.
Home Secretary	Lord John Russell.
Foreign Secretary	Lord Palmerston.
Colonial Secretary	Mr. Charles Grant.
India Board	Sir John Cam Hobhouse.
Secretary at War	Lord Howick.
Board of Trade	Mr. Poulett Thomson.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Mr. Spring Rice.

NOT IN THE CABINET.

Joint Secretaries of the Treasury	Mr. Francis T. Baring. Mr. E. J. Stanley.
Attorney-General	Sir John Campbell.
Solicitor-General	Mr. Rolfe.
Judge-Advocate-General	Mr. Cutlar Fergusson.
Post-Master-General	Marquis of Conyngham.
Paymaster-General and Treasurer of the Navy	Sir Henry Parnell.
Clerk of the Ordnance	Colonel Leith Hay.
Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland	Lord Mulgrave.
Lord-Chancellor of Ireland	Lord Plunket.
Attorney-General for Ireland	Mr. Perrin.
Solicitor-General for Ireland	Mr. O'Loghlin.
Lord-Advocate of Scotland	Mr. J. A. Murray.
Solicitor-General for Scotland	Mr. Cunningham.
Lords of the Treasury	Lord Seymour. Mr. Ord. Mr. R. Steuart.
Lords of the Admiralty	Lord Dalmeny. Admiral Adam. Sir Thomas Troubridge. Admiral Sir W. Parker. Hon. Capt. Elliott, R.N.
Irish Secretary	Lord Morpeth
Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint	Mr. Labouchere.

Under Secretary of the Home Department	Hon. Fox Maule.
Under Secretary of the Colonies	Sir George Grey.
Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs	Lord Fordwich.
Secretary of the Admiralty	Mr. C. Wood.
Secretaries of the Board of Control	Mr. Robert Gordon. Mr. Vernon Smith.
Surveyor-General of the Ordnance	Sir Rufane Donkin.
Store-keeper-General of the Ordnance	Colonel Anson.
Lord Chamberlain	Marquis Wellesley.
Vice-Chamberlain	Lord A. Conyngham.
Lord Steward of the Household	Duke of Argyll.
Master of the Horse	Earl of Albemarle.
Master of the Stag Hounds	Earl of Errol.
Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard	Earl of Gosford.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

March 24.—On the motion of the Duke of Richmond, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the present state of prison-discipline.

March 27.—The Marquess of Westminster inquired whether it was the intention of Government to confine the construction of those Houses to one architect, to the exclusion of all the other talented architects of the country.—The Duke of Wellington said that the House had not decided upon the plan before the Committee of the House of Commons, nor any other plan; nor would he say that Government would confine itself to any particular plan at present, or whether any other architect would be excluded from furnishing a plan of his own.—The Marquess of Lansdowne observed that, so far from the Committee having adopted any plan, they had only formally acknowledged the receipt of that before them, and it was understood that the matter was still open to competition.

March 30.—The Earl of Aberdeen presented the reports of the Corporation and the Ecclesiastical Commissions,—ordered to be printed.

April 2.—Lord Plunket entered into an explanation of his opinion respecting Church property, and its appropriation by the State, in answer to an inference of the Bishop of Exeter on a former evening. His Lordship stated in effect that his opinions upon that subject had undergone no alteration. He had never said that Church property was of the nature of private property. On the contrary, he had ever regarded it in the light of corporate property. Allusions to former speeches he condemned as irregular and in bad taste.

April 7.—Lord Brougham inquired whether the Privy Council had come to any decision upon the application of the London University, for a Charter to grant Degrees, under certain restrictions?—The Earl of Rosslyn stated that the Privy Council having heard evidence on both sides, had adjourned *sine die*.

April 8.—The Duke of Wellington briefly announced that his Majesty's Government had tendered their resignations, and that they held their offices only until their successors were appointed.

April 18.—Lord Melbourne announced his appointment as First Lord of the Treasury, and that it was the intention of the Administration to adhere to that liberal line of policy which the Administration were pursuing before they quitted office. "With respect to the difficulties," said his Lordship, "under which the Administration has been formed—and great and many they have been—some, indeed, of a peculiarly severe and mortifying nature—it is not now my business to say anything." His Lordship concluded by moving an adjournment to the 12th of May.—Lord Alvanley desired to know whether the Noble Viscount had or had not obtained the powerful aid of Mr. O'Connell and his party? Lord Melbourne, in reply, said—"I do not know whether I have the assistance of Mr. O'Connell or

not, but I say most distinctly that I have taken no means to secure it, and I most particularly state that I have entered into no terms whatever. To the Noble Lord's question, therefore, I give a most decided negative; and if he has been told anything to the contrary, he has been told what is false, and without foundation."—In answer to a question from the Duke of Buckingham about the Church Appropriation question, Lord Melbourne subsequently said—"I have no hesitation in declaring to the Noble Duke that I hold myself bound, and pledge myself to act upon the principle of the resolution adopted by the House of Commons." His Lordship then moved the adjournment to the 30th of April, on the understanding that no *public* business should be taken till the 12th of May.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

March 23.—Mr. Roebuck adverted to a letter sent by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. Hume, requiring explanation of the sense in which certain expressions were used; he noticed that letter as a breach of privilege, but after a short discussion, the matter was dropped.

March 24.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved a resolution for a Bill for the Commutation of Tithe in England and Wales.—The measure appeared to give general satisfaction, and, after a long discussion, was agreed to.

March 25.—The order of the day for the House resolving itself into a Committee of Supply having been moved, 819,115*l.* was granted for the half-pay of officers in the Navy and Marines, 522,635*l.* for military pensions and allowances, and 219,625*l.* for civil pensions.

March 26.—Mr. Tooke brought forward his motion, "That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, beseeching him to grant his Royal Charter of Incorporation to the University of London, as approved in the year 1831, by the then law officers of the Crown, and containing no other restriction than against conferring degrees in divinity and in medicine."—Mr. Goulburn moved an amendment, "That an humble Address be presented to the Crown, praying that all memorials laid before the Privy Council with reference to granting a charter to the London University, and any proceedings taken, be laid before the House."—After a protracted discussion, the House divided, when Mr. Tooke's motion was carried by a majority of 246 against 136.

March 27.—Sir Robert Peel wished to know, supposing the House to agree to the proposition of Lord John Russell, and to go into Committee, whether the Noble Lord would be prepared to produce the particular plan by which he proposed to make the appropriation?—Lord John Russell said that that was a question which he felt himself not bound to answer.

March 30.—Lord John Russell entered on the great question of the Appropriation of the Revenues of the Church of Ireland. His Lordship addressed the House at great length; and after a retrospect of the events in Ireland, stated his intention of proposing that there should be instituted such a reform of the Church of Ireland as would enable them to adapt its establishment to the spiritual instruction of those that belong to it, taking care in doing so to prevent there being any unnecessary additions. His Lordship concluded by moving the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Ward:—"That this House resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, in order to consider the present state of the Church of Ireland, with a view of applying any surplus of its revenues to the general education of all classes of the people, without reference to religious distinction."—Sir Edward Knatchbull said that an address to the Crown, expressive of the opinion of the House of Commons, was for no other purpose than the hope of involving the Crown in a direct opposition to the wishes of that House. A resolution had been artfully and wilfully drawn up, which was to produce the effect its framers desired, but which they had

not sufficient confidence nor boldness to avow. To the principle of the Noble Lord he withheld his consent, on the ground that he was not at all prepared to allow of the alienation of Church property from Church purposes.—Sir J. Graham addressed the House at some length, in favour of Ministers, and Lord Howick spoke for a considerable time in support of the motion.—The debate was adjourned.

March 31.—The adjourned debate on the Church of Ireland was resumed. The speakers in support of Lord John Russell's resolution were Mr. Sheil, Mr. C. Wood, Mr. Feargus O'Connor, and Sir J. C. Hobhouse. The members who addressed the House on the other side were Mr. Lefroy, Colonel Damer, Sir R. Inglis, Mr. Gladstone, and the Solicitor-General. The debate was again adjourned.

April 1.—The Hon. T. Corry announced his Majesty's answer to the address of the 26th, connected with the London University, which expressed his Majesty's readiness to forward the grant of the charter. The adjourned debate on Lord John Russell's motion respecting the Irish Church occupied the remainder of the sitting. The speakers in support of the measure of confiscation of the property of the Irish Church were Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Littleton, and Mr. S. Rice. The members who addressed the House in opposition to the motion, and in support of the negative moved by Sir E. Knatchbull, were Mr. Praed, Mr. Beilby Thompson, Sir H. Hardinge, and Lord Stanley.—The House again adjourned.

April 2.—The adjourned debate on Lord J. Russell's motion was renewed by Sir J. Campbell, who declared his full concurrence in the resolution, upon which, as he conceived, the destinies of the empire depended.—Mr. Richards opposed the resolution as impracticable, without the grossest violation of principle and property, and as calculated to produce confusion and civil war if attempted to be carried into effect.—Mr. Goulburn denied the existence of any surplus revenue, and contended that so far from an excess of funds there was a deficiency, as could be proved from well-authenticated statements. He thought the adoption of the resolution would add to the excitement of Ireland, instead of allaying it.—Mr. T. F. Buxton said the only hope of benefiting Ireland was by education, which would extinguish religious animosities and promote Protestantism. He should therefore move, when the proper opportunity presented itself, that in the event of the Protestant religion extending in Ireland, so as to require further aid, means should be provided, or the right given to resume what should now be appropriated to education.—Mr. O'Connell supported the motion in a speech of great length. He observed that the result of this debate would be a proclamation to the people of Ireland as to what they would have to expect, and whether there was to be an end of the system by which they had been governed.—Sir R. Peel followed, and, in a powerful appeal to the House, cautioned members against exciting false hopes in the Catholics while terror was fixed in the breasts of the Protestants. He also declared that if the motion were adopted he could be no party to carrying it into effect; he could be no part of any Government that would adopt such a measure.—Lord J. Russell said he deemed the principle of so much importance to the tranquillity of the country that he must press it forward. As to Mr. Buxton's amendments, he had no objection to the adoption of them.—The House divided. The numbers were—For the motion, 322; against it, 289; majority in favour of the motion, 33.

April 3.—Lord John Russell having moved the order of the day for a Committee of the whole House on the Irish Church,—Sir Robert Peel said he should not throw the slightest objection in the way of the motion of the noble Lord; but the exigencies of the state rendered it necessary that the Navy Estimates and the Mutiny Act should come under the earliest consideration of the House.

April 6.—Lord Mahon, in reply to Mr. T. Duncombe, said that Government had sent Lord Elliott upon a special mission to the scene of war in

Spain, the object of which was, if possible, to prevent the system of barbaric warfare which all must regret had been adopted by the two armies. The mission had been sent out with the full concurrence of the Ministers from Spain and France, solely for that purpose, and not with any intention of supporting Don Carlos's pretensions to the throne of Spain.—The adjourned discussion on the Irish Church was resumed in a Committee of the whole House.—After speeches had been delivered by Mr. Borthwick, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Baring Wall, Mr. F. Bruen, the Marquess of Chandos, and Mr. Scarlett, against Lord John Russell's resolution, and by Mr. S. Maxwell, Mr. Baines, Mr. Roche, Mr. Buller, and Mr. Warburton, in favour of it, the House divided, when there appeared—for the resolution, 262—against it, 237—majority, 25.—Lord John Russell then gave notice that he should move, on Tuesday, "That it is the opinion of this House that no measure relating to the Irish tithes will lead to a satisfactory adjustment without its embodying the foregoing resolution."

April 7.—Mr. Bernal brought up the report of the Committee on the Irish Church resolution.—Mr. Sinclair suggested that the resolution should be communicated to the House of Lords.—Lord John Russell said when it had received the sanction of that House, he was quite sure that the House of Lords would not refuse to pass a measure calculated to secure the Church of Ireland and the peace of the empire.—Sir R. Peel said that, as the first resolution of the noble Lord had already been discussed, he would not divide the House again upon it; but when the noble Lord brought forward his second resolution, that no Tithe Bill would give satisfaction to Ireland unless embodying the principles of that resolution, he should certainly take the opinion of the House upon the subject.—The report of the resolution having been read and agreed to, Lord John Russell brought forward his second resolution: "That it is the opinion of the House that no measure upon the subject of tithes in Ireland can lead to a satisfactory and final adjustment, unless it includes the principles contained in the resolution come to by that House." The motion was debated at considerable length: in the course of the discussion Sir H. Hardinge declared that if the motion were carried he could not undertake to embody it in the Irish Tithes Bill which he had proposed to bring forward.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer charged Lord John Russell with having pursued anything but a candid course, in having so frequently varied his propositions, as contrasted with original notices. He resisted the present motion as unprecedented and dangerous.—The House eventually divided, when there appeared, for the resolution, 285—against it, 258—making a majority of 27 against Ministers.

April 8.—As soon as the hour for commencing public business arrived, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a communication that all the Ministers had felt it to be their duty to tender their resignations to his Majesty, and that they now only held the seals of office until successors should be appointed. Sir Robert fully and temperately described the motives which had led to this step: they were founded on the continual majorities against them, and on the final adoption of a principle, to the carrying of which into effect the Ministers could be no party. Further, the vote of Tuesday night was tantamount to a declaration of want of confidence in the Ministers, for it assumed that the House had no confidence in any measure that the Ministers might bring forward on the subject of tithes in Ireland. They had continued in office as long as they saw any chance of effectually and honourably promoting the public service, not allowing disgust, disappointment, or the consideration of private feelings to have any weight with them. That submission, however, had its limit; that limit they had now approached; for, looking to the little progress made with public business, and the decisions on the last four debates, they saw that the time had come for them to withdraw from further contest. The motion

of Tuesday night not merely went to declare want of confidence, but positively to recommend a change of system in the Government of Ireland. To the introduction of that change the Ministers could be no party; they, therefore, under all these circumstances, and believing that the Government of the country could not continue beneficially to act against decided majorities, felt that perseverance would be fruitless.—Lord John Russell briefly observed that all must admit that the course of the Right Hon. Baronet had been marked with perfect honour and propriety.

April 9.—The House met *pro forma*, and adjourned to the 13th.

April 13.—Soon after the House assembled, Sir Robert Peel rose and said—"I have received an intimation from his Majesty that arrangements for the formation of a new Government are in progress, but that they have not yet been finally completed. Under these circumstances, I cannot doubt but that the same motives which induced the House on a former day to consent to a short adjournment will still influence them, and that, from considerations of convenience to the public service, they will now agree to a similar motion. I therefore beg to move that the House, at its rising, do adjourn till the 16th."—The question having been put, after a few words from Sir J. Campbell and Mr. S. Rice, relative to the disposal of private business, the motion was agreed to.

April 16.—Sir R. Peel, after stating that he had received a communication from his Majesty similar to the one which had induced him to move the former adjournment, moved a further adjournment to the 18th. Mr. Sinclair inquired whether any progress had been made in the formation of a new Ministry?—Lord J. Russell said that, on the resignation of the late Government, his Majesty had sent for Earl Grey; and that, in consequence of what then passed, his Majesty had sent for Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne. He was not yet at liberty to state the nature of the communications which had taken place; but he hoped the arrangements would be so far concluded by the 18th as to admit of explanation.

April 18.—Several new writs were moved for, and the House adjourned.

April 20.—The House met, and several new writs having been moved for, adjourned to May 12.

THE COLONIES.

CANADA.

The following resolutions have been passed by the Assembly:—

"1. Resolved, that any censure of the proceedings of this House on the part of another branch of the legislature or executive government is a violation of the statute in virtue of which this House was constituted—an infringement of its privileges, which they cannot disperse without protesting against, and a dangerous attack upon the rights and liberties of his Majesty's subjects in this province.

"2. Resolved, that that part of the speech of his Excellency the Governor-in-Chief addressed to the House on the 18th of March, at the close of the last session, and which relates to the petition addressed by this House to his Most Gracious Majesty and to the two Houses of Parliament of the United Kingdom, on the state of this province, complaining of grievances and abuses which exist in the province, and introducing measures for remedying the same, is a censure on the part of the head of the executive of this province of the proceedings of the House, which had acted as an equal and independent branch of the legislature for divers good causes and considerations to itself known, for the benefit of his Majesty's subjects in this province and of his Majesty's government therein.

"3. Resolved that the said speech be expunged from the journals of this House."

These resolutions, upon a division, were carried by sixty-four to eight.

By the latest accounts from Montreal we learn that the majority in the House of Assembly had passed a Bill appointing Mr. J. A. Roebuck, M.P., as their agent in England. A salary of 600*l.* has been voted to Mr. Roebuck, with an allowance of 500*l.* for contingencies, and 150*l.* for a corresponding secretary in Quebec; but the Legislative Assembly had refused to sanction the appointment.

EAST INDIES.

It appears that there has been a falling off in the territorial revenue of the British settlements in the East Indies, to the amount of nearly 70,000*l.*, which has caused the present depression of East India Stock.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Accounts from Sydney contain some unpleasant intelligence from New Zealand. The natives were continuing their depredations upon the Europeans, particularly at Otago. A letter from this place, dated Sept. 28, is written in very gloomy terms. Tabooca, who is represented to be one of the most ill-disposed chiefs, and a horrible cannibal with a large head, was restrained from shooting and robbing the white people only by the persuasion of the relatives in Sydney, until the arrival of the Lucy Ann; when after some consultation they departed, having first endeavoured to provoke a quarrel. The letter adds, that, from the statements in the Sydney papers, great hopes were entertained that assistance would ultimately arrive, as it appeared that two men-of-war were on the coast. The government had been petitioned for assistance.

FOREIGN STATES.

PORTUGAL.

The young and interesting Prince, Augustus of Portugal, died at Lisbon March 28. This event, as little foreseen as it is universally deplored, was occasioned by an attack of quinsy, which was mild at first, but soon proved alarming, and eventually, after a very few days, laid such hold of the patient as to resist the utmost efforts of art. The Prince was seen in all the vigour of health and buoyancy of youth, attending his wife, the Queen, in public on Sunday; on Monday he was present at a horse-race, but before night on the Saturday following, was a corpse. The sympathy for the youthful Queen, a widow before she is yet sixteen, is sincere and universal. It is described as being very much akin to the feeling produced in this country by the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte. Duke Augustus Charles Eugene Napoleon of Leuchtenberg was born on the 9th December, 1810. The post of Commander-in-Chief of the Army, vacated by the Prince's death, has been conferred on the Duke of Terceira, who is very popular with the troops. The Chambers have resolved upon supporting the Queen, as well against "the Miguelites, as all anarchists."

ITALY.

An article in the "Allgemeine Zeitung" states that the recent accounts from Italy describe that country as in a very satisfactory state. Commerce and manufactures are prospering, and the enjoyment of peace allows that beautiful country to advance without interruption in the improvement of all branches of manufactures and art. They export a large amount, and have surpassed Switzerland in many branches of manufacture, and will gain the advantage over it in every thing, if the useless political agitation

which has gained ground in Switzerland should long continue and spread further. We hear, indeed, from Berne that many political fugitives are retiring to the French frontiers. But so long as the Swiss authorities themselves do not see in a right point of view the wants of their fellow-countrymen, and the relations with foreign powers, little will be gained by sending away a few individuals.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

DR. MATON.

Dr. Maton died at the age of 61. He was a great favourite with the late Queen Charlotte and the other members of the Royal Family. He was an excellent scholar, and ranked high in the profession as a physician and botanist. He translated "Linnæus," and was a Fellow and Elect of the Royal College of Physicians. In private life he was an amiable and kind-hearted man, and paid upwards of seventeen thousand pounds for his late father, who had been Chamberlain to the Corporation of Salisbury. He was a constant patron to merit wherever he could discover its indication, and it was principally to his fostering hand that Dr. Paris owes his being first brought into public notice. He was a bachelor, and amassed a considerable fortune. He held the office of Physician to the Westminster Hospital for many years.

HENRY DAVID INGLIS.

This distinguished author, who died on the 20th of March, was the only son of a barrister in Edinburgh, and was descended from a very ancient family. His maternal grandmother was daughter of the celebrated Colonel James Gardiner, who fell so nobly at the battle of Preston Pans; and was herself the authoress of an heroic poem. Through her Mr. Inglis was allied to the noble house of Buchan and the Erskines.

The writings of Mr. Inglis are two-fold—travels and fiction; and what is not unusual, the success of his works was pretty nearly in the inverse ratio of their merits. It may be justly said that Mr. Inglis gained his reputation by those of his works least distinguished by genius; for while it is as a writer of travels that he is chiefly known, it is as a writer of fiction that he most deserved to be so. Of the former class, his "Spain in 1830" is unquestionably his best work; and his "Ireland in 1834" attracted very considerable notice. His "Channel Islands" abounds in elegant descriptions of natural scenery; his "Tyrol," his "Switzerland and the Pyrenees," and his "Norway," are all books of much merit, and have altogether contributed to establish for him a just and well-earned reputation, while they have been of great utility to the world, by making one part of it better able to appreciate the moral character and the physical advantages possessed by other parts. But it was in the regions of pure imagination that the genius of Inglis loved most to range; and it was here only that the magic of his pen is to be seen and felt.

For travels, however useful, are limited in the means which they place at the disposal of genius for making its power to be felt. But how changed is the position of him who enters the wide and boundless regions of uncreated worlds of whim, who, soaring

"Above this visible diurnal sphere,"

attempts to embody, by the aid of a frail and perishable pen,

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

This is the impassable gulph that separates the little from the great—

that divides genius from her imitators. And here it is that Inglis has taken up his abode; and ignorant as I believe the world at this moment is of the fact, it is in these regions that our author will be sought and found by posterity. With all the great efforts of the brightest spirits of our land still fresh in my memory, I will boldly assert, that there is one effort of our author that will stand a comparison with the best of them. Yet, will it be believed, the "New Gil Blas" was the only one of all his works that was unsuccessful.

Half the world, alarmed at the title, refused to read it; and the other half feared to judge, after it had read; while of those able to form a judgment, and who felt the power of this work, not a man was found bold enough to encounter the public ordeal, by standing forward to speak the bold truth before the world. "Alas!" my poor friend used to exclaim, "I fear I have written my Gil Blas for posterity." He was right, and the next generation will find it out.

His "Solitary Walks in Many Lands" is the other work, partly of this class, which developed the real genius of its author. The apostrophe to May, and the solemn picture of September, have hardly a parallel for purity of diction and elevation of thought, whether in the prose or poetry of our tongue. Shakspeare founded his plays on translations from the French and Italian romances. Byron copied most of his stories from D'Herbelot, and the German Kotzebue; while in the "Ivanhoe" only I detect three long stories copied from Boccaccio.

Inglis created for himself—because with him it was easier to create than to borrow, and that man has yet to live who will present in one work so many subjects on which to engage the study of the artist in the loftiest and tenderest styles.

Mr. Inglis died near Regent's Park, in the 40th year of his age; his body sinking down beneath the weight of his mind.—*Lit. Gazette.*

MR. HENRY HUNT.

Mr. Hunt was born at Widdington Farm, in the parish of Upavon, Wilts. For many years he regularly attended Devizes market, seldom, if ever, missing a market-day. After his father's death he was elected chairman of the table of the principal dining-room of the farmers at the Bear Inn, the daughter of the landlord of which inn (Miss Halcomb) he married. Fond as he was of pleasure, no man attended more strictly to his farming business, and the farms of no man in the kingdom were managed better, or were in higher condition. He had also the best flock of Southdown sheep in the county, bearing the finest fleeces, the wool of which sold for the very highest prices. Some idea of the extent of his farming business may be formed from the following fact:—During Mr. Pitt's Administration in the year 1801, the fear of an invasion was so great, that the Lord Lieutenant of the county caused letters to be written to the churchwardens and overseers of every parish to return an account of all the moveable property, live and dead stock, &c. In Mr. Hunt's schedule was enumerated—wheat, 1600 sacks; barley, 1500 quarters; oats, 400 quarters; hay, 250 tons; cart horses, 30, value from 30 to 70 guineas each; working oxen, 10; cows, 20; sheep, 4200, &c., altogether valued at upwards of 20,000*l.*; the whole of which he voluntarily tendered to the Government, to be at their disposal in case of an invasion. He also engaged to enter himself and three servants, completely equipped, and mounted upon valuable hunters, as volunteers, into the regiment of horse that should make the first charge upon the enemy. The liberal and patriotic offer was talked of all over the country; and he received the thanks of the Lord Lieutenant. The years 1801 and 1802 may be said to have been the zenith of the farmer's glory; wheat being at that time 4*l.* a sack. Although Hunt generally drove four-in-hand to Devizes market, he was able to do a day's work with any labourer in the county; and it is related of him, that after returning one

Wednesday evening from a jaunt of pleasure, he was told that his threshers had struck for higher wages. A quantity of wheat was necessary to be threshed out for the following day's market at Devizes. Determined, however, not to yield to his labourers, within five minutes after he dismounted from his carriage he was in the barn, and, with the assistance of his coachman, and some of his household servants, threshed out the requisite quantity, and attended the market with it on the Thursday morning. Before marriage, he spent one Sunday with Miss Halcomb, at Heytesbury, a distance of nearly thirty miles from his father's house, where the time passed so pleasantly that the clock struck twelve before he recollected that he had an engagement with his father's mowers at four on the Monday morning, to attack a field of oats, of seventeen acres and a half, very heavy crop, to see if they (five in number) could not cut it down the same day. It was one o'clock before he started; within two hours, however, he arrived home, and without waiting to take off his tight leather breeches (which were in fashion at the time), or his boots, he mounted another pony, and reached the field of oats (three miles off), just as the four men were stripped and whetting their scythes in order to begin. He went to work with them, and in ten minutes after the sun had sunk below the horizon, the last swathe was laid flat, and not one oat left standing—a day's work which stands unrivalled in this country; and which is the more uncommon, as, in fact, there were only four scythes at work during the greater part of the day; for it being exceedingly hot, one of the men, the worst mower, of course, was principally employed in riding to and from the inn, at Everley, to replenish the bottles.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, to Lady Ribblesdale.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain George Richardson Johnston, of the Madras army, grandson of the late Sir George Richardson, of Pencaitland, Bart., to Clara Maria, youngest daughter of R. Tillyard Blunt, Esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain James Hanway Plumridge, R.N., to Harriet Agnes, daughter of the late Right Hon. Hugh Elliot.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain Mathew, M.P., Coldstream Guards, to Anne, daughter of Henry Hoare, Esq., and sole grandchild of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., of Stourhead, Wiltshire.

At St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, Charles Fenton Whiting, Esq., to Isabella Charlotte Lady Congreve, widow of the late Major-General Sir William Congreve, Bart.

At Wandsworth, the Rev. Henry Mosely, Professor of Natural Philosophy in King's College, to Harriet, daughter of William Nottage, of Wandsworth-common, Esq.

At All Saints Church, Southampton, the Rev. William Farley Wilkinson, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, to Jane, only daughter of the late Thomas Russell, Esq.

Died.]—Aged 74, at Compton-place, East Bourne, the Right Hon. Elizabeth Countess Dowager of Burlington.

At Gilleston-park, in the prime of life, Sophia Anne, only remaining daughter of R. Plumer Ward, Esq.

In Cavendish-square, Sir George Leman Tuthill, Knt., M.D.

Lady Isabella Thynne, daughter of the late and sister to the present Marquis of Bath.

In Berkeley-square, Lady Julia Hobhouse, wife of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, and sister of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

Suddenly, Dr. Maton, aged 61, physician to the Duke of Sussex.

At Kimpton, Herts, in his 57th year, the Rev. Charles Chauncy, Vicar of St. Paul's Walden, for 30 years curate of Kimpton, and lineal descendant of Sir Henry Chauncy, the Historian of Hertfordshire.

In Portugal-street, Grosvenor-square, Daniel Hailes, Esq., aged 84. By his demise a pension of a thousand a year reverts to the crown.

At Dalmahoy, near Edinburgh, John Thos. Hope, Esq., eldest son of Gen. the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope.

At Cheltenham, Anna, wife of the Rev. R. Dickson, and sister of Sir William Chatterton, Bart., and Colonel Chatterton, M.P.

The Hon. Mrs. Sackville Germain, at Drayton-house, in Northamptonshire.

At her house in Philadelphia, Lady Oldmixton, once the celebrated Miss George, pupil of Dr. Arne and Mara.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES
IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

Destitute Sailors' Asylum.—We understand there is to be a bazaar at the Hanover-square Rooms on the 12th and 13th of June, and that her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, ever ready to promote a benevolent work, has kindly consented to patronize it. Many ladies of distinction have likewise promised their aid. The directors of this charity are desirous of erecting a plain but convenient building, better suited to their purposes than that which was temporarily engaged. Several ladies have determined to raise the necessary sum by means of a fancy fair; and are, therefore, at the present moment labouring heart, head, and hand to attain their object. We feel assured all our fair countrywomen will willingly come forward and contribute, by their works, to so useful and benevolent an institution, which has for its object the relief of those best props and defenders of Great Britain. We can truly say we heartily wish them success.

The proprietors of shares in the London and Westminster Bank—established on the principle of Scotch banks, allowing an indefinite number of partners—have held their first meeting. The Chairman, in showing the advantage to be derived from the safe and simple plan of banking in Scotland, drew the attention of the proprietors to the fact, that for many years up to 1819, only one bank had failed, and in that instance the creditors had been paid immediately 14*s.* in the pound as a dividend, and upon the winding up of the concern the whole of the demands. He then contrasted this statement with the failures that had occurred in London from 1810 to 1832. Of 70 banks existing in London in 1810, no fewer than 32 failed; three only paid in full, while 19 were insolvent. The debts proved against these unfortunate establishments amounted to 7,350,000*l.*, and the average dividends to only 8*s.* 3*d.* in the pound, so that the public had lost upwards of four millions sterling in that short period of time; while in Scotland, during that time, only two or three failures had occurred. In Edinburgh there were no failures; and, in all their cases, the creditors were paid 20*s.* in the pound. The report of the Directors was then read, and a statement of accounts was submitted to the meeting, from which it appeared that, in the first instance, 10,000 shares had been taken up, and subsequently a greater number were issued, making a total of 17,713 shares, held by 575 proprietors. 15*l.* per share had been paid up, the receipts amounting to 244,945*l.* The profits of the Company would enable the Court of Directors to declare a dividend of 2 per cent. after paying all expenses, leaving a small amount as a reserve-fund. The preliminary expenses in forming the Company amounted to 10,635*l.* It also appeared, from the Company's accounts, that there were due to the public, for interest and deposit receipts, &c., 180,380*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.*; to the proprietors, for capital paid up, 182,255*l.*; making a balance in favour of the Bank of 3,540*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* On the other side, for sums due to the Bank, on account of investment in Government Securities, &c., there was an amount of 355,540*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* From the profit and loss account it appeared that there was a balance in favour of the Company, as already stated. The report was adopted; and after a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the meeting adjourned.

The New Post-Office.—It is intended immediately to widen the end of Newgate-street from Cheapside, so as to form a spacious carriage approach to the new Post-Office. This is to be effected by pulling down two of the three houses which form the corner between Paternoster-row and the south-east side of Newgate-street, together with several other houses in the rear. The tenants have received notice to quit, which has been already partly obeyed.

The Governors of Christ's Hospital, London, in General Court assembled, after being informed that the new buildings for the accommodation of the children were now finished, ordered that 130 governors have each the privilege of placing a boy in the school immediately, and the same number six months hence—viz., in the month of

September next, and that their names be printed, and distributed to the public at the counting-house.

The London Court of Common Council has decided, by a majority of 63 to 38, that Aldermen shall, in future, be elected periodically, for seven years instead of for life.

DORSETSHIRE.

Of all the phenomena in England, there is none greater to be seen than is now under the East Cliff at Bridport harbour. The beach (till within this fortnight) from time immemorial has been covered with sand several feet deep. No more extraordinary than true, the sand has now entirely disappeared, and nothing remains but a ledge of rocks; they lie in tiers one over the other from the harbour to Burton fresh water, being upwards of a mile. Many ancient coins have been picked up, among them one quarter guinea found by Mr. James Bartlett; the fossils and shells are of numerous descriptions. Many hundreds, both from the town and country, have been to see these phenomena, and all think them well worthy of admiration.

LANCASHIRE.

Mr. Moore, of Liverpool, who has invented a plan for supplying Liverpool with water to extinguish fires, has made a calculation, from which it appears that from the end of 1831 to the beginning of the present year, the ascertained loss of property by fire in Liverpool amounts to near 400,000*l*. This is only the ascertained loss. Much has been destroyed of which no account can be obtained and no exact estimate formed.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Discovery of an Ancient Burying-Place.—A short time ago the labourers employed in clearing away the earth for the extensive street improvements now going on at Newcastle-on-Tyne, discovered an ancient burial-ground immediately behind Anderson-place. Two lead coffins, a stone coffin, and several fragments of wooden coffins, human bones, &c., have been dug up. The places which have held many others are distinctly marked, though the bones and coffins have themselves, by the lapse of time, decayed and disappeared. This was no doubt the burial-place of the nunnery of Newcastle. David, King of Scotland, who resided at that town about 1135, is reported by some historians to have been the founder of the nunnery, while others assign the honour to King Henry I.

IRELAND.

Curious Relic.—A curious sword was lately found by J. M'Grogan, of Nockavrinnion, parish of Loughgeel, in the county of Antrim. He discovered it in repairing a bank of the river Bush, covered by three flags of black stone; on these a great many characters are inscribed. The sword measures 5 feet, 4¾ inches in length, and 3½ inches in breadth, tapering to a point, much after the fashion of a dagger. It is entirely brass, with a huge handle, and a great many characters are inscribed on it like those on the stone under which it lay. It has a very sharp edge, and is remarkably hard; and it seems, from several deep indentations both on the back and edge, that it has been well tried. From its length and weight, it must have been a powerful arm that could wield it. Its weight, and that of two large brass buckles found with it, is 16lb. 5oz.

Clerical Magistrates in Ireland.—A return has been printed of the number of clergymen in the commission of the peace in Ireland. The whole number is 275, of which not one is a Catholic. The officer who made up the return says he cannot make out how many are Dissenters. The only county in which the return is "none" is Carlow, which we believe is a mistake: there is a Rev Mr. Roberts in the commission of that county, and there are probably others. Dublin has only one, the Rev. Henry M'Lean; and Wicklow only one, the Rev. Moore Morgan. Monaghan has only two; and Longford, Louth, and Waterford, three each. Cork has the greatest number—43. The counties with the next greatest numbers are Donegal and Tyrone—20 each; Kerry, 14; Cavan, 11; and Clare, Galway, Kilkenny, and Londonderry, which have 10 each.